

THE **New Movie**

JULY, 1933

MAGAZINE

10¢

15¢ in Canada

Carole Lombard

A TOWER
MAGAZINE

**How Much Real Money
Do the Stars Have Left?**

...The TRUTH
by a MAN who KNOWS

Hollywood After Dark
by **DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.**

PN 1993
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ORIGINAL
**Comb
Dip
Bottle**

Dr. ELLIS'
"QUICK-DRY"
**WAVE
SET**

10¢



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this Secret**

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DR. ELLIS' WAVESET will not discolor any shade of hair . . . makes hair lovely and keeps it so . . . imparts the luster of a lemon rinse . . . makes waves last longer.

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- Dr. Ellis' Special "Quick-Dry" Concentrate Waveset. Makes One Quart Heavy Waving Fluid Quickly 10¢
- Dr. Ellis' FEI Toothpaste—A Scientifically Prepared Dentifrice Combined with Milk of Magnesia. Cleanses Teeth—Keeps Mouth and Gums Healthy—Very Refreshing. EXTRA LARGE TUBE. 20¢

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Her Finger-Tips Gleam
Her teeth are dull...her gums soft
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

THIS girl keeps her finger-tips resplendently manicured. People comment on it. They do not comment upon her dingy teeth, of course—but they notice them!

Examine your own teeth—and gums.

If your gums are flabby, and bleed easily—if you find "pink" upon your tooth brush—the attractiveness of your smile is in danger.

For not only may "pink tooth brush" lead to gingivitis and Vincent's disease and other serious gum troubles, but it may spoil the brightness of your teeth—and even spell *danger* for your teeth.

Ipana and Massage *Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"*

To have firm, healthy gums and good-looking, bright teeth, do this:

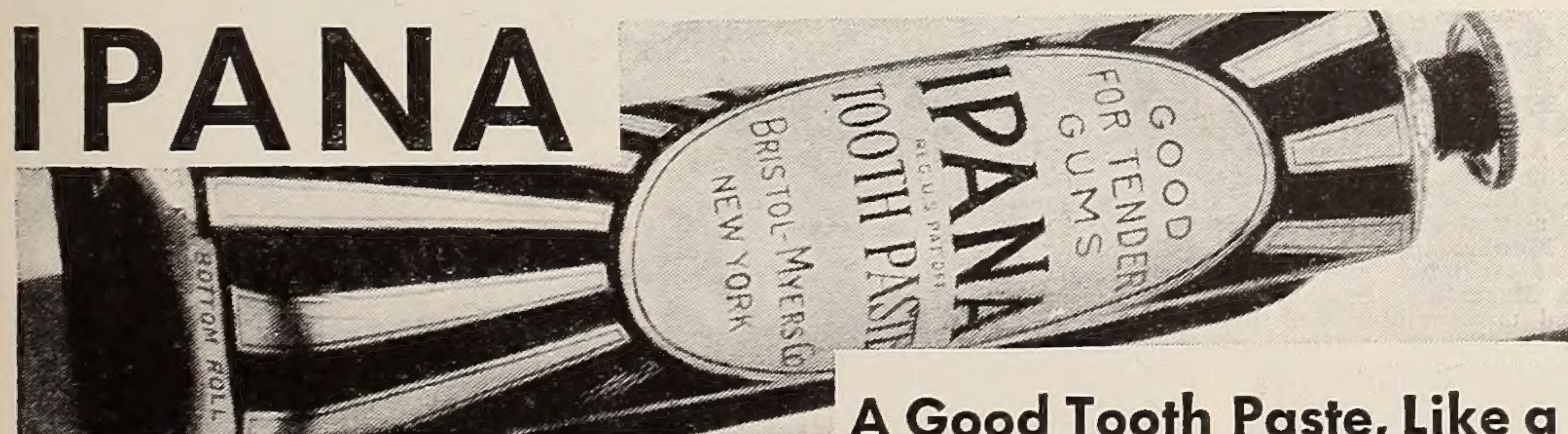
Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. And each time, put a little extra

Ipana on your tooth brush or finger-tip and massage it gently into your sluggish, tender gums.

Today's foods are too soft and creamy to give proper stimulation to your gums. But the massage with Ipana corrects this.

Get a full-size tube of Ipana today. Follow the Ipana method, and very soon you'll have brighter, whiter teeth. Within a month your gums will be firmer. "Pink tooth brush" will disappear.

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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THE New Movie MAGAZINE

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

HUGH WEIR, *Editorial Director*

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Strange...WHAT FACTS COME OUT ACROSS THE BREAKFAST TABLE

"WHY DO YOU KEEP
STARING AT ME, DICK?"

"I'M SORRY, JANE . . . BUT
I WAS JUST THINKING
THAT MAYBE YOUR COM-
PLEXION WASN'T THE
SAME OLD PEACHES AND
CREAM."



"OH DEAR, THEN
IT IS NOTICEABLE!
DICK . . . DO YOU
SUPPOSE IT'S THAT
NEW CLEANSING
CREAM THE CLERK
SAID WAS JUST AS
GOOD AS THE ONE
I ASKED FOR!"

"WELL, I'M ONLY A
MAN. I DON'T KNOW
ABOUT CREAMS, BUT
I DO KNOW THAT
WHEN I ASK FOR A
THING IN A STORE
I GET IT."



"DICK'S RIGHT—AWFULLY
RIGHT! AFTER THIS I STICK
TO WHAT I KNOW IS GOOD
AND NO ONE'S GOING TO
TALK ME OUT OF IT, EITHER!"



"SUBSTITUTION" . . . the suggestion that you
take something other than the brand you
ask for . . . often leads to disappointment.
*Know what you're getting when you
make a purchase.* If one brand has
proven satisfactory, why be urged into
buying a substitute which may be "just as
good" . . . or may not be! Reputable
manufacturers maintain high standards for
your protection and satisfaction. *Buy
brands you know about . . . backed
by their manufacturers' good name . . .
and buy safe.*

HOLLYWOOD

DAY *by* DAY

By - - - - - ?

HELLO Hollywood! Hello everybody! Since I wrote to you last month, something has happened to change my whole outlook on life. The Associated Press, high priest among American newspaper services, announced that one hundred and seven Hollywood beauties said that their ideal man would be five feet eleven inches tall, would weigh 178 pounds and have wavy brown hair.

Well, my hair isn't quite wavy brown but the whole darned *tout ensemble* is near enough to make your Hollywood wanderer wonder whether he'll have time for this job next month.

I'm certainly not handsome, girls . . . but if that's what you want, well, I just happen to have it. My telephone number is . . .

(If the editor deletes this, I dare him to let the brackets stand . . . Girls! If you're on the level about your ideal, you'll find me without any telephone number.)

"**V**AS you dere, Sharlie?"

I wonder how *Sharlie* is going to enjoy the Baron's sojourn in Hollywood. If the Baron does as well as other visitors I've met who have come to the Movie City, it'll take about twelve years of radio broadcasting to bring him up to date again.

How the boys do have good times in Hollywood!

But this isn't what I'm being assigned to do. (Author's note: Yes, I get paid for this.)

The *Baron Munchausen*—Jack Pearl to those who remember him that way—is coming out to the coast to make a motion picture.



Photo by Wide World

Gloria's back in Hollywood after the longest absence from the movie capital since beginning her film career. And with her, Husband Michael Farmer. After his excursion into pictures in Gloria's "Perfect Understanding," Michael is regarded as having real ambitions to be an actor.

What a picture it would be if he'd talk about Hollywood the way that he does about other things. Wouldn't you love to hear Hollywood exaggerated? The boys, who are supposed to know, tell me that this isn't possible.

Wonder if you realize how very difficult it is to be dignified? . . .

The final title on the new Ramon Novarro picture is "The Barbarian." It used to be "Man on the Nile." What a title to choose after all that the English have done in Egypt. I suppose that sex-appeal is something that the British can't colonize. I'll have to ask Boris Karloff about that!

For details of the "Hollywood Day by Day" pen-name award, please turn to page 95



Photo by Wide World

Jean's happy, with a new M-G-M contract and many stirring rôles ahead of her. New contracts, too, for Lionel and John Barrymore, Ramon Novarro, Joan Crawford, Johnny Weissmuller, Frank Morgan, Mae Clarke and Stu Erwin. . . . This photograph shows Jean with her mother, Mrs. Marino Bello; and Jean's wearing flannels instead of one of her innumerable pajama suits.

All of the latest and most intimate gossip of the movie colony, written by a famous author who pals with the stars

★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★



Ruth Roland, as full of fire and ginger as ever. She's shown "bulldogging" a steer, but not like one of the wild ones of her old serial days. Ruthie's one of the smartest in Hollywood, healthy, wealthy and wise, and she's kept her fan public for all of these years. If you don't believe it, just come in and read our mail.

MIRIAM HOPKINS has your Hollywood adventurer ga-ga. She was swell before she got her suntan.

Now she's far too swell for just one woman. She hurt her leg not so long ago and has been making the most of the enforced vacation. She's got a honey of a puppy. It's only nine weeks old and answers to the name of Lucky Girl. Is that the right sort of name?

Miriam says that she keeps a

AND along Broadway, they tell me, Sid Silvers, the perfect stooge of "Take a Chance," has been giving Billy Hillpot (Billy Hughes of the Smith Brothers, to you) so many farewell parties that Billy left for Hollywood in self-defense. There's no hope anywhere of keeping away from parties.

Janet Gaynor was afraid of falling (use your imagination) in the skating scene in "Adorable." The only casualty was her maid, who slipped and strewed powder and make-up all over a costly strip of Hollywood ice. And is ice hard to get in Hollywood?

JOAN CRAWFORD gave Franchot Tone a Scottie pup. Franchot (Please turn to page 8)



Photo by Wide World

Reunion in Hollywood. A new picture with a full cast of Bennetts. Joan (at left) plays the part of the quiet, home-loving daughter; Richard (Corona Corona) Bennett takes the part of the happy father; Barbara is the stayout who prefers New York and Hubby Morton Downey; and Mrs. Richard Bennett (at extreme right), the stepmother. Connie's probably "on the set," or she'd be here right in the front row.

I WAS thinking the other day that maybe I'd better save some money. You don't last long out here once you hit the peak. I walked down Poverty Row the other day—you've heard of it; the place where falling stars learn that they're really falling—and I found some that I'd never have thought to find, working there and glad of the opportunity. Remember Rockliffe Fellows and Pauline Garon? She was one of my first screen sweethearts.

AND talking of "old-timers" . . . Remember Betty Blythe? Or didn't you see "The Queen of Sheba"? Well,—or now that Ed Wynn's coming out here should we say, "So—o—o?"—anyway, Betty Blythe will be seen as a "bit" player in Fox's "Pilgrimage." Does that do anything to you?

dog so she can talk to it.

"People think you're crazy," she says, "if you talk to yourself, so I keep a dog."

Somebody once called me a gay dog.

HIS pals want to know when Gene Raymond is going to leave Hollywood. For the past few months or so his friends have been giving him farewell parties . . . and still he's among us. The strain is getting to be more than the average man can bear. He's got one picture more to do . . . and after "Zoo in Budapest" that ought to be good news. Then he's going. And I, for one, will be glad to see him off. I'll also be glad to see him back—but honestly. Gene, I do need a rest.

Why is it that some of us can't stay away from a party?



Photo by Wide World

Thelma Todd shopping on the Boulevard



Photo by Wide World

Meet the "Little Giant," Edward G. Robinson, Jr. This is his first public appearance. This new movie feature is presented by the producers, Edward G., Sr., and Mrs. Edward G., Sr., who was Gladys Lloyd of the speaking stage. Previewed in New York, where he was born.

Photo by Wide World

You don't see Gary Cooper escorting Wera Engels, German importation, with quite as much frequency these days. You'll see him more often with Lilian Harvey, also from Berlin, though of English parents, who calls him "that great, big, beautiful man." . . . Wera, unworried, says her collection of dolls still constitutes her only love interest.

(Continued from page 7)
chot named him "Yoo-Hoo" because Joan told him that she got an awful thrill when Franchot came to the "Yoo-hoo" part in the song "Sing It Again." Fancy getting a Scottie puppy into the bargain?

They still don't know we're having a depression, over on the other side. When Uncle Carl Laemmle (I call him that because they don't print my name) heard Jan Kipura's voice in "Be Mine Tonight," he cabled him a swell offer to come to Hollywood and be a Universal star. Mr. Kipura answered that he'd be tickled to death to come for \$150,000



a picture. Some joke, eh, boss?

And someone told me that they saw Constance Bennett in a bargain department store, noted for its low prices, buying a dozen nighties for her baby. With Connie economizing, maybe I'd better see my landlord!

Celie Parker, a beauteous girl—even if you don't get the name—ran into the bathroom door and got a swell "shiner." She put



Photo by Wide World

Ten quick guesses why we are publishing this picture of Joe E. Brown and Lou Warnecke, of the Chicago Cubs, made during the filming of "Elmer the Great." Interviewed as to what he thought about the depression, Mr. Brown made an emphatic and vehement denial.

beefsteak on it and went to bed. Her kitten woke her up around five o'clock eating the poultice. Don't ask me how I know; it's hearsay.

AND I was told to tell you all that I could find out about Joan Crawford. I wish the editor were out here.

No one was more surprised than Doug Fairbanks when the fireworks went off—though he knew they were coming. Right now, Joan is dividing her time between Franchot Tone, Ricardo Cortez, Doug, Jr., and Alexander Kirkland, none of which names are mine, worse luck. I shouldn't be surprised to see something rather startling happen here in the near future. Maybe it's all a mistake!

Doug Jr. wanders around looking as if he didn't quite know what to do with himself. (I wouldn't either, under the same conditions.) And one of the girls I saw him with looks so much like Joan Crawford that it takes an expert to tell 'em apart. Katharine Hepburn has been out with him once or twice too, or so they tell me.

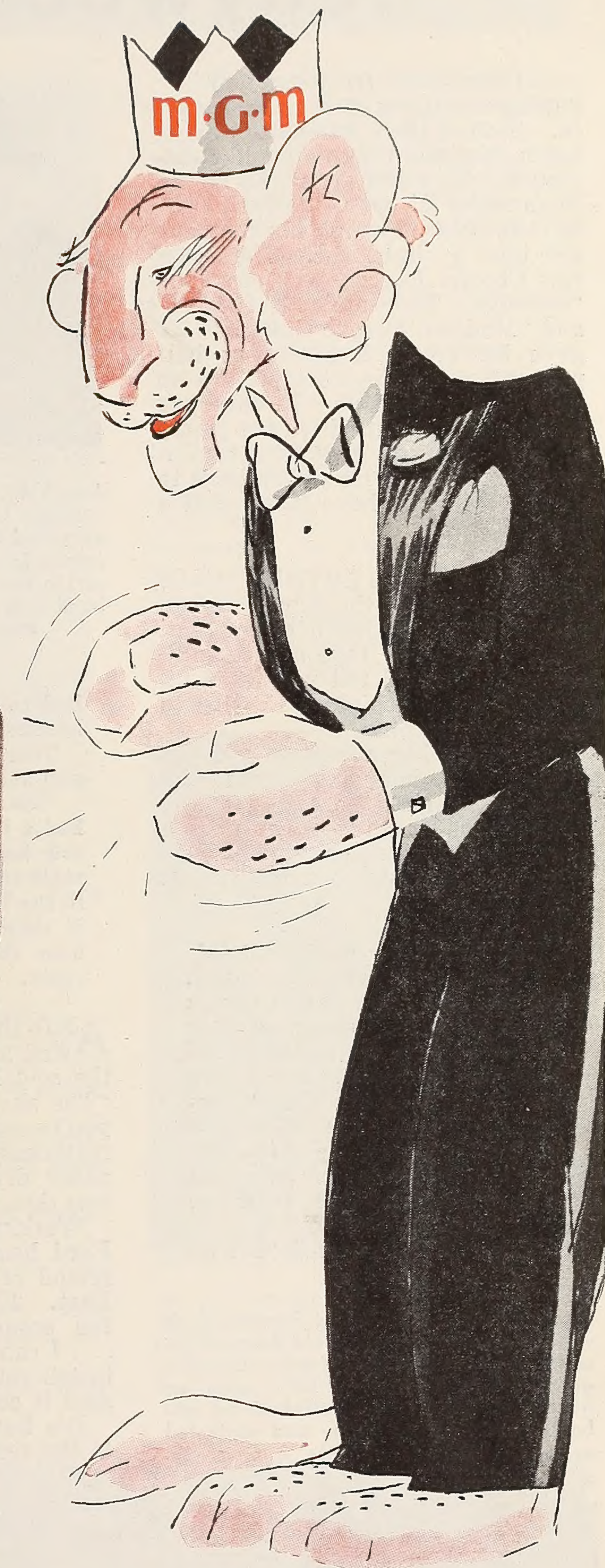
And by the way, Franchot Tone was a house guest of the Fairbanks, Jr.'s. at the time of the split. Franchot moved out with Doug.

THE regulars are still laughing at Johnny Weissmuller's crack about salary cuts, though really, I don't think Johnny is wholly to blame. When asked to take a fifty per cent. salary slash he replied, "I can't live on less than a thousand dollars a week." That's what Hollywood can do to you . . . and it isn't the climate.

AND, talking about salaries: There are two persons in the movie town who didn't take ad- (Please turn to page 10)

★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★

LEO: "Sheer genius, Marion! You aren't *acting* Peg... you *are* Peg! Of all your roles, this is the one your public will love you for. I knew you would justify the most beautiful production I could give you. I'm proud and happy!"



PEG O' MY HEART, that beautiful stage play by J. Hartley Manners, with its laughs, its tears, its heart throbs, is more exquisite still in its screen version. Supported by Onslow Stevens, J. Farrell McDonald and Juliette Compton, Marion Davies is the most utterly winning Peg the heart could desire. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard from an adaptation by Francis Marion . . . A first rank Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer-Cosmopolitan picture.

★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★

(Continued from page 8)

vantage of the spot that they were in. Both of them had been making big money and they didn't like cutting the boys and girls who helped them make it. One was Jack Cohn of Columbia. Though his company did take a slight cut. The other was Charlie Rogers, who gave you "Seventy Thousand Witnesses" and "Madison Square Garden." He gave his crowd a lay-off at half pay and made the next picture on the regular schedule. In case you don't appreciate it, there are plenty of boys and girls giving him a great big hand. He didn't have to do it. He could have just called a lay-off.

RUTH CHATTERTON, while we're still on the same subject, refused to accept her fifty per cent. cut. "I'd rather take a vacation," she said, "or I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll make a picture I'd like to make, for nothing."

Ruth got her vacation and the studio is announcing three pictures instead of the original two. So perhaps you'll see Ruth in a show that she has chosen for herself. If I hear about it, I'll tip you off.

This one is for mothers only! I don't really believe it myself, but here's how it was told to me:

Ann Dvorak surprised her mother by arriving in Hollywood after a ten-month honeymoon without even saying she was returning. When she telephoned her mother from the pier the first question her mother is supposed to have asked is "Ann, have you got a baby?"

"Sure," Ann answered, "but we

The latest picture of Charles Farrell and his wife, Virginia Valli, in the Gold Room of the smart Beverly Wilshire Hotel. Charlie's gone back to his little rattletrap roadster, frankly admits he's had a professional setback, but is just as happy and contented as ever. Charlie can take it and grin.

Photo by Wide World

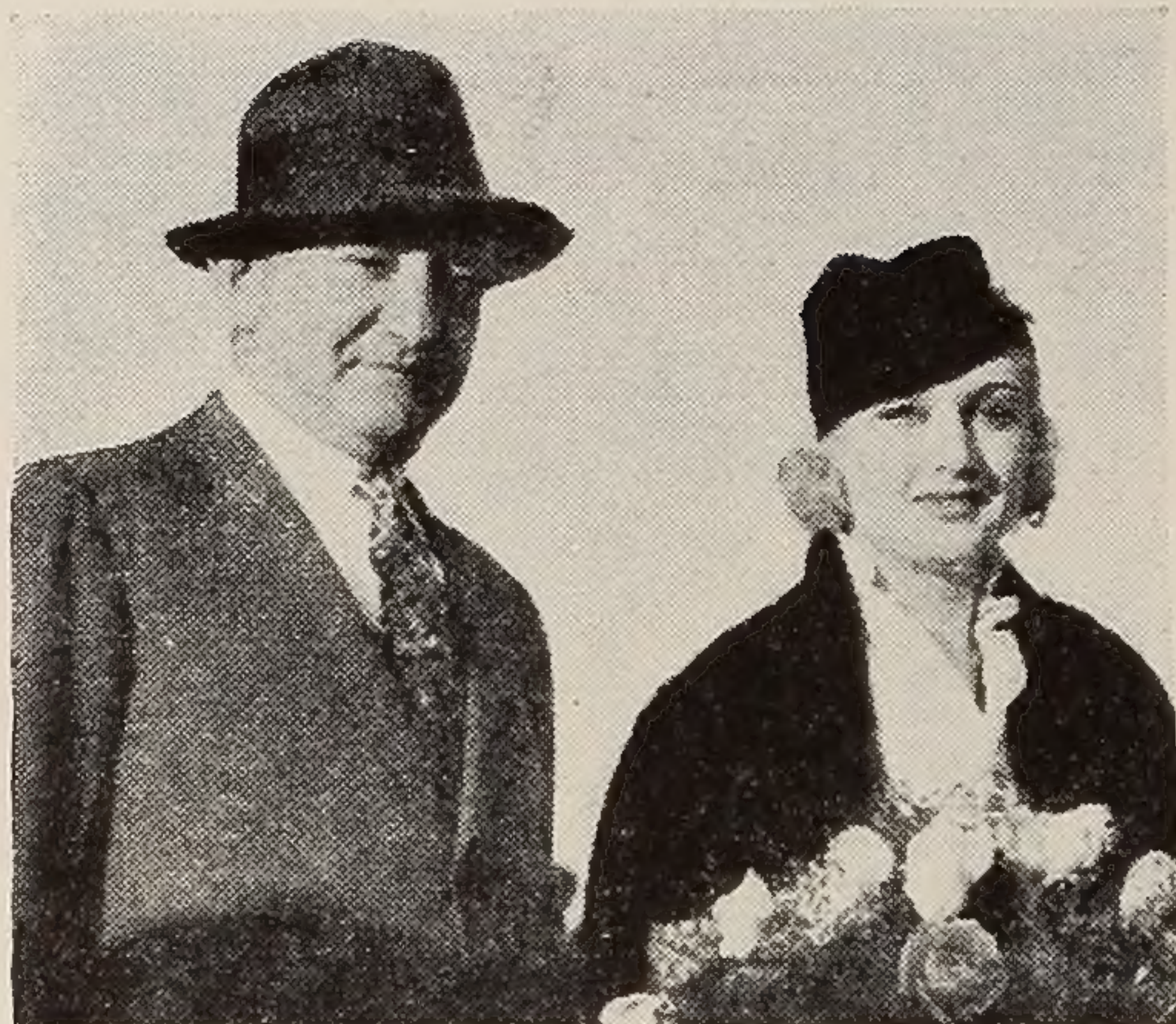


Photo by Wide World

Joseph M. Schenck, who was Norma Talmadge's husband—and, incidentally, head of United Artists and one of the really great powers in moviedom—and Carole Lombard at the races in Agua Caliente. . . . Husband William Powell stood behind the cameraman and gave directions.

had to leave it behind in France because it's an idiot."

Then her hubby got on the wire and added his little say-so:

"Not only that, mother, but it had a long gray beard."

I believe that I can reliably state that there are still only two in the Dvorak-Fenton family. And if they ever have an addition, I hope they treat it with more respect.

AND this happens in reel life as well as real life. You've heard the so-called slogan of the theater, "The show must go on." Possibly you've come up against a couple of instances when it has. But for sheer drama and tragedy, I give you this.

Working on "Pilgrimage," John Ford heard of a close, very close, friend of his who had died in the East. The next day's work called for scenes strangely reminiscent . . . I can't tell you all that I'd like to tell you . . . but the job went on. And it couldn't have been easy.

It's hard sometimes, but it's up to the rest of us to remember that

Hollywood, like all of the world, is only human. I hope that Mr. Ford will understand.

AL JOLSON and Ruby Keeler were in their apartment when the earthquake hit California. The apartment is on the fourteenth floor of the Town House and when the elevators stopped running there was nothing they could do.

"Never mind, honey," said Al. "At least we are together."

"That's swell," said Ruby. "Why don't you do something?"

My informant omitted to say what happened next . . . but the Jolsons seem to be about like the rest of us.

And I expect this to be censored.

Colleen Moore is boasting about four tiny puppies. They're



Photo by Wide World

Jimmy Dunn and Jane Spencer Howard, Beverly Hills society girl. Hollywood's been trying to prove it's a romance . . . but you know Jimmy. Although, at that, he hasn't been seen so much with Boots Mallory. Jimmy's working now in "Hold Me Tight."

awfully cunning, but of very uncertain vintage. You know the kind I mean.

"What are they?" I inquired. "Well," Colleen explained, "their mother was half fox-terrier and half Pekinese. We don't know who the father is but we suspect the (deleted by the censor)."

You should see their Great Dane.

MAYBE I shouldn't criticize the "Czar." The Hays office, headquarters of Moviedom, allowed Howard Hughes to make "Scar-

★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★

face," but when Educational asked permission to make a burlesque of the film it was refused.

The idea was to have a bunch of children make a parody. Two rackets, the nursery-bottle and safety-pin, were to fight it out to the finish. Three-year-old "gangsters" were to be taken for rides in kiddie cars. But the Hays office couldn't see it that way, and the deal was off.

Here is another one on Colleen Moore.

Being Irish, she would turn her Wall Street losses into a laugh. She has all her stock certificates made into a three-panel screen that you can see on the front porch any time you pass.

What a swell pal Leslie Howard is!

When one of the volunteer waitresses at the Assistance League asked him for his autograph, he wrote.

"To one who waits, and waits, and waits, charitably. . ."

It isn't much of an effort to be nice, but not many of us do it.

If you're ever in Sardi's—ask the boss how Eddie Cantor and Georgie Jessel play casino. Then duck quickly!

AFTER the separation Doug Fairbanks, Jr., moved his wherewithalls over to the Beverly Wilshire, but that didn't stop Joan from making the grill room there an almost nightly dancing place. Fanchot Tone was among her escorts.

So what?

(Below) The Wampus Baby Stars of 1932 being initiated as members of the famous Breakfast Club of Los Angeles. They are, left to right: Dorothy Layton, Toshia Mori, Lona Andre, Patricia Ellis, Eleanor Holm, Marion Shockley, Lillian Bond, Gloria Stuart and Marion Shilling.

Photo by Wide World



Photo by Wide World

Sally Eilers and her young brother, "Buddy," out for a stroll. She's going to make an actor out of him if he shows ability. You'll be seeing him sometime soon.

SPEAKING of Ginger Rogers . . . She was pretty swell in "42nd Street" and so RKO signed her for a rôle in "Careless," now called "Purity Girl."

Ginger came through like a million and bagged a long-term contract for real money.

Nice to see a real girl get ahead.

MARLENE DIETRICH is worried.

She saw her latest picture, "The Song of Songs," and refused to sit through the whole show.

"I look like an old woman," she wailed.

Next day she is supposed to have attempted to buy the whole show from Paramount.

You don't have to believe this, for I think Marlene is smart enough to know that "The Song of Songs" is as good a show as she has ever made.

CHARLIE FARRELL and Bing Crosby.

No, they're not teaming, but Charlie Farrell's singing instructor claims that Charlie has a voice that is capable of being as good as anything on air or screen. He sang a couple of songs in several Gaynor-Farrell pictures and, while there was plenty of room for improvement, he was still lots better than many a movie star who thought he had a voice.

We'll be hearing him soon. Let's see what he can do now.

(Please turn to page 12)



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

Do you remember Eddie Phillips? Don't you remember him as Mary's dashing leading man when "America's Sweetheart" was at her screen peak? Then, look and listen for him as the villain in Tom Keene's adventure film, "Cross Fire."

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(Continued from page 11)
What a woman!

They were making a scene from "It's Great to be Alive" at the Fox lot.

"Put some feeling into it, please," said Al Wuerker, the director. "Imagine the first man you've seen in eight years has just gotten away from you."

"After eight years it wouldn't matter!" murmured Edna May Oliver.

BEBE DANIELS is going to make two pictures for British International and both Ben Lyon and the baby went off to England with her. Bebe just finished "Cocktail Hour" for Columbia and had a hard time making up her mind what to do next. The Lyons make up a family that enjoys its own company and the whole affair was in the air until Ben managed to arrange things so that he could tag along. The British are making good pictures these days and Bebe once more proves that she is a smart girl.



Martha Sleeper, going up the stairs to her dressing-room, looked over the railing to call to a friend, and—snap!—the camera-man caught her. Here's a girl who's going places, isn't she?

Willum, we didn't believe you'd come to this! How about that ancient pair of pants you always wore that made you look so familiar? And that old sombrero? How are you a-goin' to apologize to your fans and readers for that French pancake you're wearing over your right eye—even if you are playing polo? What'll they be a-sayin' down Oklahoma way? . . . Will's next picture will be "The Last Adam," James Gould Cozzens' novel. He plays a New England country doctor.

Photo by Wide World



Photo by Wide World

A specially posed picture of Helen Hayes and Norma Shearer while they were abroad together. Helen had to return in advance of the rest of the party, to go into M-G-M's "Night Flight." Charles MacArthur, Helen's playwright husband, stayed with Norma and her husband, Irving Thalberg, to work on a new picture. . . . And, take it from the little birdie, don't believe everything you hear about Irving Thalberg's resigning from his M-G-M top shot.

A year from now American film stars are going to be much more plentiful along the Thames.
Here's luck to you, Bebe!

SALLY EILERS accompanied the Lyons on their trip to Elstree and the land of fogs.

HAS Hepburn gone "movie"? Katie (she used to be Katharine Hepburn) has more fun with her tiny movie camera than anything she has ever found. Lying on top of things, or flat on the floor, she manages to get records of every embarrassing situation that arises on the lot. Her subjects are ignorant of her activities until she holds a "screening" at the end of the picture.

I can think of things, 'way back in the old days, that would have been worth plenty—to have suppressed.

Neil Hamilton is showing a funny fan letter to anyone who has the time.

"I particularly liked your work in 'The Sin of Claudette Colbert,'" says the admirer.

Well, now!

How about it, Mr. Foster?

A CERTAIN titled English gentleman threw a party in Hollywood that he thought was a wow. The press disagreed and reported it as a dismal failure.

He invited his guests to an affair in honor of "Joan." The press came to see Joan Crawford and when she didn't arrive, wrote the story that way.

And were their faces red?



★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★



This is a photograph taken on the M-G-M "lot" by Mr. Leslie Howard, the candid cameraman. It shows Robert Benchley, the humorist, and William Gargan. Leslie Howard is one of the keenest amateur snapshotters in Hollywood.



Photo by Wide World

Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant, the inseparables, watching the polo matches when Will Rogers' Riviera Colts decisively defeated the Hollywood Polo Club team.



Photo by Wide World

Cy Bartlett, Alice White's manager, and Boots Mallory at the Club New Yorker, just before Boots was taken to the hospital for an operation. She recently sought legal advice about a divorce.

Gene Markey (right), playwright and short story writer, and his wife, Joan Bennett, at the races at Agua Caliente. They are one of Hollywood's "ideal" couples.

Photo by Wide World

The guest of honor was Joan Blondell, who was there with her hubby, George Barnes.

DOROTHEA WIECK (pronounced "Veek," in case you're interested), star of "Maedchen in Uniform," arrived on the Paramount lot the other day and created quite a sensation.

Miss Wieck, who doesn't speak English very well, went into the company dining room, to be greeted with enthusiasm by Marlene Dietrich, the only other German player on the Paramount lot.

After some little trouble, a luncheon was ordered and the talk settled down to more or less trivial things. Miss Wieck liked what she had seen of America. Yes, she thought she would stay for a time . . . and she was sure that her new Paramount picture would be a success.

Then came the bombshell. . . .

Marlene was wearing her usual tailored blouse, light gray and knitted, a woolen scarf, navy blue coat and white trousers.

Somebody asked, "How do you like Miss Dietrich's trousers?"

Miss Wieck pondered a moment. "If she wears them, she must have a reason, don't you think?"

There was nothing left to say.

HERE'S a good one!

Anita Stewart was booked to go to the hospital for appendicitis. The night before she decided that she might as well look her best. Actions speaking louder than words, she applied a generous coating of beauty clay and went back to bed to take a nap.

George Converse, her husband, came in a few minutes later and found his wife asleep, her face a



"Pop" Arnold went to the polar regions to act in "Eskimo." While he was away the baby was born, and he didn't see his son until the child was five months old. Here you see Director W. S. Van Dyke, Mrs. Arnold and "Pop," proud father, viewing his offspring for the first time.

ghastly grey color. Remembering her appointment for the following day, he grabbed the phone and called the hospital.

Imagine his embarrassment when Anita awoke and explained that she wasn't dead, hadn't gangrene, and that, after removing the clay from her face she would be just as good as ever.

EVEN in the movies the Irish still seem unruly . . . and is Miss Maureen O'Sullivan's face red?

Somebody introduced her to Elizabeth Allen, the newcomer from England.

"How do you like Hollywood?" asked Maureen.

"It's lovely," answered Elizabeth, "but I moved into another house yesterday and the people next door played the radio all night. I couldn't get a wink of sleep."

You've guessed it. Maureen lives next door.

(Please turn to page 14)



AT the Brown Derby! Ever think of the stars of yesterday and what they do?

Well, here's what a few of them were doing at noon the other day.

Blanche Sweet and Alice Joyce were having a good time at a corner table. Maybe Alice was telling how Clarence Brown, the director, proposed to her—or is that another story?



Jean Parker is an animal adorer. She makes it a serious business to cuddle-up and ooh-ooh over every pet that appears at the M-G-M studio. The other day a proud Boston bull mother showed up with a large brood of new pups, all Boston Bull, too. This was Jean's big moment, and statistical executives went almost mad while her puppy-cooing and puppy-hugging kept the cameras still and the overhead active.

Dolores Costello, who is hardly an old-timer, lunched with Mrs. Joe Cawthorne, and in another booth was a girl who seems to get prettier every day. And honestly, that isn't a gag. I mean Claire Windsor.

By the way (I seem to be using that phrase an awful lot), has anyone heard anything of Mary Philbin, recently? Remember her?

Last time I saw her she was pretty sure of herself . . . and why shouldn't she be. . . .

"Why should I work," she said. "I've saved my money and it doesn't matter if I never work again."

So what?

I HAD to check up on this one before I'd believe it myself. Regis Toomey came out to the coast as the result of a test that showed him to



Shooting scenes for "Melody Cruise," one of the finest of a series of musical pictures to come out of the RKO studios. Forty girls were selected for this picture out of more than one thousand who answered the studio call.

have a swell singing voice. "Alibi" was being cast and Regis jumped at the opportunity of playing the police undercover man. He clicked in the rôle and hasn't had an opportunity to sing since. That's Hollywood!

Here's another sufferer from Hollywood typingosis (with apologies to Dr. Seuss). Thomas Jackson landed the rôle of the detective in "Broadway" and hasn't been off the police force since. My error . . . they gave him one little change when he played the sea captain in "Terror Aboard."

JUNE CLYDE married Thornton Freeland about two years ago without any of the usual fuss or feathers. It gives me great pleasure to report that June is doing a grand job of housekeeping and that Mr. Freeland thinks she's nicer than she was two years ago. I've always been interested in June since I saw her in a bathing suit in "Tanned Legs." How's that for a memory, Mrs. Freeland?

Hollywood just isn't financially minded.

May Robson went over to Marie Dressler's the other night and the two old-timers played rummy for five cents a hand.

I asked May how she made out. "I won five cents and Marie won ten," she replied.

Page Sir Arthur Conan Doyle!



Ann Harding on her way to the set for "When Ladies Meet," in which she was co-starred with Robert Montgomery. It was during the filming of this picture that Ann revived the old fashion of wearing flowers in the hair. . . . Her next picture will be "Ann Vickers," from Sinclair Lewis' new sensational novel.

★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★

I'M always a bit sorry for child actors. Somehow, I can't see where the money they make for their future use can ever make up for the hours of childhood that they lose.

Little "Buster" Phelps, for example, had to be taken out of school because the rest of the kids recognized him and made a hero out of the youngster. After about a week there was no holding him. So out of school he came till he gets old enough to make up his mind as to the real value of things.

THE Russell Gleason-Marguerite Churchill friendship may turn out to be something hotter than that. Marguerite left the New York cast of "Dinner at Eight" to go to London to make a picture or so. The Gleasons are in London for the same purpose and Mother Gleason wrote to a pal of ours, recently, saying how glad that Marguerite was able to stay with them. "It's so grand for Russell," she wrote.

Now, if Marguerite feels the same way about it . . . it'll take care of two more for the time being.

FOX seems to think that Lilian Harvey's "My Lips Betray" is starting so big that it will need foreign versions. Lilian speaks English, French and German and insists that if they need a Spanish version she'll learn the language and be ready for them when they're ready to shoot.

And thinking it over, I'm not so sure she can't. She's like that.

John Blystone, her director, raves

about her without qualification:

"She's going to be the biggest thing in pictures. Around six at night, when other players were saying 'to the devil with the picture,' Lilian would say, 'To the devil with everything *but* the picture! Let's work!' She can't help but click."

She reported to Mr. Blystone every morning; and your particular eavesdropper heard the following lovely piece of dialogue:

"I was out with the two harmless ones last night but I had a call from the tall, pretty one."

That means she was out with Joe



Photo by Wide World

Leslie Fenton and his attractive wife, Ann Dvorak, back at work in Hollywood after their delayed honeymoon. Producers had picked Miss Dvorak as possessing virtually sure-fire starring qualities, when she and Leslie suddenly said, "Good-bye," and went off for a jaunt abroad. Now there's speculation as to whether the fans have forgotten her.

Strassner and Paul Martin and had a phone call from Gary Cooper.

THE Gaynor-Peck divorce put one of their mutual friends into a tough spot. Scarcely a night passes that one or the other of them does not drop in.

Getting tired of answering phone calls to find out whether the coast was clear, the friend had two signs made. When Janet is visiting she hangs a large "G" in the window and when Lydell drops around she hangs up a big "P."

Must sort of mix up the ice man.



Photo by Wide World

Connie Bennett, after a dip in the pool at the El Mirador Hotel in Palm Springs. With the battle for fashion supremacy going merrily on in Hollywood, Connie, at Palm Springs, threatened to set a new style by appearing in a bathing suit with her toe-tips brilliantly cardinal. Some of the other visiting stars quickly copied. It is still too early to tell if the fad will catch on.



Three members of the second generation follow in the footsteps of their distinguished parents. Left to right, they are Rhoda Cross, daughter of Leach Cross, lightweight boxer of another generation; Frances Rich, daughter of the talented Irene Rich; and Marion Hall, daughter of Maude Eburne, the stage and screen character actress. They all appear in the same picture, "Bondage."

I INDULGED myself by getting good and mad the other day. Not so very long ago, Paramount was telling the world that Nancy Carroll was one of its greatest stars. Nancy did her best, but the shows she made didn't go so well and Paramount didn't take up her contract.

The other day she went around to the Paramount lot to have lunch with the old gang and the gateman kept her waiting outside while he phoned in to see if it was okay to let her in.

Wonder how long he'd have kept her waiting in the days of "Laughter" and "Shopworn Angel!"

(Please turn to page 106)



Photo by Wide World

Viola Dana, as she is today, a photograph especially posed for The New Movie Magazine. All of you fans will be interested to know that Viola, once one of the topnotch film stars, has returned to the screen and is playing in some forthcoming productions.



HER IDEAL

By Lilian Harvey

Lilian Harvey, in Hollywood, with one of her most faithful escorts, Gary Cooper. Below: Willy Fritsch, the German film actor, who represents Miss Harvey's ideal. Gossip says they're married.

MY ideal is tall—six feet tall—and handsome, too. He is blond with dark blue eyes. I always like blond men.

He is always good natured. Never, in all the years I have known him, working with him day after day, month after month, have I seen him lose his temper. He has the most marvelous disposition of any person I've ever known.

He is always amusing, always telling funny stories, always playing little jokes on his friends, always merry and makes everyone around him feel gay.

He always thinks of others before himself. He is always attentive. He is generous. He makes beautiful love.

Above all things, he has CHARM. If a man hasn't charm, it doesn't matter what else he has. That is the most important thing.

My ideal man is Willy Fritsch. He fulfills all my expectations except that he doesn't like to ride and I like to ride. So we ride.

But I haven't had time to meet many Hollywood men yet.

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Wide World



HIS IDEAL



IRENE DUNNE AND JOEL McCREA IN THE "THE SILVER CORD."

By
**JOEL
McCREA**

MY ideal is the girl Irene Dunne was in "Back Street"—beauty, charm, an understanding heart, sympathy, poise—everything you admire in a woman. And she had a maternal feeling for her man.

I don't like the ga-ga type of woman . . . a woman who looks up at you and asks: "What shall I wear tonight? Do you like me better in pink or blue?" I like a woman

who does her own thinking all the time.

I prefer brunettes, but I like lots of blondes. Physically, my ideal girl is built like Joan Crawford. My ideal girl has a disposition like Frances Marion's. Frances has charm and intelligence; she is broad-minded about everything, the very antithesis of anything petty. I've not met my ideal yet, but I certainly have hopes.

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Settled in mind and spirit, taking the permanent rôle of adoring mother, Helen Twelvetrees is working on the second picture under her Paramount contract. It is to be known as "Disgraced." You've just seen her in Maurice Chevalier's "A Bedtime Story." Off screen she's Mrs. Frank L. Woody.

Irving Lippman

The New Movie's GALLERY of STARS

The New Movie Magazine, July, 1933



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Clarence Sinclair Bull

WELCOMED

Nils Asther has made an almost sensational come-back. His first real performance after his return to America—in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen"—won immediate public approval. Now he is to be seen in "Strange Rhapsody." He is under contract to M-G-M.



After jumping over to RKO for one picture, "Emergency Call," with William Boyd, William Gargan and Betty Furness, Wynne Gibson went back again to her old studio, Paramount, for "Her Body-guard." She still remains one of Hollywood's favored daughters.

WINNING



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Otto Dyar

PRODIGAL

Buddy Rogers is back in pictures again, after radio, musical comedy and dinner-dance palaces. His début is in "Five Cents a Glass," which may be the making of a new team, Marian Nixon and Buddy. Most of his pictures will be musicals—at least for the present.



Jean Harlow is her old gay self again and Hollywood is happy. How do you like her new jacket? It's made of silk piqué and any suggestion of mannishness is taken away by the pleated puff sleeves. The dress is red-and-white pin check. Jean is playing in "Dinner at Eight."

GAY

BEGINNING . . .

The Confessions of a MOVIE MAGNATE

All the Real Stars are NUTTY!

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This article was written by a motion picture executive who has had many years of experience in all branches of the movie business. Many attempts have been made to induce him to write some of the real inside stories of his observations, but not until we promised him immunity in the form of completely anonymous authorship would he consent to give us his perfectly frank views on certain phases of the movie industry. They are refreshingly cynical. They may destroy some ideals, but they are the truth.*

I HAVE been in the moving picture business too many years to know very much about it.

I used to know it all. During my first few years of movie experience I knew exactly what the public wanted. I knew what kind of stories the fans liked, what stars they wanted in their pictures. I knew what would make a hit and what would flop.

Then, as the years rolled by, I discovered that the things I knew to be true were not true at all. I found that the pictures which I personally liked died the death of a dog. And the pictures I thought were terrible turned out to be tremendous smashes at the box-office.

Now, after many years of guessing, I am faced with the fact that I can guess wrong more consistently than I can guess right.

Either the movie fans are crazy or I am.

They don't back up my opinions at all. Just when I decide they are all fed up with horror pictures, along comes a horror picture that knocks 'em cold. They fight to get into the theaters showing the very things I thought they were sick of.

It's a cock-eyed business, my masters.

It isn't a business at all. It's a guess—a never-ending guess. A gamble. A shot in the dark.

When I make a moving picture today I shoot an arrow into the air, it falls to earth I know not where. I'm quoting from someone, I know not whom. (Or is it "who"?)



CHARLIE CHAPLIN



JANET GAYNOR



WILL ROGERS



MARIE DRESSLER



JOE E. BROWN



NORMA SHEARER



GRETA GARBO



WALLY BEERY

I AM a movie magnate, according to the press agents. Some spell it "magnut." I have had lots of publicity. I have been written up as a genius. This word is tossed around pretty carelessly in the studios. I am not a genius, between you and me. When the boom was on, I thought I was. But today I know I am just a guesser—and I have a vital part in deciding what your movie fare shall be.

It is a hit or miss part. Today I guess you want romantic drama, with incidental music, before you can be coaxed into dropping your money on the box-office shelf. Tomorrow I will guess that you want mystery stories.

And the next day I'll guess that you want something else.

AFTER long years in the business, trying to outguess you, I find that certain things stand out in my mind.

First, you don't know what you want. Neither do I. If I try to find out from you I don't get to first base.

So what do I try to do? Well, first I try to hit on some novel idea that has never been done in the studios. It simply can't be done. Every theme on earth, every idea in human experience has been used one way or another in movies.

Wild animal stuff? You've had it for years. The old eternal triangle, where one husband tries to keep two strings to his bow without too much discord? You're sick of it. Epics? You've been epic-ed to death. Comedy? Every gag that has made you laugh in the past has been used against you ever since, and sometimes you like it again and then

sometimes you just don't like it.

EVERY time I go out to play contract or spend a social evening, I am asked a lot of queer questions about the movie business.

The hostess generally has a nephew who is terribly clever. He can ride horseback and swim, so he ought to be just exactly what the movies need to make them more successful. As a favor to me, she is nearly always willing to let me make a test picture of him at my expense to see how he screens and how his voice registers.

What does this mean to me? Well, it means that the nephew has been a failure at everything else, so he ought to be a hit in the movies. The bank threw him out after he flopped there, the brokerage house found he couldn't sell bonds, and the local newspaper discovered he couldn't even write society items

(Please turn to page 73)



JOHN CRAWFORD



CLARK GABLE

Illustrated
with photographs
of
**THE TEN BIGGEST
BOX-OFFICE STARS**
of
1932

**A famous producer speaks out at last -- in
one of the most revealing series of articles
ever published in a motion picture magazine**



MARIE DRESSLER as the Actress

LIONEL BARRYMORE as the Host



JEAN HERSHOLT as the Producer

JOHN BARRYMORE
as the Film Star

LEE TRACY
as the Press Agent



LOUISE CLOSSER HALE,
the Hostess' Sister

A Feast of STARS

IF you thought "Grand Hotel" boasted the greatest galaxy of stars ever assembled, you were mistaken. Because we now have "Dinner at Eight," with a cast that stuns one with its magnitude.

As a stage play, written by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman, it has been the outstanding hit of the year in New York. As a picture, the scenario by Frances Marion, the direction by George Cukor, it will probably contain the greatest all-star cast of all time.

It is the simple, but highly dramatic story of a group of people invited to the home of the Oliver Jordans for dinner at eight, and the



WALLACE BEERY as the Westerner



MADGE EVANS as the Daughter



JEAN HARLOW as the Westerner's Wife

tragedies in their lives. Billie Burke plays the hostess, Lionel Barrymore, the host; Madge Evans, their daughter, and Louise Closser Hale, the sister of the hostess. Among the guests are Marie Dressler, as the actress; Wallace Beery, as the Westerner; Jean Harlow, his wife, a former hat-check girl; John Barrymore, the falling film star; Lee Tracy, as the press agent; Jean Hersholt as the theatrical producer; Edmund Lowe, as the doctor; Karen Morley, as his wren-like wife, and almost a score of other well-known players in lesser parts.

Nothing like it has ever been attempted before.

It probably represents the greatest assemblage of stars ever to be grouped in one production—the last word in casting.



BILLIE BURKE
as the Hostess



ELSIE JANIS sounds the new Hollywood cry—

Forward! MARCH!

WHEN you see Fredric March as *Marcus Superbus* in "The Sign of the Cross," you see more of him than usual, and very nice, too!

Freddy, in that chic black velvet costume with his slick black hair curled *a la* Norma Shearer looks like the sign of a cross between *Romeo* and a Follies girl. I know he has a lot of the former; any dash of the latter is purely photographic.

As you watch him, strong jaw set and eyes flashing, cracking his prefectorial whip over the shoulders of wrangling Romans, take it from me that if Freddy had his way every crack of the whip would be a wise-crack! I'm sure he goes to bed at night with a *bon mot* leaping through his thin and well-chiseled lips.

I have a feeling that he sleeps well, is hard to waken, and that once awake, the theme song, "Let's Have a Repartee!" begins. Whatever he does is evidently pleasing.

He and Florence Eldridge have been married over five years and they don't bother to remind you how happy they are. You're supposed to know that! Out here when any couple that has been married over a year starts talking about how perfect home life is, you can be pretty sure that the ink on the divorce decree is drying rapidly.

THE first time I heard of Fredric March, was right here in Hollywood, playing in that classic of the modern theater, "The Royal Family."

Everyone was raving over his performance and saying, "Why, you'd think it was John Barrymore himself!" Having heard this same phrase used about my own imitation of the younger Barrymore, I was not only interested but a bit green-eyed.

I went, I saw, and he conquered!

It was a superb performance, not entirely due to the fact that Freddy had caught most of the tricks. I especially avoid the word mannerisms, because the Barrymore knows his tricks and can drop the whole box at will. Freddy managed to combine Barrymore with March, and in my own opinion, with one eye on March's future, succeeded in exuding a great deal of



Miss Janis and Mr. March having luncheon together in the Paramount commissary. "I realized that apparently young March soft-pedals on publicity pictures with the weaker sex, and I, heaven help me, must not only be considered strong but safe."

Florence Eldridge (Mrs. March). They've been married more than five years and they don't have to remind you how happy they are.

his own charm into the impersonation of Jack—beg pardon, John.

Of course, one big success like the one March made in Hollywood and producers, who have been saying for months that an actor is not the type for pictures, will line up and fight for his signature on the dotted line. The next procedure is to cast the actor in a rôle just as far removed from the one in which he has made a hit as they can find.

Freddy, who is at heart a light comedian, but at head a good enough actor to play anything from *Uncle Tom* to *Lord Fauntleroy*, has done just about that. I mean comparatively and from a versatility angle.

He finally wound up his four years of broad jumping from melodrama to comedy and back again by winning the Academy award for the best acting of 1932, in the dual rôle of *Doctor Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde*.

No doubt his early experience in banking helped his characterization a bit and he certainly deserved the award, but as there are so many faces which should spend half the picture hidden behind trick make-ups, why disguise fresh-faced Freddy? I for one hope he will stay out from behind beards and waving teeth.

AFTER seeing him in his last three films, I've decided that his is one of the nicest faces on the screen today and if he lets them hang it in hirsute trimmings again, I shall know he is getting a "cut" of the make-up man's makings!

I met Freddy first at a party where I had consistently refused to dance all evening.

Someone presented young man March and I sud-

As one star to another, Miss
Janis counts Fredric one of the
finest anywhere, both as actor
and man.



Fredric March in his latest picture, "The Eagle and the Hawk." When Miss Janis asked him about the airplane crash, during the making of it, when Mr. March, Jack Oakie and Cary Grant were badly shaken up, he only said that working in the production had been "very interesting." That's Freddy March.

denly wanted to. We had not taken two steps before I knew why. If the government wanted to close the banks again, or the banks continue to bully the studios, with their "put up or shut up" edicts, Freddy needn't worry. He can always "go into his dance"!

Contact once established, we took off for the land of laughs, airplanely speaking, and didn't come down until the party broke up. Even then it was a forced landing!

Although he is always referring to himself as a "ham," Freddy has a line of chatter that is quite (Please turn to page 78)

Using the Typewriter to



**Here's an ingenious new
way to make a likeness
of your favorite**

(Above) Norma Shearer, type-sketched by Miss Katherine H. Parsons, and (right) Claudette Colbert's latest photograph, the subject of this month's type-sketch game. She has just finished "I Cover the Waterfront" and has begun work on "Disgraced." Read the rules of the contest on page 82 of this issue; try your genius at the typewriter, and send in your sketch.

Sketch the Movie Stars





Photo by Wide World



Here's a real treat! A trip with Doug, Jr. through Hollywood After Dark

WHAT are the high jinks among the screen stars?

There are rumors of rare revelry. However, one of our leading humorists recently described a night in Hollywood. After playing parcheesi and "Going to Jerusalem" the actors and actresses present at the party wound up the evening with a rousing Virginia reel, lemonade and lady-fingers! Hunting the southwestern Gomorrah, he had discovered Sweet Auburn. The laugh was on him, for a change.

Intended as an ironic thrust at both the outlander's idea of Hollywood's midnight orgies and the jaded palates of the picture colony, which had swung around to juvenility as a last resort, there was really more fact than fancy in the squib.

For, much as I dislike to take the joy out of life for the fond and scandal-expectant public, I am constrained to say that our big parties are few and far between, and mild rather than wild; that the smaller shindies are of the usual conventional pattern; and that night diversion among screen favorites is more apt to be work at fever pitch, or the sleep of exhaustion, than the eating of peacock's tongues, bathing nude in pools of champagne, gambling away large

fortunes, or carrying on an illicit love affair with your friend's wife in the butler's pantry.

OF course, we do have our cakes and ale—in crumbs and sips—but these are quite different from what they are popularly supposed to be. For instance, Marie Dressler would rather talk astrology than do an apache dance, while Mary Pickford prefers to cheat herself at solitaire rather than play poker for high stakes.

And Greta Garbo would rather sit on a foot-stool and muse than flirt, though she can laugh like a little girl.

As to the men—well, Clark Gable would rather talk football than tell a racy story. Bob Montgomery likes a game of chess with a good opponent better than most things, while Billy Haines would rather discuss period furniture than sex.

BUT the best way to find out for yourself is to let me act as your guide, and together we can take in some typical nights of high-low life and whoopee. At first hand, then, we will plot our curves of pleasure and wickedness on the chart of Hollywood living.

Suppose we begin at the top, with one of the ten



Photo by Mac Julian

Doug, Jr. and Patricia Ellis in young Doug's latest picture, "The Narrow Corner." Patricia is the New York girl Hollywood is raving about just now.

Old Mrs. Grundy's at it again. Since Joan's and Doug, Jr.'s separation, her tongue's wagged itself into a frenzy—even when Franchot Tone and Joan, playing in the same picture, stroll out together. (An informal picture of them is shown above on the opposite page.)

Don't miss this gay, gossipy tour de luxe with the young Prince of Hollywood

Personally conducted
by **DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.**

or twelve major social events of the season. I won't say whose. Enough to know that the most brilliant and exclusive salons are presided over by Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, and, if you won't think I'm putting on the dog, the Fairbanks, Seniors.

Incidentally, so successful have these social arbiters been that they have broken down the upper-set walls of Pasadena and Santa Barbara where once a screen actor was regarded as more or less of an "untouchable."

Well, however that may be, here we are at the door.

Before we go in may I caution you against expecting too much. You're going to like these people a lot, I think, and you are going to be surprised to find most of them talking and behaving like Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Sadie Smith. They are not gods and goddesses in evening dress. Nor nymphs and satyrs ready to cavort in fig-leaves.

Some of them may even strike you as extraordinarily shy—or dumb. Be ready for plenty of shop-talk, but the conversation usually ranges far and wide, and if Adolphe Menjou or Bob Montgomery or Ronald Colman is in the crowd you are likely to hear plenty of repartee and witty quips.

But for your sake I hope there isn't to be any royalty or illustrious guest of honor present tonight. That would be too bad. For, then the party will get off to a stiff start and never relax to natural, easy intercourse.

Poor Hollywood feels that it is constantly under the severest surveillance and criticism, which is (*Please turn to page 83*)



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Irving Lippman

You will be delighted, if you are a Gary Cooper fan, with the article on the new Gary, by Adela Rogers St. Johns in next month's—the August—New Movie Magazine. This is one of the best articles this brilliant novelist and writer on the movies has ever done. She has known Gary ever since he first struck Hollywood, the old Gary and the new Gary, and now she contrasts the two. It's something you'll not want to miss.

Ted Cook's MOVIE COOK-COOS

Filmland's foremost humorist

enlivens the news from Hollywood

"Ruby Keeler was so upset by the earthquake that she could neither eat nor sleep. In order to quiet her, Al Jolson, her husband, went out and bought her a beautiful diamond and jade brooch, shaped like a basket of fruit."

Some enterprising Hollywood druggist will likely make a fortune from this newly discovered insomnia cure. He'll put up diamond and jade brooches in bottles.

Miss Keeler got her brooch as a result of an earthquake. Most movie girls get their brooches by just threatening an earthquake.

No matter what dire poverty
The heroine of shifty shows,
She always can afford, we see,
The most expensive underclothes.

JEAN HARLOW says:
"The only time I ever forget myself, really, is when I am hammering at my typewriter."
Which just goes to show that Jean is different.

Most blondes are apt to forget themselves when they aren't typewriting.

And also it's hard to have attitudes pliant
Toward photos of female stars looking defiant.
(Please turn to page 90)

PROBABLY the sort of thing that I present on the screen is just what the folks need these days," says Mae West.

Anyway, it's probably the sort of thing a lot of gals could use these days.

A RING, valued at \$5,000, which Carole Lombard reported lost, was returned to the actress after being discovered in a gutter near the front of Paramount studios.

Found, no doubt, by a scenario writer poking around for ideas.

Gals who pose and hide their legs
Are thought less of by many eggs.

Most heart-rending news story of the month:

The Mae West influence as the author sketches it.



How much MONEY



Mae West's diamonds are a part of her publicity campaign—a necessary expense.

Tom Mix, last year, spent more than \$13,000 on his fan mail.

**Ten thousand dollars a week seems
like a lot of money - - until you
add up a celebrity's expenses**

HOLLYWOOD is a gold mine. Its stars supply the gold—and the rest of the world supplies the miners. And how those miners *dig!*

Lured by tales—and only too true they are—of the prodigal extravagances of Movietown's *nouveau riche*, an army of money-at-any-price hunters has declared open season on John and Jane Star's pocketbooks, and canny indeed is the film celebrity who salvages twenty per cent. of his pay check.

Looting the stars is not a new pursuit, and the looters have always been cunning. But now, with their wits sharpened by the depression, they are like a pack of famished arctic wolves.

With "chiselers" to the left of him, racketeers to the right of him, blackmailers just ahead of him—and his own lavish follies leading him ever deeper into the morass of financial distress . . .

What chance has a motion-picture star to save his money?

Remember—he is forced to meet hundreds of "necessary" expenses that are unknown to the average man of equal

does a Star have left?

By **ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT** who investigated the great "Hollywood Swindle" for The New Movie Magazine



Constance Bennett spent \$12,000 during the past year on stamps, stationery and professional photographs.

Wallace Beery fought a girl's attempt to sue him, ran a barrage of publicity, spent a small fortune, but won.

income. He must be—or, at least, thinks he must be—eternally surrounded by high-priced agents, managers, attorneys, publicity men, secretaries, servants and bodyguards.

Being in the public eye, he believes that he must "put up a front."

Temperamentally, he is made to order for the schemes of the blackmailer, for he recalls how many stars have faded in the withering glare of adverse publicity. He knows that Mr. and Mrs. Public are cruelly eager to believe the worst of their idols; consequently he lives in terror of scandal.

In another particular he is the ready prey of petty larceny racketeers—he is by nature over-emotional, too quick to sympathize. A sob story, well told, sends his hand flying to his bill-fold.



Conrad Nagel, head of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, estimates that more than \$2,000,000 a year goes out of Hollywood to "fake charities."



BUT let's leave the black-mailer, the panhandler, the racketeer and their ilk for more specific mention later, and consider, first of all, the star's "necessary" expenses.

It is, of course, impossible to list the expenditures of one star and truthfully represent them as the exact expenses of every other star. It is also impossible to draw definite lines between legitimate expenses, idiotic extravagance and tribute to the various classes and degrees of swindlers.

Our "star" then, is not an individual but a composite representing the group to which he belongs. He has been created only after scanning the expense sheets of several stars. We'll assume that he's married, has one child, is paying alimony to one ex-wife and that he receives one of those ten thousand-a-week salaries which excite the envy and sometimes the indignation of the rest of us.

How much of his salary can he call his own?

In the first place, his contract with the studio calls for forty weeks a year, not for fifty-two. Therefore, his weekly wage, spread over the entire year, is \$7,692.30—not \$10,000.

His agent is not far from the cashier's window on pay day. He takes a neat ten per cent. of our star's wages. Perhaps he landed the contract for him two years ago, and has done (*Please turn to page 98*)



*Photographed exclusively for
The New Movie Magazine*

Photography by **MR. HOWARD**

Leslie Howard is one of the best—and most ardent—amateur photographers in Filmdom. He is always out with his kodak, snapping some beautifully artistic scenes and groups. He set up and focused the camera for the picture of himself (above) at Palm Springs and Mrs. Howard snapped it. He employed the same means for the Howard family group (at right) and had the butler do the bulb-squeezing. Here are Ronald, the son; Mrs. Howard, Leslie, their daughter, and the master actor, Mr. Leslie Howard, himself.



Nothing but TESTS

By RALPH WHEELWRIGHT

HE looks like Colman. Has the gentle charm of Novarro . . . the swarthy appeal of Gable . . . and the delightful naïveté of Jackie Cooper.

Until he played opposite Marion Davies in "Peg O' My Heart," Onslow Stevens was a nonentity in Hollywood. Casting directors knew him only as the chap who did the writer part in "Once in a Lifetime."

Under contract to Universal, playing bits mostly, Stevens was languishing under a contemplated lay-off. Then he was called to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to make a test. For years he had been making tests. They didn't mean a thing.

"If I had a part for every test I've made I couldn't play them all if I lived to be a hundred years old," he observes. "I tested all the feminine players in 'Back Street' and didn't get an extra part in it. My wide acquaintance with motion picture studios is due almost entirely to my testing career. It's been a wonderful experience."

Anyway, he made a test for a minor rôle in the picture "Looking Forward." At that time Marion was having trouble finding a suitable leading man. The panic was on. Finally, Marion happened to see Stevens' test by mistake. A real honest-to-goodness mistake. So honest that she was on her way out of the projection room when the compelling flavor of Stevens' voice boomed out of the loud-speaker. Marion paused and looked.

"Who's that?" she asked.

Bob Leonard, her director, shook his head. "I dunno, someone or other . . ."

Marion's hand left the doorknob. She sat down in the seat again.

"Not bad," she observed eagerly.

"No, not bad at all," agreed Leonard.

Five minutes later Stevens was flagged and handed some lines from "Peg O' My Heart."

"Be ready for a test on Stage Six at one o'clock!" he was told. Stevens admitted he was flabbergasted.

"Another test?" he asked, bewildered. "But I made a test!"

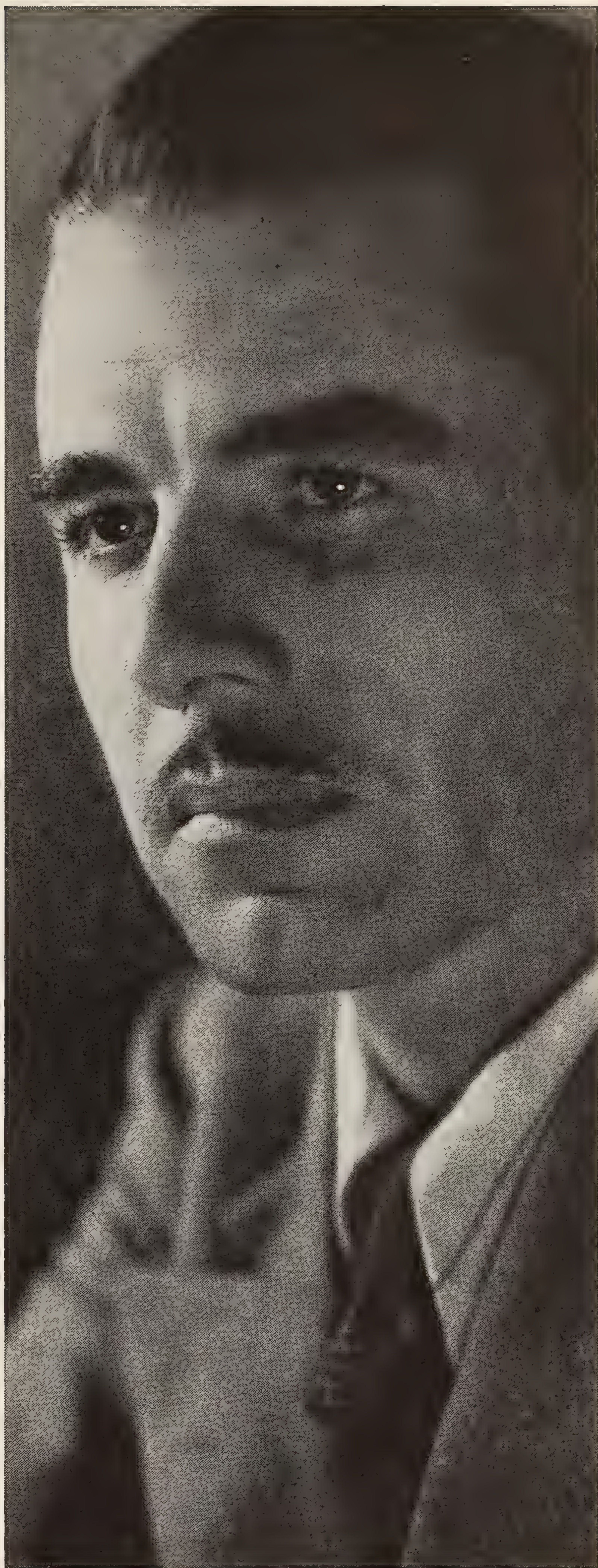
NEVERTHELESS, he was on Stage Six at one o'clock for another test.

"To say I was surprised when Marion Davies walked in to make the test with me is to put it very mildly," he recalls. "I felt quaky all over, but she was so swell about it I managed to get over the jitters."

"For the next two days I didn't know where I was at. I was in 'Looking Forward' and I was out of it. I was in 'Peg O' My Heart' and I was out of 'Peg O' My Heart.' I went around with scripts of both pictures, trying to learn both parts so I'd be ready for whatever decision was made."

Stevens just happened to run into that break that established him as a leading man after seven years of trying to get on in pictures. (*Please turn to page 82*)

He glanced at his watch and started abruptly. "Will you excuse me? I'm a little late. I must hurry now. . . . I have an appointment to make a test!"



For years Onslow Stevens did nothing but try-outs---but one clicked at last

From SHORTS to

Costumes for every summer occasion are represented in these stills from the new films and sketches made by Hollywood's famous designers

By JANET RICE

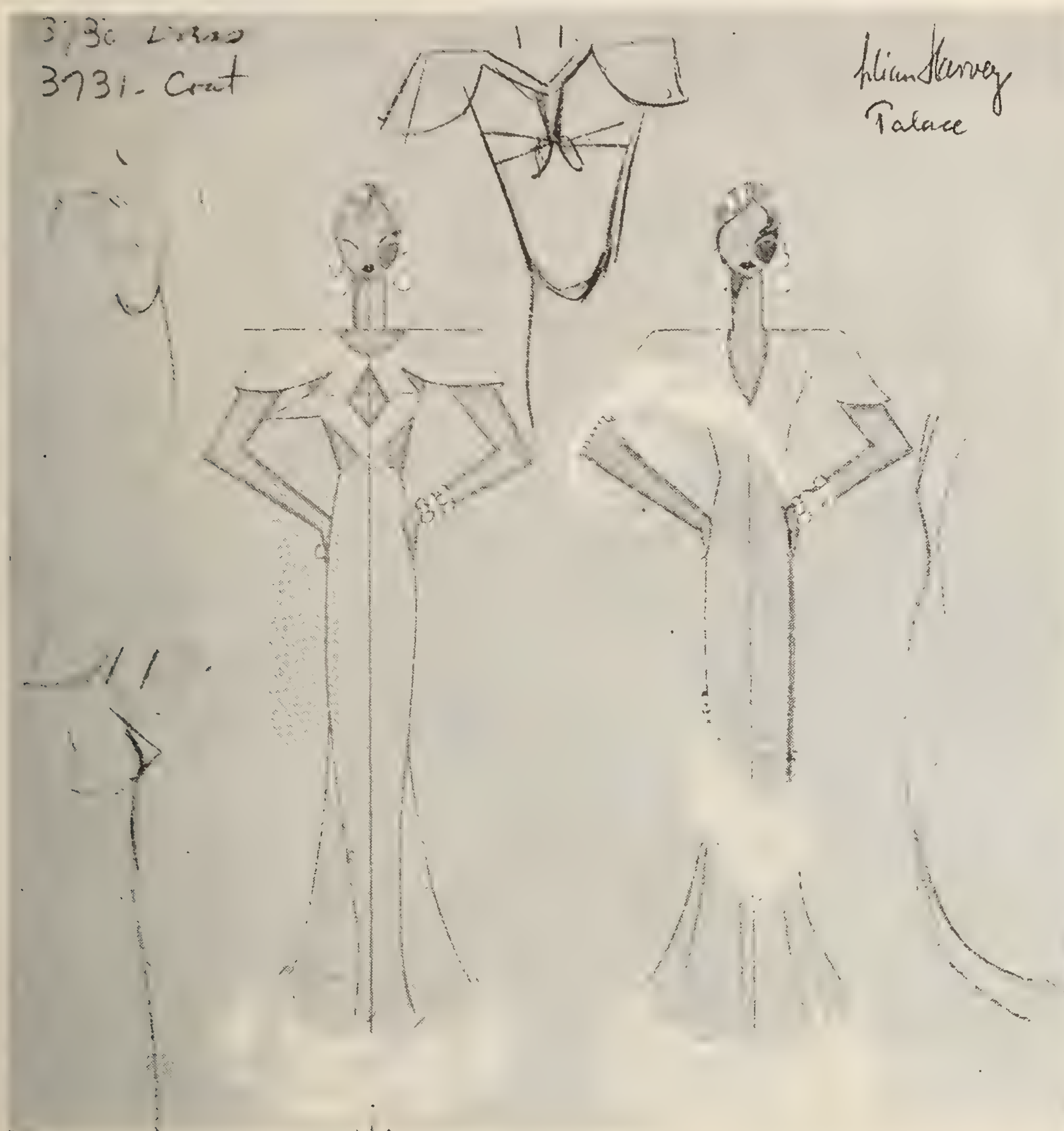


Orry Kelly designed the diagonally striped gray and white chiffon frock worn by Bette Davis, shown above, with George Arliss in a scene from the Fox picture "Working Man." The jacket is of white chiffon and black velvet. Orry Kelly's sketch is shown at the left.

A muff of massed gray violets matches the little turban worn by Sari Maritza with a sheer gray wool dress in "International House," a recent Paramount picture.



CHIFFONS in the Latest FILMS



Lilian Harvey, Fox's English importation from Germany, brought over her own designer—Joe Strassner—who is responsible for the attractive evening gown shown above which Miss Harvey wears in "My Lips Betray." Next to it are Strassner's sketches to give a general idea of the way designers work. The gown is made of heavy white crêpe embroidered in crystal beads and dotted with brilliants. The white fox band, ending in a train, is a new idea for summer fur trimming.

WITH California's climate as an inspiration, studio designers have out-done themselves in inventing warm weather costumes for the films planned for summer release.

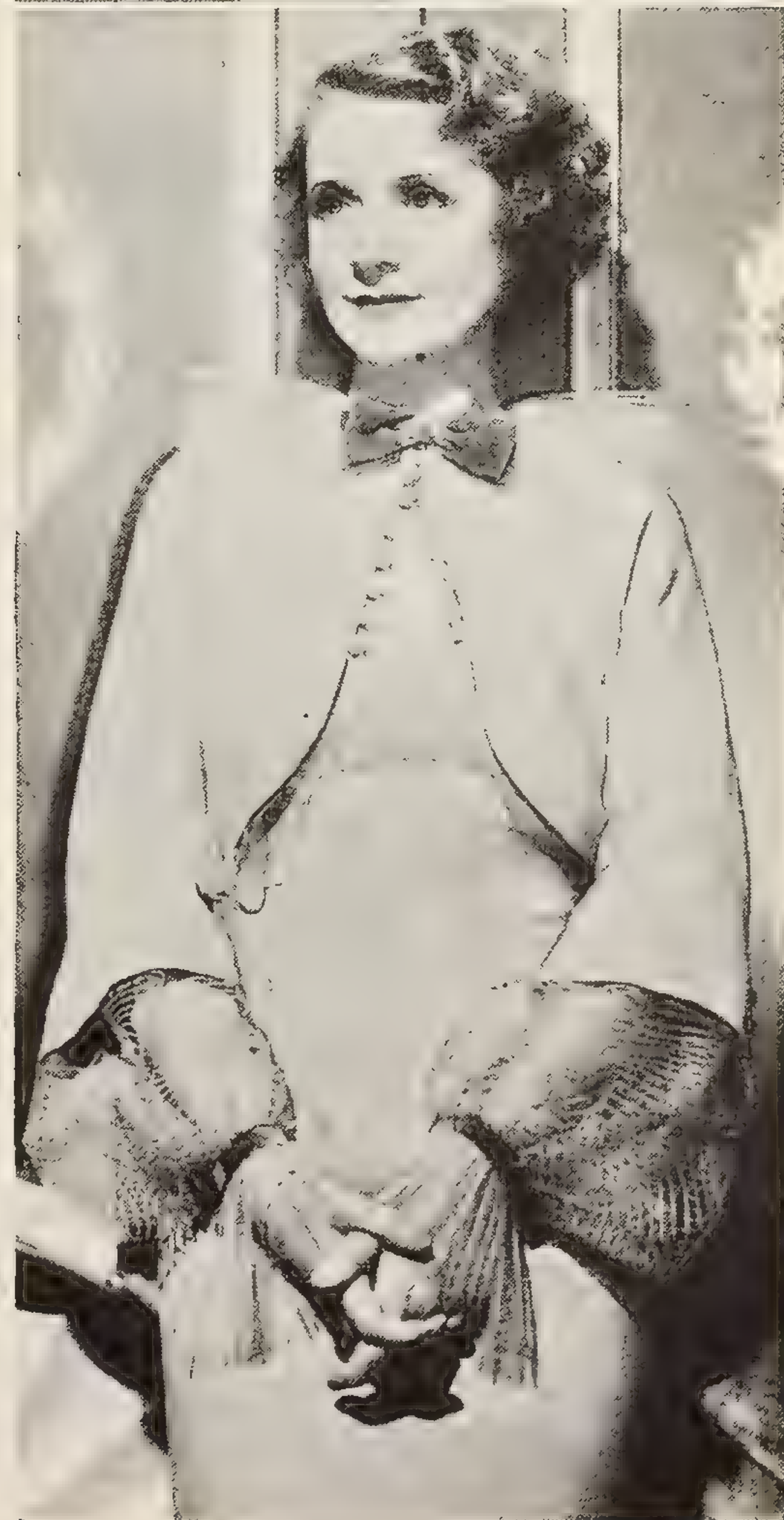
From shorts to chiffons every wardrobe variety is represented in the movies you will see this season.

If you want to be cool and still take part in strenuous summer sports try a costume like the one Helen Mack wears in "Pleasure Cruise"—blue piqué shorts, a blue and white striped broadcloth shirt and head band with socks and sneakers.

Or if you want to be formal there's the gray and white, diagonal chiffon that Orry Kelly designed for Bette Davis to wear in "Working Man," or the tucked net by Adrian that you will see on Diana Wynyard in "Reunion in Vienna." For afternoon there could be nothing more charming than the dusty pink bolero frock Billie Burke wears in "Dinner at Eight" or the sheer gray wool frock Travis Banton designed for Sari Maritza in "International House" with its quaint flower muff and hat. And for daytime something similar to Ann Harding's swagger suit made of soft tan wool with brown crêpe trim and a gold mesh hat. She wears it in "When Ladies Meet."

Lilian Harvey had some exciting clothes designed recently for her to wear in "My Lips Betray," by her own designer, Joe Strassner, who came from

Billie Burke, looking younger than ever in her new M-G-M picture, "Dinner at Eight," wears a bolero frock of dusty pink crêpe designed by Adrian. The blouse is of tucked net.



Europe to plan her wardrobe. White crêpe, sequins, crystal beads and fur banding are all used for one low-cut evening gown. Another is of velvet with cut-out sides as well as a section cut out at the front, epaulets of passementerie and a double ruffle of silver sequins.

Boudoir pajamas of yellow pleated chiffon with an eight-inch military belt of blue satin are a contrast to her very feminine boudoir robe of pale blue chiffon with a ruffy skirt and sleeves and a shoulder yoke of Alençon lace.

Strassner's sketches show the evolution of her gowns from the original idea to the completed design.

Adrian has been busy at designing costumes for several productions including "Looking Forward," "Reunion in Vienna" and "When Ladies Meet." One of his most interesting designs recently is the wedding gown for Myrna Loy in "Man on the Nile," an interesting departure from traditional styles. He uses a pill-box hat, similar to the one he designed for Garbo two years ago as the basis for an unusual headdress.

Off the screen sports clothes are the chief interest of the film actresses when they're on the set waiting the call to action. Jean Harlow wears pajamas of every color in the rainbow on the set. Muriel Evans wears slacks of white whipcord. Maureen O'Sullivan chooses piqué velveteen slacks to wear over her pet striped bathing suit. Claudette Colbert wears a blue and white sweater with white slacks.

FAVORITE colors in Hollywood settle down pretty well to brown, blue, black and yellow with a good deal of white but little green, gray or red.

Diana Wynyard wears brown and white and sometimes two tones of brown.

Jean Harlow wears yellow in two tones, yellow and white and black and white.

Joan Crawford inevitably wears blue in all shades

FASHION NOTES

Piqué and organdy vie for trimming honors.

Shorts, popular in Hollywood off the screen, have gone into the movies.

Travis Banton predicts polka dots for summer street wear.

Sheer stripes and plaids are smart for evening.

Adrian uses the the pill box hat for a wedding headdress.

and now with her deep summer tan is wearing lots of blue and white.

Claudette Colbert wears black and white more than any other combination.

Constance Bennett wears light blue a great deal, also black.

Arline Judge likes to wear white, sometimes with a touch of red.

Miriam Hopkins wears green often in two tones or in combination with white.

Madge Evans wears brown and also blue combined with white.

Betty Furness designs many of her own clothes—her Easter costume was one, pale blue

wool with a three-quarter length coat and a gray fox collar worn with a pastel blue straw picture hat and gray suede opera pumps and gloves.

Irene Ware has an attractive white chiffon garden-party dress, hand blocked in shades of pink and blue which she wears with a blue organdy hat. She also has a white organdy hat polka-dotted in green.

Muriel Evans and Virginia Cherrill have been outfitted in two dresses made in exactly the same style and color for a sequence in "Hell Below." One was made of cotton, the other of the finest satin. The design is an evening gown with vertical insertions of double pleated ruffles increasing in width at the hem. Pleated ruffles also trim the neckline.

Hollywood is designing high hats but they're different from the Paris variety. Madge Evans wears a Cossack hat in "Made on Broadway" that sits up on top of her head—even at the back. Two rows of accordion pleated ribbon form the top of the crown which appears square at the front but curving at the side.

Alice Brady has a white straw hat with a brim lined in yellow silk which you will see in "When Ladies Meet." It's built on lines similar to tropical helmets and has a perky lacquered bow at the front.

Styles in vamps are changing. Greta Nissen wears an Alice-in-Wonderland comb in her blond tresses to play a modern vamp in an as yet unnamed RKO-Radio picture. Her lounging robe has a tailored collar and pleated sleeves.



Robert W. Coburn Photo

Helen Mack takes the ever popular Hollywood shorts to the screen for her rôle in "Melody Cruise," RO Radio musical.



Hollywood chooses its favorite colors—blue, brown, black, white and yellow



Rough black straw is fashioned into a helmet-like hat for Virginia Cherrill to wear in "Accidents Wanted," M-G-M production. It fits closely to the head.

(Left) Tulle takes on a new character when Adrian designs a gown for Diana Wynyard to wear in "Reunion in Vienna." It's distinguished by diagonal tucking.



Ann Harding wears a turban of gold mesh with a gypsy tassel over one ear in M-G-M's "When Ladies Meet." Her swagger coat is of soft tan wool with brown crêpe trimming set off by heavy corded loops.

Hello everybody! Come with KATE SMITH on this month's

Radio Rambles

HELLO everybody!
Now that I've taken up playing tennis—they got me playing tennis out in Hollywood—I'll do anything, even try my hand at a radio column. Well, if it's Radio Rambles you want from me, just step aboard the old kilocycle bandwagon and we'll start off.

If I get stuck I don't know what I'll do. I certainly can't sing for you here. Oh, I know. I'll ask Ted Collins what to do. Ted always does my talking for me when I need help—why shouldn't he help me with this?

Where shall I start, Ted?

I hope Edwin C. Hill doesn't hear about this. He may think I'm trying to muscle in on those "Inside Stories" he broadcasts. Maybe he'll try to get even with me by singing "The Moon Song."

Speaking of Ed Hill, Ted, did you know that in spite of the fact he's one of the best known newspaper men in America and has about the finest diction on the air—he had never made a talk from a platform in his life until a month ago.

But I guess Ed Hill can't help that, anymore than

Announced by Ted Collins
and written by

Kate Smith

Morton Downey can help picking "Eli, Eli" as one of his favorite songs. Now, I wonder what Hitler thinks of that one. . . . Mort's got a streak of the real Irish in him all right. One of the best singers on the air, and yet he never took a lesson.

ALTHOUGH a lot of us radio performers have been making pictures lately, Hollywood recently turned the tables when Fred Waring went on the air. Priscilla and Rosemary Lane who sing the duets on his programs are sisters of Lola Lane, the screen star.

But just to even the score, while this was going on, Director Eddie Sutherland flew on from the coast to shoot the scenes for Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd in their first feature talking picture "International House," out on Paramount's lot in Astoria, Long Island. This hasn't stopped the Colonel and Budd from going right on with their inventions—and one of their latest is those half pieces of candy, so that Stoopnacrats won't have to bite into them to see what's inside.

People are always asking me about how you get to



Ann Butler is crazy
about
JACKIE COOPER

Vincent Lopez selects
SHEILA TERRY





"The First Lady of the Air" gives you the gossip about your broadcast favorite

Welcome Lewis never misses
GEORGE ARLISS

and sold wicker chairs before he hit the ether waves. I guess it's the same old answer . . . radio announcers are just born and not made.

ROSS GORMAN, the star saxophonist who plays more than twenty different instruments, including, so help me, the clarinet, oboe, octivan, conosax, marimbaphone, sopranino, rothphone and terra cotta—suggests that the best practice he can think of for an announcer is to borrow his hecklephone.

NO sooner was Jack Dempsey announced as a radio feature than heck started popping around the radio stations. Not that it was Jack's fault, because the first incident happened a thousand miles away in Chicago. Little Jackie Heller—who incidentally, before he became a radio vocalist, was Chi's amateur flyweight boxing champ—collided backstage at a charity show with Ben Bernie's famous cigar (by the way, Ben, you *do* smoke La Palinas, don't you?) and painfully burned his eye. Heller went right on with his act. He explained that back in the days when he was a boxing champ he generally never left his public until both eyes were closed.

That's like Jack Benny, who claims the dimple on Nat Brusiloff's cheek was put there by a saxophone player.

be an announcer. I can't tell you much—except about the two Teds—Ted Husing and Ted Collins. Ted Collins couldn't get out of it. He was my manager and I was up in Lake Placid, and there just wasn't anyone else to do the job, so Ted Collins had to crash through. Everyone liked him so much that he's had the job ever since.

And you'll be just as much in the dark as ever when I tell you Ted Husing's qualifications for the job, before he came with CBS. Ted Husing was born in Deming, New Mexico. He was educated in New York City, got a job as an instructor of aviation, a dance-teacher (I guess I left out a letter there, Ted),



Ralph Kirby's favorite
is
ANN HARDING



Patti Pickens votes
for
GEORGE RAFT



THEN another thing happened in the CBS New York studios on the "Magic Voice" serial when Nick Dawson, who plays the part of Jim Norman, rushed into the studio and smacked his head full tilt into an overhanging mike. He went out like a light, and didn't come to until just before the broadcast.

Nevertheless, he went right on the air and played straight through his part in the sketch. Then just to top things off, Elsie Hitz, who plays the part of June Armstrong opposite Nick Dawson in this radio romance, came down a week later with scarlet fever.

As soon as the doctors told Elsie she was well enough they inoculated the radio engineers and the cast, sent them out to Elsie's home in Long Island where she was quarantined, and broadcast the sketches from her bedside.

Another story they tell
(Please turn to page 108)

**This month the radio stars pick
their favorite film stars**



Drawings By
Ken Chamberlain



What? Are we to have a Mae West cycle in Hollywood? If it should happen, this is what Mr. Chamberlain thinks your favorites would look like.

Our Hollywood Boulevardier

Denies Everything

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: *This is the first True Story of Katharine Hepburn. It explodes many myths and contradictions. Mr. Howe speaks with authority, having known Miss Hepburn long before she went to Hollywood; in fact, before she didn't go to Bryn Mawr.*)

By HERB HOWE

BEING an old friend of the Hepburn family I have naturally hesitated to come forward with the truth about Katharine, or "Heppy," as she was called by her classmates at Bryn Mawr. But since murder will out, who better than an old friend to slip the news (noose)?

Let us start with denials and proceed to facts denied.

In the first place, Heppy did not attend Bryn Mawr.

"I did not attend Bryn Mawr," screamed Miss Hepburn, flinging herself down in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard, a defiant patch on her denims. "That was another girl."

This seems to leave Bryn Mawr without a leg to stand on; at least, without Heppy's, which, by the way, is one that any Alma Mater might be proud of.

I think we've made it plain that Heppy did NOT attend Bryn Mawr; that was another girl (Mae West).

So much for the confusion of personalities.

The report that Miss Hepburn was a debutante in New York's exclusive "Four Hundred" appears equally libelous. This also seems to have been the unhappy Mae West, who on being given the bum's rush to Blackwell's Island following her debut in "Sex," became, *ipso facto*, a member of the East River-Sutton Place set with whom she exchanged the morning yoo-hoos! across stream.

It is *not* true that Heppy is worth sixteen million dollars. She thinks she must have been confused in this instance with Andy Mellon, possibly through similarity of names and denims. Incidentally, Heppy, who is generous to a fault, intends to endow Bryn Mawr with the sixteen million and perhaps the entire Mellon fortune.

It is *not* true that Heppy is a New Yorker or New

Englander. There is nothing *nouveau* about her as you'd readily note from the patches. Miss Hepburn comes of an old Southern family, born and bred

in South Dakota where for generations the Hepburns have dwelt on their ancestral plantation in the Bad Lands.

It was in these bad Bad Lands that little Greta Gustaffson (her real name) conceived the character of *Diamond Lil* with which she was destined to steal honors from George Arliss in "They Just Had to Get Married."

NURSED by a colored mammy (Al Jolson's), tutored by cowboys in the languages, and polished by social contact with the fashionable Sioux Indians, Heppy had a colorful career from the outset.

Although Miss Hepburn never attended Bryn Mawr, (where she roomed with Lupe Velez), she did attend Vassar, Smith, Ferry Hall, West Point and the Iowa School of Agriculture from which she graduated with dramatic honors, as did Blue Boy.

Then began her mad society career which was to take her to all the gay capitals of Europe and the United States, including Bismarck, N. D., where the capitol burned down. (Hepburny was subsequently absolved when it was learned the ignitifying Mae West had swept across the praries the night before.)

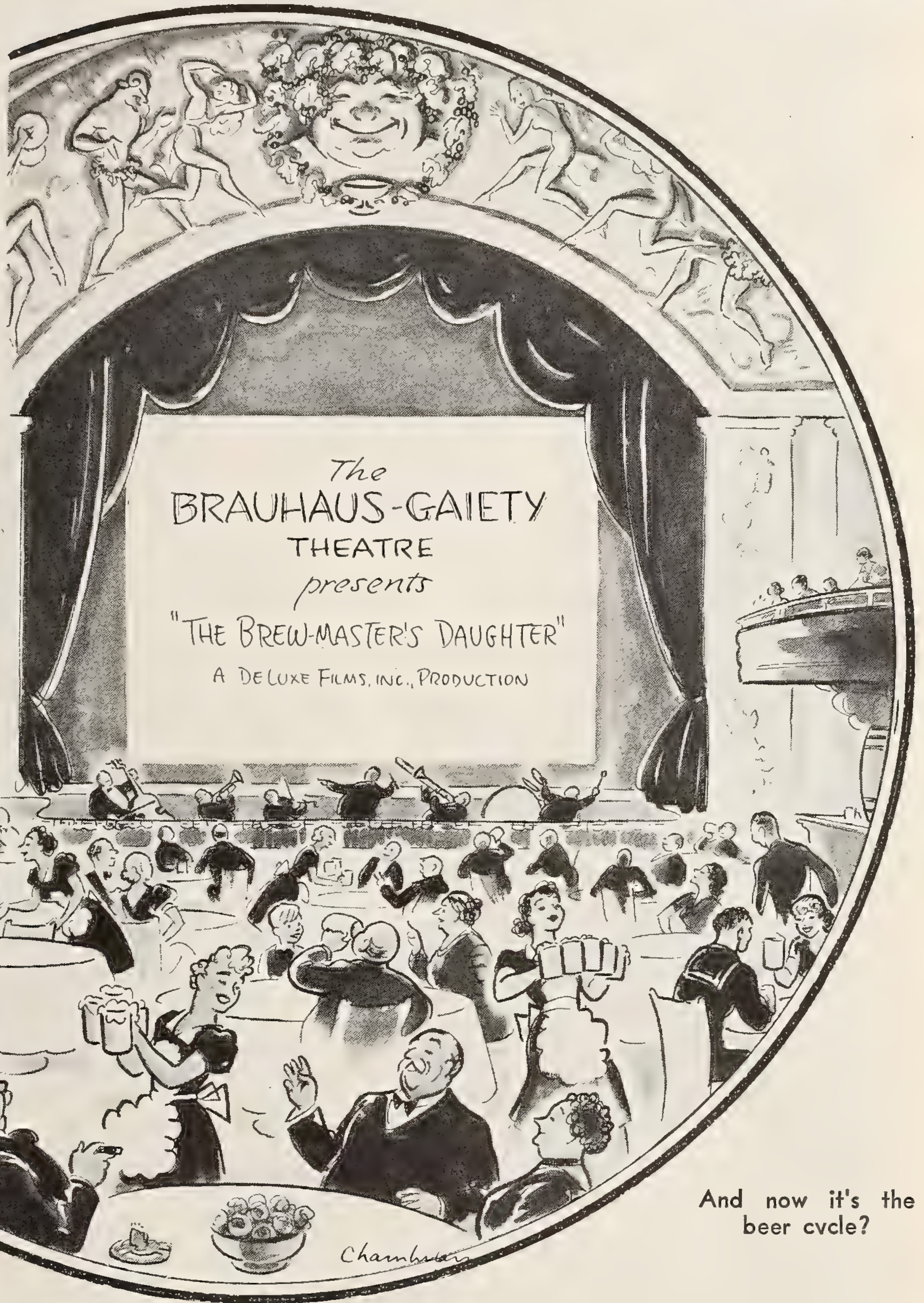
It is *not* true Mme. Hepburn is married to a wealthy broker (*wealthy*, imagine!) calling himself Ludlow Smith. This confusion arose from the coincidence that Mrs. Ludlow Smith is known on the screen as Katharine Hepburn (that other girl).

It is *not* true that Miss Hepburn is separated from her husband. She sees him first thing when she goes to New York, though sometimes he sees her first.

OFF-SCREEN Mme. Hepburn's husband is known as Will Rogers, society man, polo player and gum twister. Their romance began when she was attending Bryn Mawr and he was studying English at Oxford, just a little way up Brewery Gulch.

An individualist if there ever was one, Miss Hep-

The NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S wanderer does a Hepburn about Katharine Hepburn



And now it's the
beer cvcle?

burn responds to her every mood. One day she will drive to the studio in a Rolls-Royce wearing overalls with a patch. Next day, like as not, she'll somersault in wearing just the patch. It was this utter child of natureness that caused M-G-M to cast her for *Tarzan* instead of Ruth Chatterton.

I could go on indefinitely with my *NOTS* (THE NEW MOVIE has been hoarding them). But the budget must be slashed and so I'll trump them all conclusively with one: Miss Hepburn is *NOT* Miss Hepburn, she's Lupe Velez giving an impersonation of Greta Garbo singing "Frankie and Yohnny."

P. S. Miss Hepburn wishes me to deny that she starred in "Christopher Strong." It was that gosh-durned other girl doing her dirt.

BEEER back, Garbo back and now Mae West promises to bring the body back. "We haven't had any perfectly Natural Figures since the war took beer away,"

says Diamond Lil, the gal what-does-'em-wrong.

Mae hints at a plot on the part of French stylists to undermine the American constitution (female) by designing gowns that would only fit skeletons. She says this was all right in war times when food was scarce but with a surplus of wheat and honey . . . why, bring on the wheat cakes!

Looks as though Mae has a secret alliance with Mussolini. Duce has ordered the signoras to broaden their tonneaux. He wants them to *eat* spaghetti and quit looking like it. He also orders them to produce bambinos and, what's more, *male* bambinos.

This may seem dictatorial, unreasonable and wholly un-American unless you know the story about the man who received a telegram informing him his wife had given birth to an eight-pound girl. Pasted across one corner of the message was a sticker reading: "When you want a boy, call Western Union."

(Please turn to page 94)



MARLENE IN PETTICOATS

Believing that La Dietrich's latest picture, "The Song of Songs," possesses the qualities of a special attraction, Paramount is holding it back for a late Summer or early Fall release—when you fans have returned from your vacations and are eager for movie thrills.

Above you see one of the dramatic high-lights of the



film, with Marlene, Morgan Wallace and Rita LaRoy at the table. Brian Aherne, the young Irish stage actor who is Marlene's new leading man, is shown behind the director, Rouben Mamoulian, watching the scene.

This is Marlene's first American screen effort away from the capable hands of Director Josef Von Sternberg, but

Mr. Mamoulian, veteran director of the Theater Guild successes, is no less expert—and may indeed give us an entirely new view of the glamorous Marlene.

Others in an excellent cast are Alison Skipworth, Hardie Albright, and Lionel Atwill.

And Miss Dietrich will also sing.

What Keeps Hollywood on the Go?

To Editor New Movie Emotion Picture and Talk, doing so, I hope.

DEAREST SIR:

HON. GEO. F. OGRE, my mortgage, 4 close on me yestday a. m. with following dictation: "Togo," he narrate, "here are 200 stilled portraits of that many femail stars I wish you look at."

"O sire," I say so, "kindly to describe this part of astronomy I don't know. How you tell the sex of a star?"

"When you look through a talescop & see a star with legs on it, then it are femail," surmount Hon. Ogre.

"Goshes!" I holla, "do mail stars got no legs?"

"How does I know?" require Hon. Ogre. "I never notice. If they got no legs, what do it differ? They got plenty arms, though. Otherwisely they could not

grabb Hon. Lady Star when she holla, 'O Robt., Robt! Hold me tight'."

"Are it more preferable to hold a lady tight than sober?" I ask to know.

"Yes it isn't," he dictate. "But that is neither hither nor yon. Now listen at me. I got a 20000000000\$ con-track awaiting for that lady what got best pair in Hollywood."

"Pair of whiches?" I ask to know.

"Look at that 200 photos and see what I mean, if the bones in your brain do not get in yr way," he dib with criss-cross expression like Kate Smith looking through a Mike at a Statick. "Now go work. I wish you judge for me which pair legs is best in all Hollywood."

WELL, Mr. Editor, I ask to know. Was you ever a judge of anything? It give you a shot feeling in the seat of your stummick to know that so much umportance depend on the least wink of your finger. When I walk out from that (*Please turn to page 96*)

**Hashimura Togo, the Japanese Schoolboy in
Movieland, finds the best pair of legs—but
they're attached to a lionness**

By Wallace Irwin



"Let's give me a prize," sez Nogi. "She's got such a perfect nose."



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Max Munn Aubrey

Cheers! because Elissa Landi, charming, cultured, yet one of Hollywood's pet social comics, is getting the breaks. First it was "The Sign of the Cross," then "The Warrior's Husband," and now "I Loved You Wednesday," with Warner Baxter, Laura Hope Crews, Miriam Jordan and Victor Jory. . . . Give her comedy and watch her shine.

Sound in the Movies

by JOHN EDGAR WEIR



Rehearsing a chorus scene for "International House," the new Paramount musical.

THREE of the major film companies are either scheduling or completing important musical pictures which you may expect to see during the early Summer. These are Fox, Paramount, and RKO, following the sensational success of "Forty-second Street."

The matinee idol, Francis Lederer, has been engaged as star by RKO for the romantic story, "Troubadour," for which Richard Addinsell, composer of many operatic and musical successes on the London stage, and Clemence Dane, playwright, are supplying the scenario. RKO has also signed Harry Akst and Edward Eliscu for a feature song in Maureen Watkins' new play of Manhattan life, "Careless."

The new Fox musical, "It's Great To Be Alive," stars Raoul Roulien who has been seen only in foreign films in the past. William Kernell, who wrote the music for the previous picture, "My Lips Betray," is also the composer for this production. Another Fox musical, which is receiving much attention is, of course, the new Janet Gaynor picture, "Adorable," with story and lyrics by Buddy De Sylva and music by Richard Whiting.

At Paramount Maurice Chevalier is naturally the outstanding musical star, whose new production, "A Bedtime Story," has recently been released. Ralph Rainger, who wrote the music, was put to work on two other musical pictures, "The Song of Songs," with Marlene Dietrich and the

Peggy Hopkins Joyce production, "International House."

Fox is also giving especial attention to Jimmy Dunn's new picture, "From Arizona to Broadway," for which several musical novelties are promised.

On the M-G-M lot the vogue for musicals has received new and important emphasis. The "Hollywood Revue for 1933" promised by M-G-M for some time in the Summer bids fair to be one of the most pretentious productions of the year. Jean Harlow has been definitely announced for a novelty sequence in this picture which will have as its background a specially arranged tableau of Albertina Rasch dancers. In the production Edmund Goulding is assisted by Alexander Leftwich, the musical-comedy producer.

The words and music for the revue are written by Rodgers and Hart, Nacio Herb Brown, Arthur Freed, Gus Kahn, and Oscar Levant. Surely that picture should be well worth seeing.

M-G-M has high hopes also for the new Nils Asther musical, "Strange Rhapsody," under the direction of Richard Boleslavsky with a noteworthy cast including Walter Huston, Phillips Holmes, Louise Closser Hale, Eugene Pallette, C. Henry Gordon, and Jean Parker.

And now let us look at some of the high spots of the recent records:

That old maestro, Guy Lombardo, scores again with a
(Please turn to page 80)

The Month's Biggest Hits

"GOING, GOING, GONE," fox trot—
played by Guy Lombardo and his
Royal Canadians. (Brunswick)

"IT'S WITHIN YOUR POWER," fox trot
—played by Don Bester and his or-
chestra. (Victor)

"THE WHISPER WALTZ," waltz—
played by Rudy Vallee and his Con-
necticut Yankees. (Columbia)

"FIDDLIN' JOE," vocal—sung by the
Mills Brothers. (Brunswick)

What the stars themselves are gossiping about

(Right) Katharine Hepburn and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., snapped together on the RKO lot. She's seen trying to jump out of camera range. They're playing together in "The Morning Glory," and have been seen together socially.

Here's Joan Crawford, displaying a new type of costume. It is a brown and beige frock showing a ravelled edge on the lapels, sleeves, peplum and skirt hem. Even the tie cap of the same fabric has fringed tassels on the side. The brown striped beige sweater is also edged at the neckline with a ravelled fringe. . . . Leave it to Joan to be different.

Photos by Wide World



Hollywood's dither about the meeting of Marlene Dietrich and Dorothea Wieck, new German importation, was all for naught. Marlene greeted Dorothea with genuine friendliness, gossiped merrily and immediately invited her to luncheon.

BIKES

The latest fad to take the
movie colony by storm

Photo by Wide World

Photo by Wide World

Lilian Harvey may be just over from Berlin, but she hasn't wasted a moment getting in on the Hollywood craze.



And usually dignified
Connie Bennett.



Photo by Wide World

(Left to right) George E. Stone, film comedian, and Gracie Allen and her husband, George Burns, of the radio and now of the films, too, doing their daily pedalling.

Verna Hillie would be different. She's taken up roller skating for exercise and going places.



Here's How! . . . in Hollywood

and BEER



"Gurgle! A-h-h-h-h."—Polly Moran. And nothing but a "growler" would suit her.

Photo by Wide World



Gary Cooper, always the perfect host, pours for Mae ("Done 'Em Wrong") West. But you'll note that Gary doesn't qualify as the perfect pourer. There'll be a high collar on that glass.

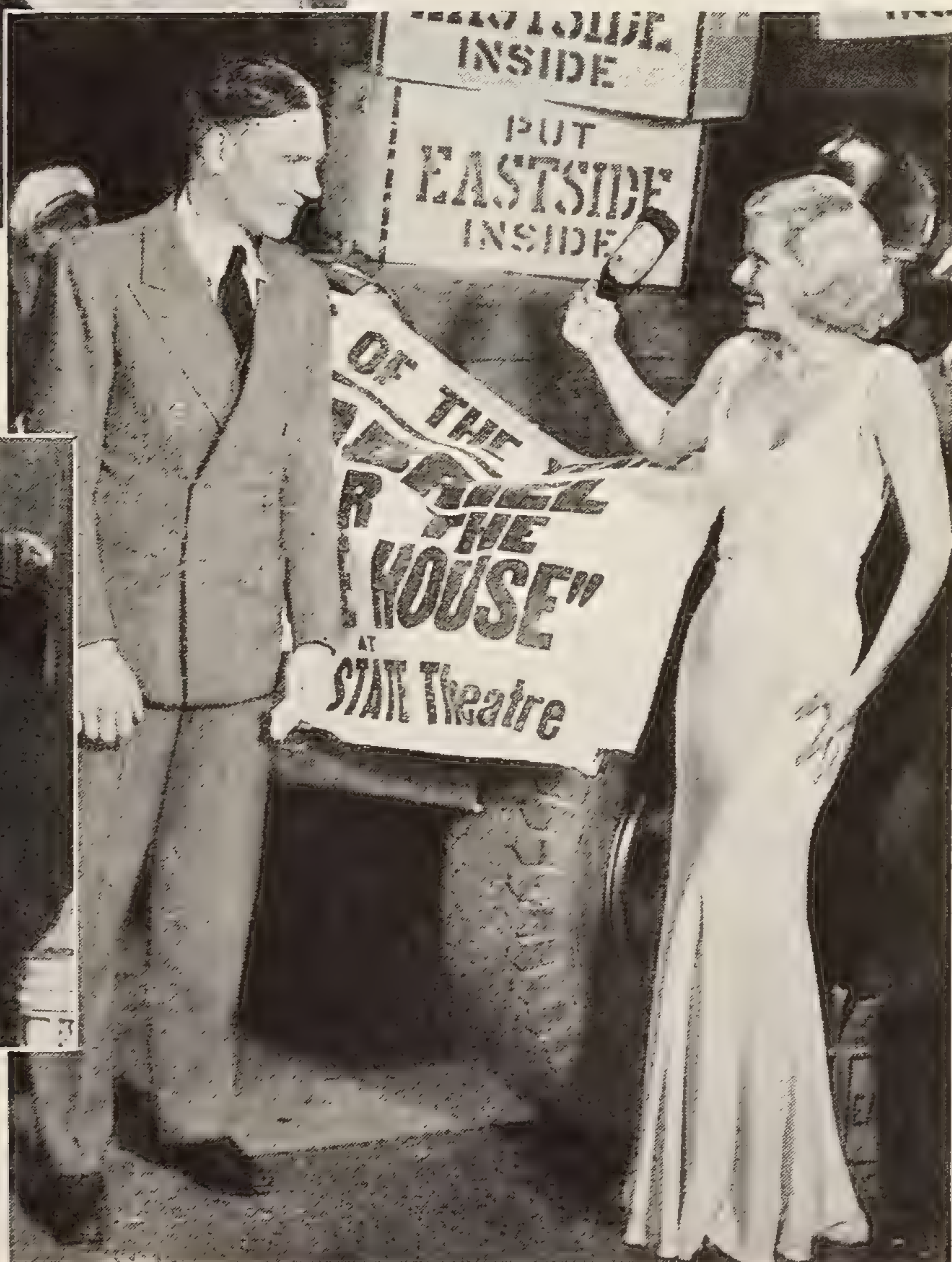


Photo by Wide World

Prosit! Mary Pickford and her director, Frank Borzage, at one of Hollywood's beer parties. How Mary is growing up!

Walter Huston and Jean Harlow seem to be joining the Hollywood beer parade.

HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES

Photo by Wide World



Miriam Hopkins, with her broken limb in a cast, has been keeping herself busy acquiring a deep suntan and talking it all over with the new pup, "Lucky Girl." Nor did her accident affect her gayety or sense of humor.

What the stars are doing and what they're talking about

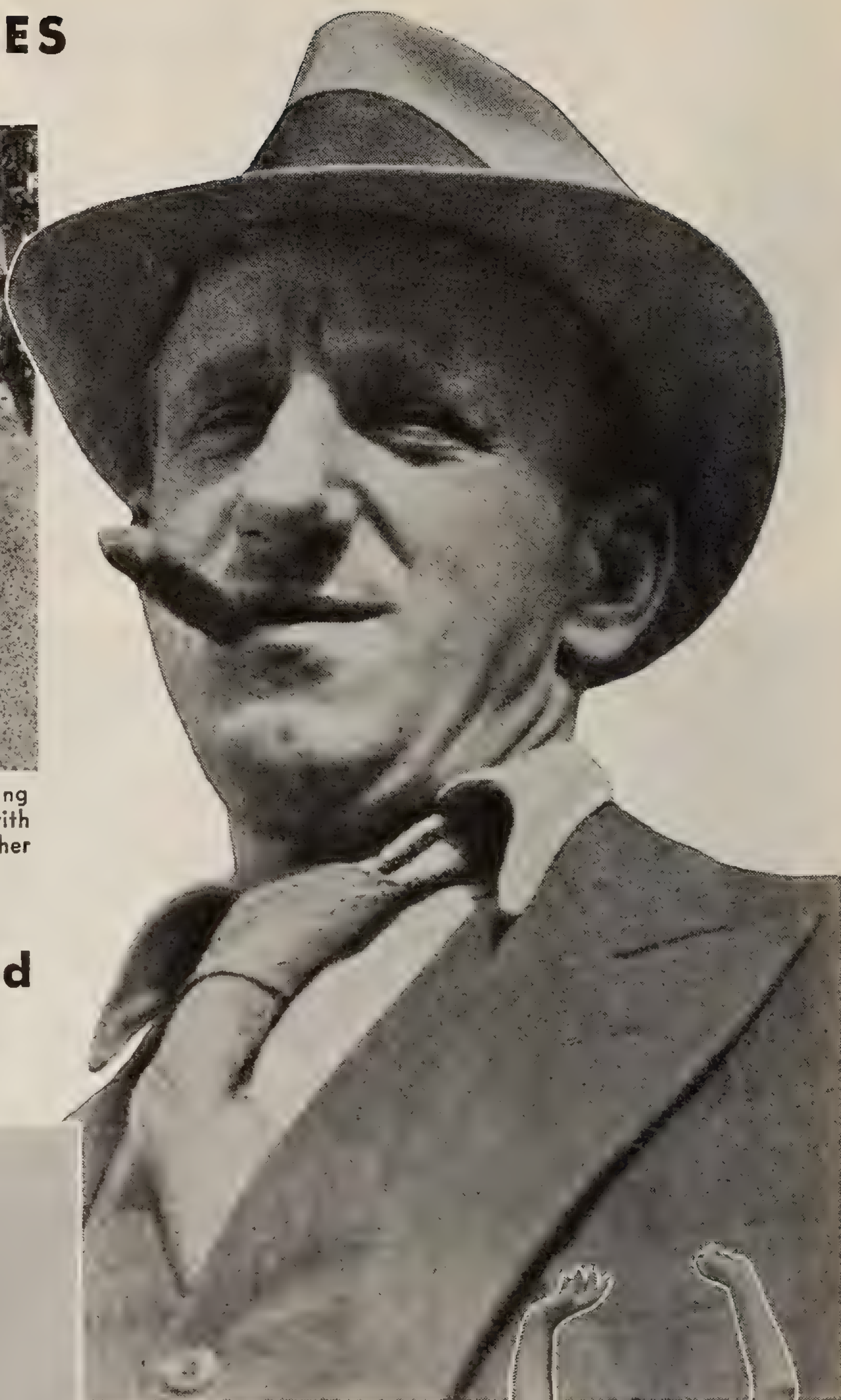


Photo by Wide World

One of Jimmie ("Schnozzle") Durante's latest and most fetching poses. His next picture will be in support of Mickey Mouse. Seriously! On our word of honor! With him will be Jack Pearl, the Baron, of radio fame.

Who said Marlene Dietrich started the trousers fad? Perhaps so, but here's a picture of Greta Garbo, snapped several years ago. If these are not trousers, you win. . . . Greta's first picture is to be "Queen Christina." Watch for it!

(Right) Arline Judge (Mrs. Wesley Ruggles), on the beach at Malibu. Returning to the screen after the advent of the Ruggles' chee-ild, her first picture will be "Flying Circus."

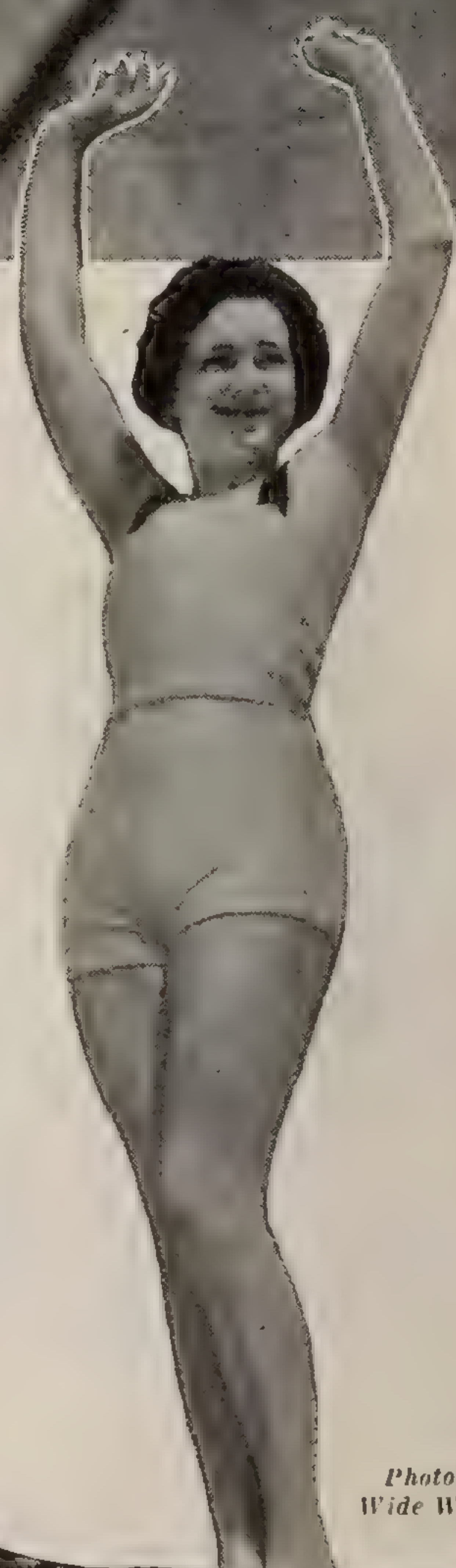


Photo by Wide World

How DOES She Do It?

Simplicity and development of your own good taste in make-up and clothes are what Kay Francis advises

By ANN BOYD

SHE stood at the top of the stairs and I stood at the bottom.
“Won’t you come up?” she said, in a delightfully soft low voice. But I stood still a moment because Kay Francis is much more attractive off the screen than she is on. When I did start up I almost stumbled—I wasn’t watching the stairs but her.

“But you know,” she said, after we were safely seated in the drawing-room of her father-in-law’s home in New York—Kay is married to Kenneth MacKenna—“I’m not so well equipped to tell anyone how to become beautiful.” I could have argued that point but she went on:

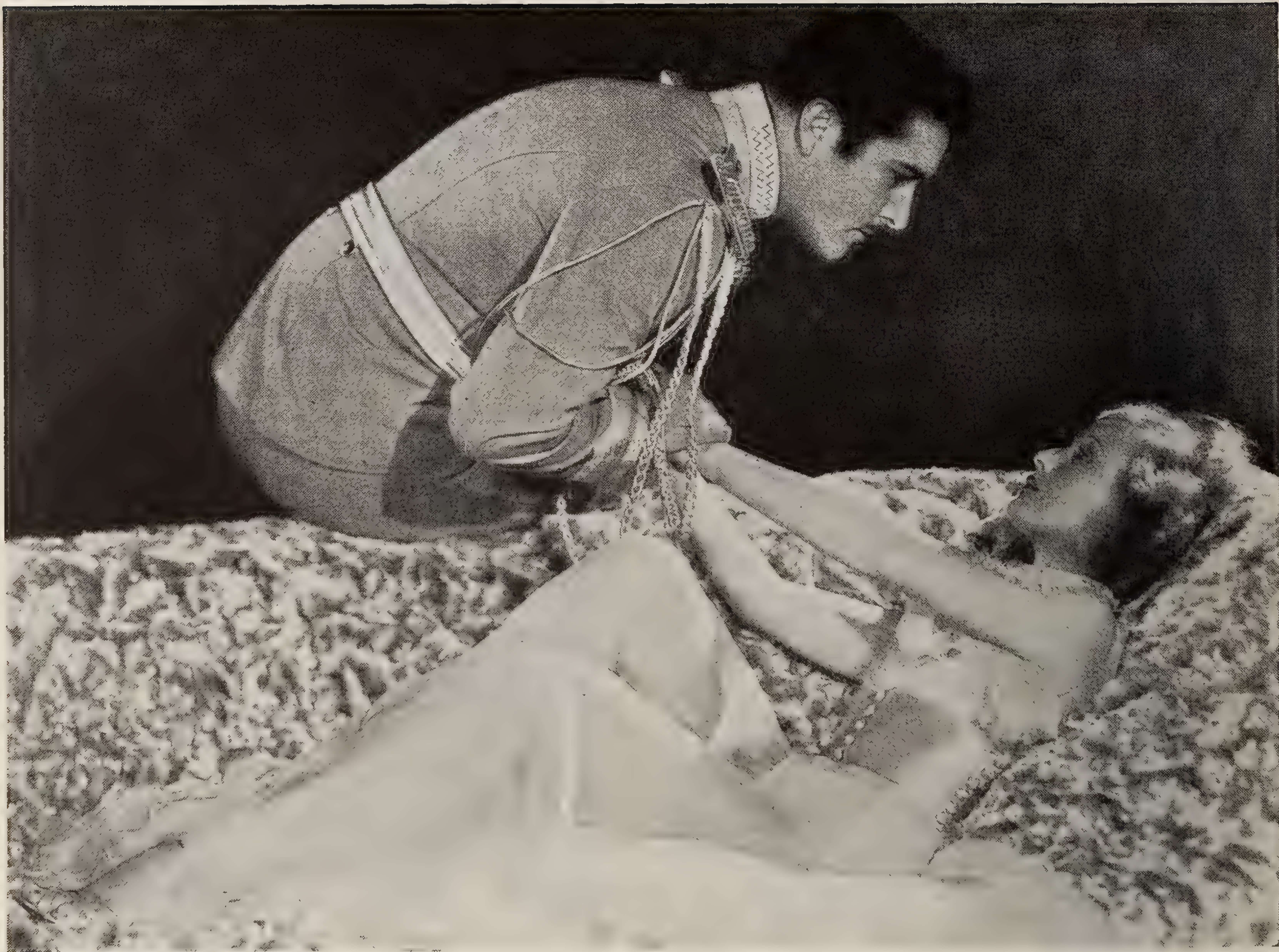
“I can’t say that I have any beauty secrets, you see, except to keep healthy and be natural. Of course I keep my skin clean and since I don’t have much trouble with it I don’t do much else. Although there is a special face pack I use when I’ve been working hard. It’s an amusing idea for a mask but it does work well. Just take a cake of yeast, mix it with a half teaspoon of water and spread it over your face. Of course the skin should be cleansed first. Let it stay on ten to fifteen minutes—until it is dry—and then wash it off.

“Girls that want to bleach their skin should mix it with a little peroxide, but I don’t because my complexion is naturally brunette and I want to keep it that way.”

Perhaps you’ve noticed the feeling of sincerity Kay gives to any rôles she takes. Most of it is because of the direct look in her eyes—a look that is enhanced by keeping her eyebrows (*Please turn to page 89*)



Best Dressed Woman in Hollywood is the name given to Kay Francis, shown above in one of the costumes that won it for her. At the left Kay looks entrancing, but not quite herself, in a platinum blond wig.



New Pictures

YOU SHOULD SEE—AND WHY

HAPPY days are here again! The Hollywood studios have decided that the depression is over. David O. Selznick, late of RKO, has placed two shows in work under his supervision that boast casts bigger than the famous one in "Grand Hotel." Happy days are here again! . . . But, we're wondering how the boys and girls who go to theaters are going to feel when the movie magnates get them used to seeing ten stars in every picture. It's going to get so that it will take Eddie Cantor to support Harold Lloyd.

Has anyone wondered where the stars of yesterday have gone? The fact of the matter seems to be that the movie-moguls have decided that too many stars made bankers feel blue. So now we have big pictures with all-star casts, and no

John Boles and Lilian Harvey in "My Lips Betray." This is Miss Harvey's first American-made picture.

one person gets too much credit or too much money.

IDEAS seem to be in demand in the movie world today. For the past few years there hasn't been very much difference between one picture and another. Now there are several really new ideas in work—and you've already had a few that are different: "King Kong," "King of the Jungle," and "Cavalcade." All three tell very, very different tales. The new ones are supposed to be secrets—but we'll be telling you soon.

Praise to Warner Brothers for "Working Man," the George

Arliss picture reviewed under the title of "The Adopted Father." This is one of the best human stories since "Seventh Heaven." Don't miss it!

AND as for our monthly peek into the future: there ought to be lots of good movie entertainment out of "The Christian," with Jean Harlow and John Barrymore, "Little Women" with Katie Hepburn, "Ann Vickers" with Ann Harding, and the new Marx Brothers' comedy . . . all four of them (the pictures, not the brothers) about ready for the starting gun.

And one more compliment, this time to the simple, sweet sincerity of "Zoo in Budapest." Apparently this picture has to be seen twice. At least, your movie-sleuth found it much better on the second trip.

**All the latest news and views
of the forthcoming films**

AND your special attention should be given to "Adorable" with Janet Gaynor and her new leading man. Who would ever have thought that Charlie Farrell's place would be



taken by a Frenchman? And does he have what is needed?

DINNER AT EIGHT—(M-G-M)—Has anyone a new word for "super"? If you have, please send it to your reviewer in case M-G-M ever does this again.

"Hollywood on Parade" should be a sub-title for "Dinner at Eight." No play in the history of movies ever got breaks like this one.

First of all, George Kauffman ("Once in a Lifetime") and Edna Ferber ("Cimarron") combined to write the show. It grew up to be the hit of the Broadway season and finally comes to the screen with the gaudiest all-star cast of all time.

There's no use in my reviewing it. It has to be seen to be believed. Some of it is inspired, but all of it is invested with a glamour that makes it one of the year's movie events.

What a cast!—Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, John Barrymore, Jean Harlow, Lionel Barrymore, Warner Baxter, Franchot Tone and there still may be others. It's a blinding galaxy of stars that deserves your attention even if the story they tell were only half as good as it is.

Miss Ferber has written a decisive, dramatic story with rôles that are worthy of these kings and queens of drama. Marie Dressler is superb; Wallace Beery is better than in "Grand Hotel," in a quite similar rôle. In fact, there can be but one complaint—that is, that with such a cast, each one's rôle seems to be too small. We are afraid, Miss Ferber, that even

The Best Picture in Grand List Is:

"DINNER AT EIGHT"

—because it has the finest cast ever assembled—and is a good show.

BUT

There Is Just as Much Entertainment In:

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933

—a swell musical drama with peppy tunes, girls and laughs.

COLLEGE HUMOR

—a collegiate musical with Bing Crosby and Burns and Allen, also Jack Oakie and Dick Arlen.

NIGHT FLIGHT

—a grand yarn with John and Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable and Helen Hayes.

AND

These Are A-Number-One Shows as Well:

BED OF ROSES

—Connie Bennett in a Mardi Gras and a reform school.

LILLY TURNER

—Ruth Chatterton in her best picture since "Madame X."

THE LITTLE GIANT

—a burlesque "Little Caesar" with Edward G. Robinson. Swell fun.

Jack Oakie and Richard Arlen in "College Humor," one of the new talkies with music.

you cannot quite write a story that is good enough for such a list of notables, and if you could, an ordinary movie would still be far too short.

See "Dinner at Eight" at your first opportunity.

GOODBYE AGAIN—(Warners)—"Goodbye Again" gives Warren William the first good story that he has had in a long time. This is the show that crept onto Broadway and surprised everybody, including the authors, by becoming the comedy smash of the year.

It concerns a professional lecturer who cannot even be on the level with himself. About the only person in the world who realizes that there is some real worth in him is his secretary, who travels with him, takes all his abuse and does without thanks or appreciation.

Of course, everything works out in the end. But not until five or six reels of the best comedy in months have unrolled before your eyes. Joan Blondell is better than usual as the secretary and Genevieve Tobin is decorative in a rather thankless part. Mr. William takes the racy lines of the Scott-Haight comedy and makes them mean plenty. Not a really objectionable line in the whole show, yet as smart and racy as any French farce. It all goes to show what really smart and clever writing can do along entertainment lines.



Neil Hamilton and Shirley Grey in "Terror Aboard."

The yarn has to do with ambulance chasers and the trouble that a couple of rising young surgeons can get into once they set their minds to it. Wynne Gibson, who hasn't been seen often of late, is swell as the girl who knows her way around, and Betty Furness is cute as can be as the sweetheart of both the boys. You'd better find out the rest for yourself 'cause it's a good little action drama that you'll enjoy as a change from the usual.

THE FLYING CIRCUS—(Radio)— Likable youngsters in a fast-moving story that packs a punch and can boast of some real thrills! RKO-Radio has given Director Russell Birdwell a sort of junior "Grand Hotel" cast for this aviation thriller.

While none of the names is on anyone's list of favorite stars, there are several that stand a good chance of making that place within the next year.

Bruce Cabot, the hero of "King Kong," has another swell rôle that will gain him lots of friends. Ralph Bellamy and Eric Linden, as his buddies, both land meaty parts and Arline Judge (who took time out to have a baby—she's Mrs. Wesley Ruggles, you know) comes back in grand shape as the girl interest.

Cliff Edwards ("Ukulele Ike" to you) and June Brewster complete the cast. June Brewster is one of the eye-fillingest eye-fuls among the newer players.

The show deals with a band of wandering aviators who find more thrills among state fairs than the Lafayette Escadrille found in the World War.

The youngsters in the family will go for this one, hook, line and sinker, and the rest of you can take a page out of their book.

COLLEGE HUMOR—(Paramount) —Another musical, one that you'll enjoy seeing. Bing Crosby served notice that he was a better-than-average actor in "The Big Broadcast" and he proves that he is no flash in the pan.

"College Humor" is a frankly riotous musical dealing with so-called college life, and nothing is allowed to come between any of the actors and a possible wise-crack.

Bing has some new songs and an old one (I think) but has, without doubt, the smoothest voice that has left radio for the screen.

Paramount has given Bing more support than any radio star has ever had in the past and the result proves it to be a very smart move.

Goofy Gracie Allen and the nonchalant George Burns prove also that their radio humor is just as good on the screen.

Jack Oakie, Richard Arlen, Mary Carlisle and Mary Kornman complete the cast. Wesley Ruggles handled the direction. By the way, you may remember Miss Kornman in another picture made by the same director. She was the dumb blonde in "Are These Our Children?"

Taken all-in-all, "College Humor" is as good a show as you will have

Don't Miss These:

THE NARROW CORNER

—a much better-than-average drama with the younger Fairbanks.

THE MORNING GLORY

—Katharine Hepburn and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in a swell romance.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY

—Colleen Moore and Spencer Tracy in a picture that will get you.

MY LIPS BETRAY

—with golden-voiced John Boles and Europe's bright star, Lilian Harvey.

The scene in which Mr. William discovers, to his surprise, that he is in love with his secretary will stick in your memory. The star has not been half as good since "The Dark Horse."

Put this one on your list.

EMERGENCY CALL — (Radio) — There may be another title on this show by the time that you get around to seeing it but, new title or not, you'll find it to be a good action drama with a better-than-ordinary galaxy of coming young actors.

Bill Boyd, who has been around some time, heads a cast of newcomers including Bill Gargan, Betty Furness and Wynne Gibson (who had Mae West's place until the red hot momma came along).



Bob Montgomery and Ann Harding in "When Ladies Meet," her first picture away from her home studio.

the pleasure of seeing this month.

THE PURITY GIRL—(Radio)—Ginger Rogers, who scored a real hit in "42nd Street," was handed another fat part in "The Purity Girl." Miss Rogers is only partly responsible for the fact that the picture is a sprightly little piece of entertainment. (What I mean is that the careless and carefree Ginger has been given another fool-proof cast that hands her the opportunities on a silver platter.)

Norman Foster, Frank McHugh, Gregory Ratoff, ZaSu Pitts and Allen Jenkins round out the cast. ZaSu Pitts, in particular, has never been funnier.

There is a snappy little tune, sung by Ginger Rogers, that may tickle your ears in the near future. It's called, "My Imaginary Sweetheart" and is by way of being the theme song of the show.

This is no "42nd Street"; in fact, it is not actually a musical; but if you want to see something that is light and sparkling, without mattering very much, you won't go very far wrong.

MY LIPS BETRAY—(Fox)—Lilian Harvey, lovely Anglo-German star of "Congress Dances," is with us again. "Congress Dances" was a bolt of celluloid vastly different from the usual run and in it Miss Harvey appeared to be a genuine find.

"My Lips Betray" leaves the situation just about as it was before. Mr. John Boles is always good when he is singing, and some lovely melodies

allow Miss Harvey every chance to duplicate her triumph in the German film.

What might have been the American birth of a new star of the first magnitude ends up in a compromise.

Miss Harvey is good. Mr. Boles is good. The whole cast is good. But the picture falls short of being great.

NIGHT FLIGHT—(M-G-M)—Another M-G-M parade of stars and, this time, a two-fisted story in addition.

Look them over!

John Barrymore and his brother, Lionel, Clark Gable and Helen Hayes—and a story that you and I can get next to and understand.

Clarence Brown, who has directed some big ones in his time, never had a set-up like this before. Thrills that make your heart stand still. Acting by a quartette that is hard to equal, let alone beat. The result is something outstanding.

It seems to your reviewer that casts of this type fit better into shows with real, almost violent action than they do into the character shows that have been made to date. "Night Flight" has all the action you can use; and if you can get yourself used to seeing one of these stars in later pictures without the support of half a dozen of the others, you should sit right down and write M-G-M a letter of thanks.

It has the stars and apparently it intends to use them.

"Night Flight" is a fine, old-fashioned motion picture. You can take the whole family from Grandma to Flapper Fanny and there'll be no com-



Joan Blondell and Warren William in "Good-bye Again," the smash-hit comedy of the year.

plaint. Junior and his Daddy will both get what they are looking for . . . and so will you.

THE WORLD GONE MAD—(Majestic)—Just for the sake of an old-timer who has given you many a good performance, you should give "The World Gone Mad" a hand, if you come across it in your movie travels.

It is asking a bit too much to expect you to go looking for it, but if you see it up in the lights, go inside and see for yourselves that Evelyn Brent is still the best actress of her type.

This little picture, made for about the same amount that would pay for one sequence in some of the "specials," sets out to tell the story of a district attorney who is murdered on the evening on which he is supposed to expose the criminal element. His successor and a pal of his (played by Pat O'Brien) take up the job where he left off. And the result is more entertainment than you've had in many so-called specials. Your reviewer gets around to seeing only a few of the independent productions—only those, in fact, that manage to make a release in one of the Broadway theaters, but, I'd like to hand a bouquet to Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton and Buster Phelps for a swell job. If you get to see it, I think you'll add a couple of posies yourself.

THE PHANTOM BROADCAST—(Monogram)—Any studio, big or little, could be proud of "The Phantom Broadcast" if only for the fact that it brings an entirely new story to the screen. Hats off to Monogram, an independent studio, for a rare accomplishment.

It is the story of gangland's attempt to chisel into the radio business. To tell the story is to spoil the plot, yet I cannot sell you the idea of seeing the show without tipping you off to at least part of it.

Murdock and his manager are getting to be a Broadway miracle due to the amount of money they are making. Murdock is a conceited pup and gangland decides to muscle in on the easy money through him. Wilder, his

(Please turn to page 90)



Ruth Chatterton and her husband, George Brent, playing together in "Lilly Turner."

HOT FRIJOLES for



Tower Studios

Enchiladas for luncheon means a real Mexican meal to Mary Carlisle, with extra tortillas on the side, in place of bread, and a salad of watercress, Spanish onion, tomatoes and chili.

Eat highly spiced dishes of old Mexico with Mary Carlisle

BECAUSE a food is hot to the taste is no sign that it is heating to the body," Mary Carlisle would have you know. "In fact, as far as highly spiced food is concerned, the opposite is true. A hot chili pepper doesn't actually make you any warmer than a glass of cold milk."

We went to Mary Carlisle for a discussion of warm weather diet for two very good reasons—first because Mary always manages to look so delightfully cool even on the warmest day in Summer and second because of her well-known penchant for highly seasoned Mexican dishes of the sort that you or I might have considered most inappropriate.

"On warm summer days," Mary told us, "I often eat Spanish enchiladas, much to the horror of my friends, who think I have no regard either for my comfort or my figure. But I have learned by experience and the study of diet that these foods are not heating to the body nor are they particularly fattening."

"In semi-tropical countries, like Mexico and Spain, the diet of the people is usually well seasoned. They eat hot peppers and spiced sauces with simple carefully cooked meats and vegetables because they stimulate the appetite and in so doing aid digestion. We in California, with a climate similar to those countries, have adopted many Mexican dishes, based on old Spanish fare, and I have learned that they are excellent for hot weather menus."

Within the past few years Mexican dishes of all sorts have come into fashion in Hollywood though few



realize as does Miss Carlisle the exceptional fitness of these dishes for summer menus. Among the most popular of these are enchiladas which have no counterpart in regular American cooking. To begin with one must have three tortillas for a dish of enchiladas, and tortillas are best described as a sort of pancake made from ground corn and grated cheese. The tortillas are placed in a baking dish with a highly seasoned mixture of grated cheese, chopped onions and chopped olives spread between. More grated cheese goes on top and then the dish is baked.

Perhaps you cannot get the real flavor of enchiladas outside of Mexico or without real Mexican ingredients but Miss Carlisle helped us to secure a recipe by means of which we were able to produce an excellent imitation with foods obtainable anywhere.

Tamales is another favorite Mexican dish that one can make without benefit of special products, or

SUMMER FARE



Wide World

Directions for securing
recipe circulars may be
found on page 93.

cooked. Some people say that Mexican food contains too much fat for warm weather, especially if one does not want to gain weight. But just remember that in Mexico as in other warm countries the fat is put into the dishes and not on them. Tortillas, for instance, which contain some fat, are eaten without

better still, buy ready to heat and serve in small tins, and chili con carne—meaning simply chili peppers with meat—may also be bought in cans if you do not want to go to the trouble of making it yourself.

Frijoles is another dish that travelers in Mexico find good enough to write home about, but it's perfectly possible to make it in your own kitchen. Begin with red kidney beans, and by the time you have added onions, pepper, chili and other simple flavor-some ingredients you have a dish well seasoned enough to tempt any warm weather appetite.

"I have found that most people enjoy these Mexican dishes," Miss Carlisle told us, "though they are amazed at the idea of serving them in warm weather, and yet what could be more obvious than to go to a warm country to get ideas for summer diet? Mexicans like meat but they eat less of it than most Americans and it is usually mixed with vegetables and well

butter, so they are not as rich as they seem.

In order to share her enjoyment of Mexican dishes with readers of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, Miss Carlisle helped us to secure recipes for enchiladas, tortillas, frijoles, chili con carne and other famous dishes. These recipes are included in our July food circulars designed to help you plan and prepare your warm weather meals.

They are as follows:

1. Famous Mexican dishes.
2. Warm weather dishes from India.
3. Fuel saving dinners.
4. Tray meals.
5. Cold plates for warm days.
6. Warm weather dinner menus.
7. Warm weather breakfasts and lunches.
8. Cooling beverages hot and cold.

Are You Ready?

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS



Dorothy Burgess, Raoul Roulien and Gloria Stuart. An exclusive photograph taken at one of Hollywood's gayest parties.

Photo by Wide World



Photo by Wide World

Regis Toomey, Joe E. Brown, and Mrs. Toomey, with Mary Elizabeth Brown.

Then come with Grace Kingsley, The New Movie's society reporter, on a tour of the movie parties

YOU should have been with me at the party just to see that Eskimo leading man! His name is Ray Wise, and is he handsome and has he IT?

But, girls, he has a bride, an Eskimo girl, whom he lately married in Nome. So your sighs will be in vain, I'm afraid, those simple hearted Eskimos not knowing much about divorce. But they're in Hollywood now.

W. S. Van Dyke, director of "Eskimo," taken from Dr. Peter Freuchen's book, was giving the party at his big, hospitable house in Brentwood.

You might think that Ray Wise's bushy hair, standing out all over his head, would make him look too wild, but somehow it adds just a touch of audacity that women like. And then, his lovely courtesy, his fine, sensitive, mobile face, rob him of all hint of the savage.

Ray's bride is a lovely girl, born in Nome, educated at the high school there, smart in dress and cultured in manner. But is she thrilled at the big cities and their sights!

"I had never ridden in an elevator before," she said. "Our highest building in Nome is three stories high. I'm like a kid about riding up and down in the apartment house where we live!"

"And I've never seen a stage play, either! Imagine that! We have pictures up there in

Alaska, but no real flesh-and-blood drama.”
 Dr. Freunchen and his wife were at the party too, and much devoted. Nevertheless, I heard that when his wife met him at the station after his absence of more than a year in the frozen north, he merely shook her by the hand, and, in laconic Norse fashion, said, “How do you do?”

Jean Harlow was present. She came with Ray Hallor, whom you may remember in pictures.
 Jean wore a black knitted skirt embroidered with gold, with a white blouse of crepe, also embroidered in gold, and a little white hat. She also wore a red sash, which gave a saucy tone to the Jean Pateau model.

Mrs. Wise wore a conventional, tight-fitting evening gown, princess style, revealing her lovely figure. The dress was of flowered taffeta, in soft, pastel colors.
 Lotus Long, the Chinese girl, who played one of the leading rôles in “Eskimo,” wore black and white crepe. She is beautiful.

And Anna May Wong came with her sister, Ying Wong, who also played a leading rôle. Anna May wore a handsome and unusual gown—black taffeta skirt, with real Irish lace, very old—made into a long, tight-fitting blouse. Her sister was gowned in a conventional, tight-fitting evening dress, very becoming.

WE told Jean she looked lovely, but she said, “Oh, you ought to see me in the morning! My hair is done in hairpins to make it crimp, and my face is smeared with cold cream. The first morning after I engaged my butler, he came up to my room to take my orders. He took one look at me and fled!”

Ruth Elder was there with Buddy Gillespie, art director for Van Dyke.
 Eddie Hearn, who used to be a star, but is now Van Dyke’s assistant, and his wife, were present; and Charlotte Woods, scenario writer, Gregory McIsaacs and his wife, and many others.

IT was rather amazing to find a strictly religious group being entertained by a picture star, and so we found Victor McLaglen’s party unusually interesting, when we went to (*Please turn to page 103*)



Photo by Wide World

Victor McLaglen, the host, Alec Francis and Mae Marsh at a tea which Victor gave at his beautiful home for the Oxfordites, a religious group.

Johnny Weissmuller, Anna May Wong, Jean Harlow and W. S. Van Dyke, director of “Eskimo,” at a party the director gave for some of his native cast.

Photo by Wide World





Knitting with the Stars

Click knitting needles with Una Merkel
or learn to crochet with Miriam Hopkins

By FRANCES COWLES



Photographs by Wide World

Una Merkel (left) knitting two and purling two—and wearing her new sweater; Miriam Hopkins (above) showing off a new knitted suit and her crocheted collar and cuff set.

Turn to page 80 for directions for obtaining instructions for making Una Merkel's sweater and other smart accessories.

KNIT two—purl two," says Una Merkel, "yarn over and knit two together—just wait until I get to the end of the row."

"Double crochet, single crochet," agrees Miriam Hopkins, "I've tried knitting, too, but I like crocheting better because you know right away if you've dropped a stitch."

"Picking out stitches with knitting needles or crochet hook is just as thrilling as any puzzle and not half so futile. You couldn't possibly wear a jig-saw puzzle after you've put it together—and you can save quite a bit knitting your own things."

Miss Hopkins doesn't claim to be a real expert either at knitting or crocheting but she has a number of hand-knit sweaters in her wardrobe and displays with pride a crocheted collar and cuff set which she has just completed.

"Knitting has always seemed like fascinating work," Miss Merkel tells us, "but it is especially interesting now, since it is possible to get directions for sweaters and caps and things that are really smart and up-to-date. A few years ago home-made sweaters were so likely to be shapeless and uninteresting and you just knew that a cap or beret that a girl knitted or crocheted herself would be out of the question. But since the directions for making them are now so up-

to-date and easy to follow, I like to try them."

Then Miss Merkel was called away but as proof of her enthusiasm she sent us directions for making her amusing little visor cap. Here they are:

Material required: One ball Needlecraft cotton.

Chain 3 join in a ring, work 6 single crochet in ring, then 2 SC in each of the 6 making 12. Next row, increase by making 2 SC in every 2nd stitch for 1 row, next row is 2 SC in every 3rd stitch for 1 row, next row 2 SC in every 4th stitch for 1 row, increasing in this manner until you have 2 SC in the 21st stitch—this work should be perfectly flat at this time, make 3 plain rows—divide circle in 6 equal parts and decrease (skip 1 stitch) the 6 times in every row for 6 rows. Work 1½ inches straight for visor turn and work back over one half of row, turn slip stitch in 2nd SC—work SC increase in every 5th stitch to end of visor, turn slip stitch into 2nd SC work within 1st of end of row, repeat this row once, turn slip stitch into 2nd SC increase in every 10th stitch working within 1st of end, turn, slip stitch into 2nd SC work 2 even row, but make the end decreases always, repeat the increases in every 10th stitch and the 2 even rows for 5 times in all, then make all rows even, for 6 rows, but decrease 2 on each end always, then make 2 rows around entire work.

Life in the Balance

COULD you forgive yourself, if a member of your family or a friend should die while you were standing by, helpless, waiting for the doctor? How would you feel if a life should slip away because you have never learned to give artificial respiration?

When someone is overcome by gas (illuminating or coal gas, carbon monoxide, or the gases in smoke), shocked into unconsciousness by electricity, or is nearly drowned, there is no time for guesswork or experimenting. You must get to work *instantly* — without a second's delay — and you must *know how*.

As a world-famed physiologist puts it, "Often, in drowning, electric or gas cases, the vital machine merely needs to be started again. It is like cranking an automobile when the engine has stalled and the self-starter is out of order."

Continue artificial respiration for four hours or longer if necessary. When changing operators, do so without losing count. Not infrequently the patient, after temporary recovery, stops breathing. Resume artificial respiration at once. Thousands upon thousands of lives have literally been snatched from death by this method of life saving.

In many progressive communities, fire departments, hospitals, gas and electric companies use inhalators containing cylinders of carbogen to stimulate breathing in conjunction with artificial respiration. If an inhalator is available, send for it, but let nothing interrupt immediate and continuous effort to restore natural breathing by artificial respiration.

Read the life-saving instructions under the diagrams; then practice them with a friend. Once learned, they will never be forgotten and by means of them you may save a life dearer to you than your own.

Do not wait to remove clothing but begin at once to apply artificial respiration. Lay the person face down on floor or ground, one arm extended directly forward. Bend the other arm at elbow and rest cheek on back of hand, mouth toward finger tips. Kneel, straddling patient's right or left leg, or both legs, at the thigh.

Place your hands on each side of back, just above the belt line, with your wrists four inches apart, thumb and fingers together; the little fingers over and following the line of the lowest rib; the tips of fingers just out of your sight.

COUNT "ONE"



While counting "one," "two," (a second for each count) with arms straight, (not bent at the elbow) swing weight of body forward until shoulders are directly over hands.

COUNT "TWO"



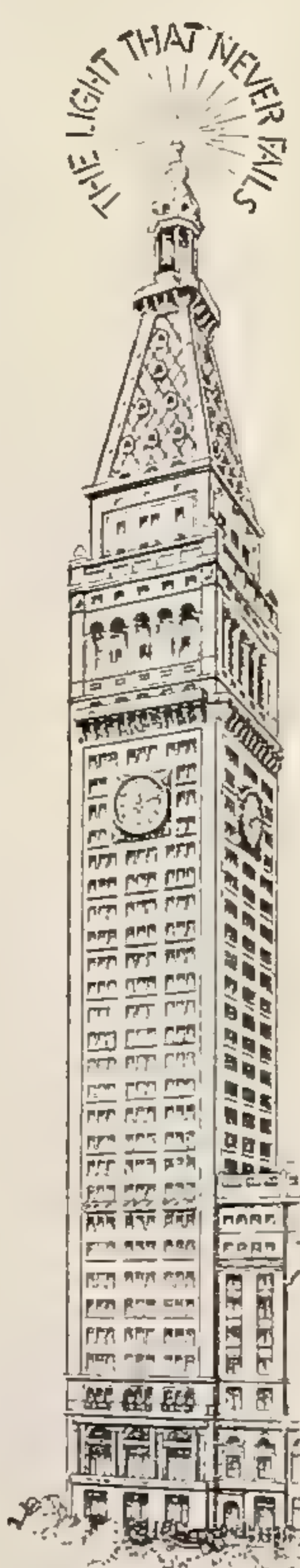
While counting "three" snap the hands sideways off the patient; at the same time, swing your relaxed body back to a resting position on your heels. While counting "four," "five"—rest.

Repeat these operations rhythmically, deliberately swinging forward and backward twelve to fifteen times a minute—a complete respiration in four or five seconds.

COUNT "THREE" (hands off)
COUNT "FOUR" and "FIVE" (rest)



The Metropolitan's booklet "Artificial Respiration" which contains further information of value in giving First Aid to one suffering from electric shock, gas asphyxiation or apparent drowning, will be sent free upon request. Address Booklet Dept. 733-B.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

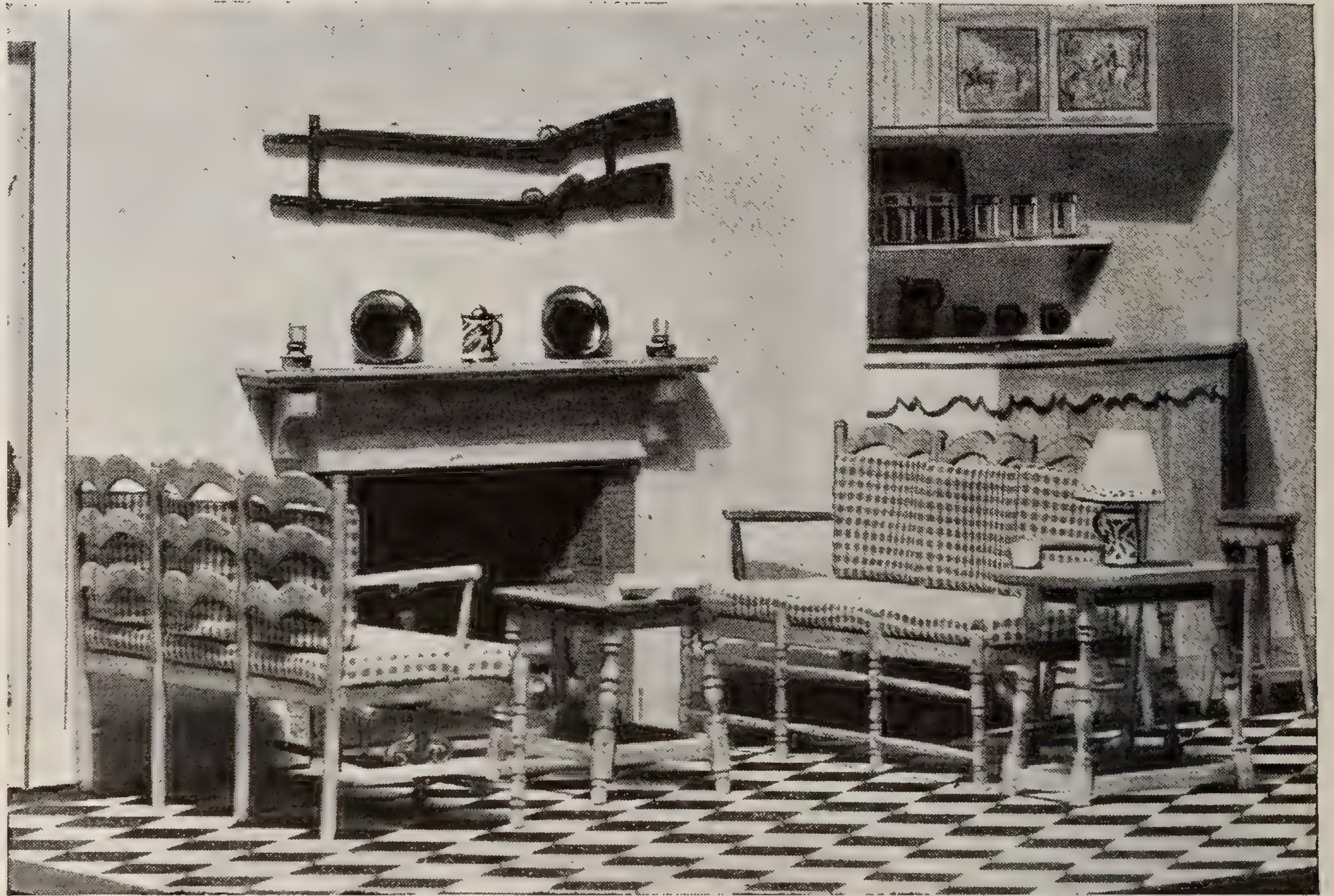
ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1933 M. L. I. CO.

Our Colonial GAME ROOM

By
**BETTY
LENAHAN**

Models by
HERMAN C. KNEBEL



A room in the cellar that can be enjoyed by the entire family is a distinct advantage to the modern home



Fireplace, reading alcove and refreshment counter provide varied diversion in all seasons.

THE cellar of the present day house is no longer merely a space for the laundry, the coal bin, the furnace and the preserve closet. The architect, of course, takes these things into consideration, and allots them their proper space but he also makes provision for one large room to be converted into a game or recreation room that can be enjoyed by the whole family. A distinct advantage of a room of this type in the average house is that the living rooms of the house can be kept in better order if there is a special room for sports, games and parties. Such a room can be made most livable and usually at very little expense some new things can be bought and some old things can be used. Suitable upholstery and curtain materials need cost but little.

The recreation room of our little Colonial house, situated directly under the living room, is exceptionally large, extending from the front to the rear of the house and measuring 25 feet, 2 inches long by 12 feet, 9 inches wide. The walls of the room are of rough plaster surmounted by a rough hewn pine beamed ceiling. The doors and (Please turn to page 81)



"LOOK MARY, JUST WHAT WE
NEED FOR OUR WHITE SHOES
LET'S GO IN AND BUY SOME!"



Wonderful Cleaners for ALL kinds of WHITE Shoes



White Cloth Cleaner:
For all white cloth and
buckskin shoes. Dis-
lodges dirt and leaves
an even coating of
pure white on the
shoe. Will not dust off.

White Kid Cleaner: For
all shoes of smooth white
leather. Cleans the leather
in a jiffy and dries quickly
to a soft, smooth finish.
Rub with cloth—and you
have a brilliant polish.



White Cleaner in Tubes:
Use this cleaner for all
white shoes of any kind.
Works equally well on
cloth, buckskin or kid.
Takes a polish on kid
shoes. Gets shoes clean
in a hurry. Easy to use.

HERE'S a quick, easy way to make last
year's white shoes look new again. Or
to keep your new white shoes looking clean
and new. Just go to the hardware department
of your ten-cent store. Ask for ColorShine.
And you'll get the finest White Shoe Cleaners
that money can buy. There's an easy-to-use
White Kid Cleaner that softens, preserves and
polishes all smooth white leathers. There's a
wonderful White Cloth Cleaner, for white
cloth or buckskin shoes, that will not dust
off. And there's the amazing new all-purpose
White Cleaner, in a handy tube, that quickly
dresses up white shoes of any kind. Try
ColorShine. It costs only a dime. It's easy to
use. You'll be delighted with the results. And
you'll save real money. Buy a supply today.
The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.



BOX OFFICE CRITICS

Mr. Producer, Your Audience is Talking

Some of the pictures I have seen lately thoroughly disgusted me. They were not at all interesting. "Society Girl," with James Dunn and Peggy Shannon, was actually dumb! As well as "The Crash," with Ruth Chatterton and George Brent in it. I admit that Miss Chatterton is an excellent actress, but she did not please me at all in this picture. I'm sure that if the studios produced more interesting pictures like "The Conquerors," "Prosperity," "Blessed Event," and "Back Street," there would be more pleased movie-goers. All of these pictures rate 100% with me.—Miss Jeanne L. Schneller, 240 Tamarack St., Laurium, Mich.

American Clothes: Just a word to the feminine stars. Why go to Europe to purchase clothes? Why not buy in America? After all, America supports you. Adopt a slogan such as, "America supports us; why not support America?" Joan Crawford, returning from Europe, said she preferred American clothes to European models. Such designers as Hollywood already boasts of are geniuses in their own rights. So come on, help the patron by buying in America, and help keep American money in American circulation. A 100% American fan.—Mrs. Reba Pyle, 1438 So. 58th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Did you know that you have some very good actors in the picture business that ought to have a *good break*? Speaking of breaks: Dick Cromwell—Dick really is a fine little actor, good-looking, too. Really, you directors ought to wake up to the fact that you



"I didn't know what real acting was until I saw Helen Hayes."

have a very promising youth. Philips Holmes: you can see to look at that face, that he has acting ability. Give him at least one good dramatic rôle, to show you what he really can do.

John Gilbert: "The Screen's Greatest Lover" was the title he once held, and did you know that it still holds good? Others express the same opinion. I'm crazy about pictures, and particularly these stars.—Mary Easton, 600 Tilden Avenue, Teaneck, N. J.

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



"I wish I had Mickey Mouse for a next-door neighbor."

Remakes: Why don't the studios make talking pictures out of the best pictures of the silent days? I think that a lot of fans will flock to the box

Fan-Letter Favorites of the Month

Marie Dressler
Warren William
Janet Gaynor
Jean Harlow
Edward G. Robinson
Bebe Daniels
Warner Baxter
Ruby Keeler
Leslie Howard
Norma Shearer
Joan Crawford
Lee Tracy
Mae West
Fredric March
Myrna Loy

Favorite Pictures

"The Sign of the Cross"
"Forty-second Street"
"Smilin' Through"
"State Fair"
"Silver Dollar"

Hints from the Fans

Why not a Gaynor-Ayres team?
And a Fredric March-Claudette Colbert team?
And a Sally Eilers-Jimmy Dunn team?

office to see these new pictures made from the very best pictures before the talkies. Pictures like the "The Lost World," with Wallace Beery, or the "The Volga Boatmen."

I have read that the "Hunchback of Notre Dame" is going to be made into a talkie starring Boris Karloff. Pictures such as the ones mentioned in the letter would be a great help to the box-office in these days of depression. I am sure many other readers of this magazine will agree with me.

I am a baseball fan and I think that many of the baseball fans and movie fans will agree with me that there should be a few baseball pictures made. There was one good baseball picture in which Babe Ruth starred in "Babe Comes Home." That picture was really a baseball picture. I think a picture should be made about the career of Ty Cobb, baseball's super-star. I hope one of these movie directors in Hollywood will read this letter and think about it and hope to make some money on these baseball pictures in these days of declining box office receipts—Jack Kleiman, 3327 W. Potomac Ave., Chicago.

Her favorites: I am now breaking all precedents by writing my movie opinions to a magazine. These are to be remarks about only my favorites.

Charles Laughton: Something new in movie actors. How did Hollywood get along without him so long? He'll do a lot to bring the more intelligent public back to the theatres.

Gloria Stuart: Here is a girl anyone would be proud to know. She is one actress who does not give one the impression that there is no more to her than what we can see.

Sally Eilers: Why does she always portray good little bad girls? Sally looks so much like the aristocrat and has nothing of the hey-hey about her. The success of "Bad Girl" was natural because she has something wistful about her; but she needs other rôles.

And a good picture nobody seems to mention was "Doctor X." It was billed as a horror picture but the outstanding feature about it was the technicolor and the scientific effects. . . . I liked the rave about Lee Tracy in the February issue of New Movie. He kept me in stitches at the antics of those fascinating hands of his.—M. Cass, 5416 Williamson Avenue, Dearborn, Mich.

Fashions in Personality: The repressed, exotic and mysterious Garbo-and-Dietrich type which has dominated the movies for several years now has
(Please turn to page 110)



"If they'll give George Raft good parts, he'll be one of our biggest stars."

If . . . you're looking for NEW recipes and menu suggestions . . . you're interested in beautifying your home

. . . YOU'LL WANT THESE HELPFUL BOOKLETS and CIRCULARS!

All women like compliments on their cooking . . . and you're bound to have praise aplenty when you follow the menus and recipes in the circulars prepared for you by the Tower Home Service Bureau. They're new . . . unusual . . . healthful . . . easy to prepare.

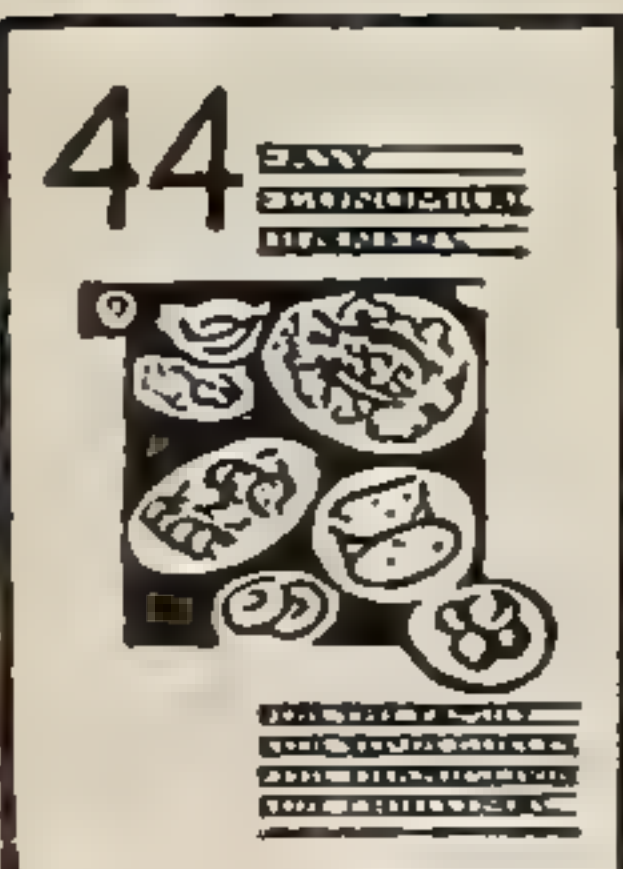
And we've found that the good cook is usually just as particular about her home, too. Wants it attractive . . . comfortable. So the Home Service Bureau also offers you pamphlets on home beautifying and some of the most intriguing house plans you've ever seen. A charming home and a well-set table keep you popular with friends and family.



- ☐ **FAVORITE RECIPES OF THE MOVIE STARS 10¢**
Spring a special Italian Salad on your family some night and then have the fun of telling them it's Winnie Lightner's favorite recipe. Forty-six pet recipes of the Movie Stars in this booklet!



- ☐ **REDUCING THE RIGHT WAY . . . 10¢**
Height and weight charts . . . calory chart . . . satisfying menus with low calory content . . . general exercise hints for reducing.



- ☐ **44 EASY ECONOMICAL DINNERS 10¢**
The kind you'd always be proud to serve . . . yet they aren't expensive. The trick? It's the little surprise touches! Like Pear Salad with Ginger.

- ☐ **FOOD CHILDREN LIKE TO EAT . . . 10¢**
For breakfast . . . the school box lunch . . . party refreshments . . . low-cost lunch and dinner dishes . . . favorite candies and desserts.

- ☐ **FOODS THAT MEN PREFER 10¢**
Breakfast breads . . . pies and pastries . . . puddings and simple desserts . . . cakes . . . meat and meat substitutes . . . vegetables . . . confections . . . menus.

- ☐ **MENUS FOR TWO 10¢**
Intriguing menus and recipes . . . food budget for two . . . how to order . . . utensils needed for two.

- ☐ **SHOPPERS' GUIDE FOR FRESH AND CANNED FISH 10¢**
A resume of fish buying . . . recipes for cocktails and appetizers . . . fish soups . . . for the main course . . . salads . . . for breakfast . . . entrees and luncheon dishes . . . sauces and garnishes.

- ☐ **MEAT AT ANY PRICE 10¢**
Recipes for all kinds of meat . . . ways of cooking cheaper cuts . . . list of low-cost cuts . . . ways of using left-over meats . . . making the most of a little meat . . . using canned meats.

- ☐ **FOOD IN THE FAMILY BUDGET 10¢**
Helpful data on buying . . . what to spend for various foods . . . keeping food accounts . . . economical use of fruits and vegetables . . . making the most of meat . . . economical use of cereals . . . sugar, fats and oils.

- ☐ **HOW TO CHOOSE THE RIGHT DESSERT 10¢**
100 calory portions . . . delicious layer cakes . . . small cakes and cookies . . . pies . . . gelatin desserts . . . inexpensive puddings . . . ice box cakes . . . ways to use ice cream . . . ten favorite desserts.

Pamphlets on Home Beautifying

- ☐ **BRIGHTEN YOUR HOME WITH COLOR 10¢**
Distribution and balance of color . . . how to read a color chart . . . 20 different color schemes.
- ☐ **WINDOW TREATMENTS 10¢**
Draperies for the French Room . . . for the English Room . . . Italian and Spanish draperies . . . for the Colonial Room . . . the Modern Room.
- ☐ **YOUR LITTLE COLONIAL HOME 10¢**
Three practical budgets for furnishing rooms . . . patterns for curtains . . . 15 adaptable floor plans.

Tower House Plans

- ☐ **THE COLONIAL HOUSE 3¢**
Plan and discussion of details.
- ☐ **THE FRENCH HOUSE 3¢**
Plan . . . convenient features . . . interior decoration.
- ☐ **THE ENGLISH HOUSE 3¢**
Plan . . . cost to build.
- ☐ **THE SPANISH HOUSE 3¢**
Plan . . . bungalow construction . . . patio.

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Tower Books, Incorporated, 55-A Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing \$_____ for which please send me right away the booklets and circulars I have checked above.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

a
last minute
reminder
for
VACATIONISTS

Are you planning a vacation this year? Fine! It's a splendid investment in health!

But remember! Different cooking—different water—irregular hours will probably throw you "off-schedule" temporarily.

Ex-Lax is a pleasant, gentle and effective laxative for every member of the family. It is the perfect laxative for vacation time—and every other time!

Ex-Lax doesn't gripe or upset digestion. It works *overnight without over-action*.

Take Ex-Lax with you

So if you're looking forward to happy vacation days—take this extra precaution: Take along a liberal supply of Ex-Lax.

You'll find Ex-Lax is a mighty good traveling companion. Not bulky or messy. Easy to carry.

At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes.

When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax!



The MAKE-UP BOX

HOW'S your summer face? Now's your chance to do the best by your complexion because it's getting plenty of fresh air and you're getting plenty of exercise. But don't forget that cleanliness is next to miraculous for blackheads and those other little skin difficulties. We're washing our faces these days with soap and a new complexion brush. The brush should be skimmed over the face in upward semi-circular movements and may be used with soap or just with a warm water rinse. The purpose of the brushing is to stir up circulation and aid in stimu-



To stimulate your skin, a complexion brush.



A new iodine bottle that won't spill.

lating the pores. It's especially recommended for blackheads and other skin eruptions but you really don't have to wait until you get them to use it. Rinse your face thoroughly after using it and then go ahead with your usual make-up process.

MAYBE you don't think this has anything to do with beauty—but then maybe you haven't seen an attractive young housewife with a wide brown stain surrounding the cut she achieved on the old can-opener. The beauty point about it is that with this special bottle those wide brown or red stains on your skin can be prevented, since only a drop or two will come out at a time. It's non-spillable and none of the liquid will come out even when the bottle is turned up-side down unless it is tapped. But if you place it next to your skin, capillary attraction will draw out a drop or two without the necessity of tapping.



Powder and a new kind of compact.

IF you like loose powder, and most of us do, you'll like the new powder compact that comes in a set now with a well-known powder box. It's built like a long bullet and you merely press the plunger at the top to get just the right sprinkling of powder over your puff. It's easy to fill and carries enough powder for two or three days. We found it ideal for dressing table use, too, because it sifts the powder that has been pressed down into the box and the result is a much smoother finish for your make-up.

BEAUTY and a new bandeau is our slogan right now. The reason—a new bandeau with no side seams, no closing, that stretches two ways—really four ways if you want to stretch a point as we did. It goes on over the



A bandeau with no hooks and plenty of stretch.

head, and the back can be pulled down to the waistline for low-back evening effects without destroying the uplift line. The shoulder straps are narrow elastic and the material a fine mesh with the stretch woven right in and elastic powers that are amazing. Best of all it's comfortable and gives you just the right line for the new clothes. You must try it.

If you are interested in learning the names and prices of the articles described here send your request with a stamped self-addressed envelope to the Beauty Editor, Make-up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

All Real Stars are Nutty

(Continued from page 25)

without spelling the names of the social leaders so terribly that subscriptions were cancelled.

So he ought to be a success in the movies.

When Will Hays made the crack that everybody has two businesses—his own and the movies—he was painfully right. Everybody outside of the movie business knows more about it than I do, and everybody pities me because I cannot grasp the vital importance of great ideas to revolutionize the screen.

DO you want to know how I feel about the real actors and the real artists of the screen? No, you don't, because you are in some other business and you therefore know more about the movies than I do. But I insist on telling you.

In my long experience I have found that the greater an actor is, the more he is sure to be off his base. His brain, if tested, would have a nut-like flavor, almost filbertian. Show me an actor with a level head and I'll show you an actor whose name you never saw in electric lights on a theater marquee.

Dealing with a spoiled, unruly child is kindergarten stuff compared with handling a really good actor. I'll never forget the time when the contract of one of our company's stars was about to expire. I had the job of negotiating a new contract.

He insisted on what he called his rights. He said he must have the right to select his stories, his director and his cast. He must have the right to reject any set, no matter how expensive, which we might build for his pictures. And after the picture was all completed, he must have the right to reject it and say it must never be put on the market, no matter what we had invested in it.

I tried reasoning with him. I tried persuasion of the gentlest kind. I tried to demonstrate to him that there are two sides to every contract and that both sides must be considered.

I got exactly nowhere with him. Finally, he arose in a towering wrath and walked toward the door.

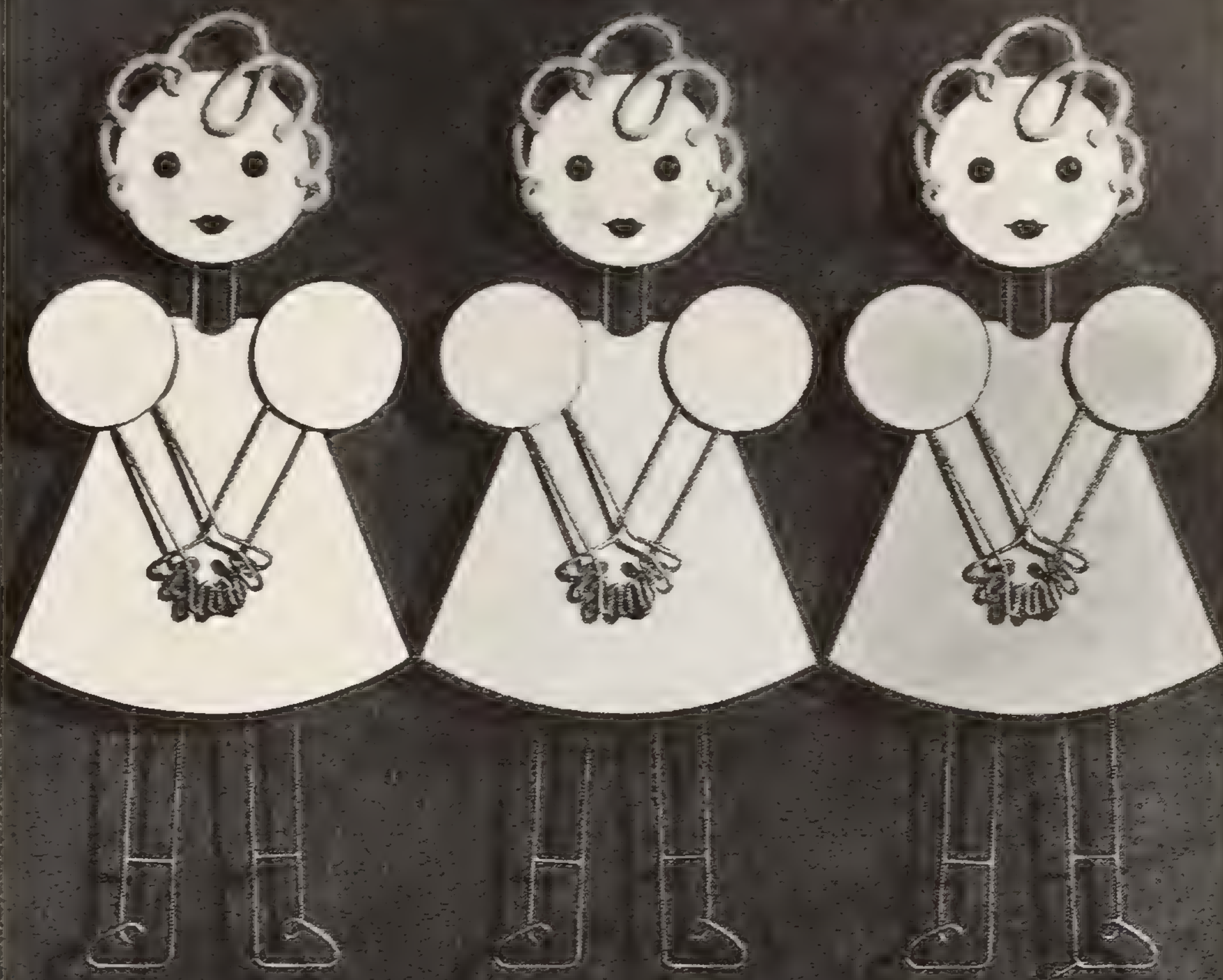
"You do not appreciate my artistry," he said. That is actually what he said. "You think of nothing but the sordid, commercial side of everything," he continued. "I cannot do business with such persons."

I was pretty badly frightened, because our company needed him in its business, needed him badly. But I had tried everything that was decent. So, in my excitement, I blurted out, "Listen, you big ham, if you step outside that door, don't you ever dare to come back. If you think you're going to dictate terms to this company, you're terribly mistaken. Just take one step more and you're through forever."

IT was panic on my part. But it panicked him. He wheeled around, bowed from the waist, smiled the most engaging smile I ever saw in my life and said, "I am so glad you kept your head when I was so unreasonable. We can do business together."

We closed the contract on decent terms for both sides, and I must say (Please turn to page 74)

If you're tired of seeing white turn to gray



... change to FELS-NAPTHA!

Has it ever puzzled you—to see clothes turn gray after you've tubbed them a few times?

Have you ever wondered why your clothes lose their crisp, snowy sparkle so soon?

Stop puzzling—stop wondering! That dull, dingy look simply means that *all* the dirt isn't out. Some dirt sticks so tight, you see, that ordinary washing can't budge it, no matter how much you rub. Be wise—change to the soap that has more dirt-loosening power—the soap that brings you *two* cleaners instead of *one*.

Two cleaners in every bar!

That soap, as your nose will tell you, is Fels-Naptha. For there's *plenty* of safe, grease-dissolving naptha in every bar. You can smell the naptha—*lots of it!* So when Fels-Naptha goes into your wash, you get the help of two cleaners—unusually good golden soap *and* naptha. Working together, they loosen even ground-in dirt. They do it easily, without hard rubbing. Washday after washday, your clothes have that fresh,

sunshiny whiteness that tells you they're thoroughly clean!

Easy on clothes and hands!

Fels-Naptha is nice to hands, too, for there's glycerine in every bar—and glycerine is the soothing base of many hand-lotions. Fels-Naptha works well in tub or machine. It does a beautiful job in hot, lukewarm or cool water; whether you soak or boil.

Get a few bars of Fels-Naptha. You'll soon know that the big golden bar is the wisest kind of bargain. Its *extra* help saves you work—and it keeps that "fourth washday grayness" out of your clothes.

© 1933, FELS & CO.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. T. M.-7-33

Some women, I understand, find it a bit easier to chip Fels-Naptha into tub or machine by using one of your handy chippers instead of just an ordinary kitchen knife. I'd like to try the chipper, so I enclose 3¢ in stamps to help cover postage. Send the sample bar, too.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Please print name and address completely)

Two cleaners instead of one . . . Good golden soap and plenty of naptha



**"A life-saver
for your skin,
sister"**

**If you want a baby's smooth, clear
skin, use the baby's beauty treatment**

Quick! There's no time to lose if you're going to rival the babies in this matter of skin loveliness. Start right now to smooth up your skin—avoid drying soaps—just the way a baby does. Use pure gentle Ivory Soap.

Did you ever hear a doctor or nurse advise any fancy-smelling, colored soaps for a baby? Of course not. Only white odorless Ivory is safe enough for babies' delicate peach-bloom complexions.

So take a tip from the youngest generation . . . *It's smart to be a baby about your soap!*

Your skin needs Ivory's purity just as much as a baby's. So give your face pure Ivory cleansings to

keep it young and smooth. And take your Ivory bath tonight. Cover yourself all over with Ivory's creamy foam—splash, rinse—no taut "dried-out" feeling after an Ivory bath.

Be honest, now. Have you ever seen your skin so shining clean . . . so baby-smooth? That's what Ivory cleansings do to the sleepest grown-up skins. Be grateful, too, that an Ivory bath is an odorless bath. No soap smell lingers to cover up the fragrance of *his* favorite scent.

And be mum when *he* murmurs that you're growing lovelier every day. It's *your* secret that your Ivory beauty treatments cost only a few cents at any grocer's.

Ivory Soap

99 44/100 % pure • It floats

All Real Stars are Nutty

(Continued from page 73)

he lived up to it. But several years afterward, when he was no longer with us, he dropped into my office and after the usual talk about the weather, said, "I wonder if you really meant it when you called me a big ham in your office some time ago."

Of course, you know as well as I do that calling an actor a ham is the last word in insults. If you don't know it, you are not the movie expert that you claim to be.

I had touched him on the raw without realizing it. He would sign any kind of contract after I called him a ham, but no contract at all when I reasoned with him and treated him decently.

They are all nutty—the good ones. They are not all well balanced mentally, as you and I are. Or at least as I am. They really and truly believe they have something that nobody else possesses. Call it a divine spark. Call it genius. Call it anything you like. I can't call it what I think because I don't use that kind of language.

They honestly think that a contract is good only as long as they like it. If conditions change after they have signed it, the contract ought to be changed, for their benefit. If conditions change to their detriment—that is, if they lose some of their popularity—the contract should not be changed. With them, a contract is a document drafted solely for their benefit and never for the company's.

I'M talking about the really great artists, not the run of the mine. Show me an actor who has a good business head and a straight-thinking apparatus and I will show you an actor who never reached stardom. It's just too bad, but it is true.

Unless an actor thoroughly believes that he is something better than anyone else in the world, unless he truly thinks he is always right, he just doesn't get anywhere on the screen or on the stage.

He sincerely pities the commercial mind of his producer. He cannot understand why the producer thinks in terms of dollars and cents, even though he himself thinks in terms of thousands of dollars and does not bother with the cents.

He secretly deplores the producer's lack of artistry.

If the actor has a fine pair of legs, he thinks his producer should make "Romeo and Juliet," with silk tights and everything. The fact that you stay away from the movie theater in millions when Shakespeare is advertised does not interest him. You should be educated. You need the better things of life. . . . Just between you and me, he wants you to see his handsome legs in tights—and never mind whether the picture makes money or flops.

ANOTHER problem we've created for ourselves in the movie business is the matter of publicity and advertising. If we have a good star and don't boost him, we can't cash in on him. If we boost him and publicize him, the trouble is that he believes all the great things our publicity man writes about him. The minute he be-

All Real Stars are Nutty

lieves them, he wants more money regardless of what his contract calls for.

And now comes the most expensive word in any movie studio. Maybe you never heard of it. It is "unhappy."

Let me explain. We have a contract with a star. It is, we'll say, a fair contract for both sides, because there are such contracts in movieland.

We advertise this star like the very devil. We give him qualities he never dreamed of having. We build him up. You and several million others begin to believe it all. You write letters to him. You flatter him to death. You tell him he is the greatest star on the screen.

He reads these letters and he begins to believe them. Then suddenly the word comes to us, in roundabout ways, that he is "unhappy."

What does this mean to us? It means that he thinks we robbed him when we signed a contract with him. We took advantage of his trustful, artistic nature. We have abused him. We are a lot of crooks.

Well, wouldn't you think a great big corporation could handle a foolish little thing like this? Certainly. But we can't. Because when an actor becomes "unhappy" it means that he suddenly develops headaches, stomachaches, sore feet—anything which will make him late in arriving at the studio. He just can't get there on time. It is too bad that he holds up the work of a very high priced director and an expensive cast. It is too bad, but, really he cannot help it. He is stricken with woe over it. But just the same he doesn't show up.

That happens this week. And again next week. And the week after that. It runs into a pile of money. The director reports to the main office that the star is "unhappy."

The word is poison to us. It means, in plain language, blackmail. It means that we've either got to adjust the star's contract and give him more than it calls for, or run up the cost of the picture far more than the adjustment would cost us.

So the great big corporation tears up the old contract and makes a new one on far better terms for the star. Weak? Of course it is. We ought to kick him off the studio lot, but that would be very foolish because it would put us to the expense of starting a new picture all over again and throwing away what we had spent up to date.

THE great big corporation is a lot of hokey. I'll never forget the time we had a contract with a girl star, the most popular idol of her day. In sixteen places in her contract it was stated that the contract would last for two years.

But the girl had a better offer from another company. So she wanted to jump her contract. We foolishly brought suit to enjoin her.

We went to court about it like a pack of fools. The girl took the witness stand and swore that she thought the contract was for only one year instead of two. She was a peach. She looked swell, sitting there on the witness stand with her legs crossed and plenty of stockings showing on well formed calves. She was as cute as
(Please turn to page 76)

"We're Engaged"



What a world of pleasant talk can start from a snapshot! That's one of the reasons why you're in such a hurry to get the prints . . . "Oh, isn't *this* good!" "He called me up again last night." "Do you remember when we took this?"

Snapshot possibilities are immensely greater now because of a new kind of film. With Kodak VERICHROME Film you don't need to have bright light. Dull or sunny—even in shade—go right ahead. No more squinting, no more posing. Snap when people are relaxed and natural—you'll get the finest pictures you've ever made. Today, try a roll of Verichrome—in the yellow box with checkered stripes. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.



HOW KODAK VERICHROME FILM DOUBLE-GUARDS SNAPSHOT SUCCESS

- Verichrome is the *double-coated film*. Two sensitive coatings instead of one. One coating for dull light, another coating for bright light give Verichrome its amazing picture-taking range. In sun or shade, on bright days or dull, it double-guards your snapshot success.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM



STREAKED HAIR?

Prove to yourself at our expense that gray streaks are needless. We'll send you, FREE, the famous Single Lock Test Outfit.

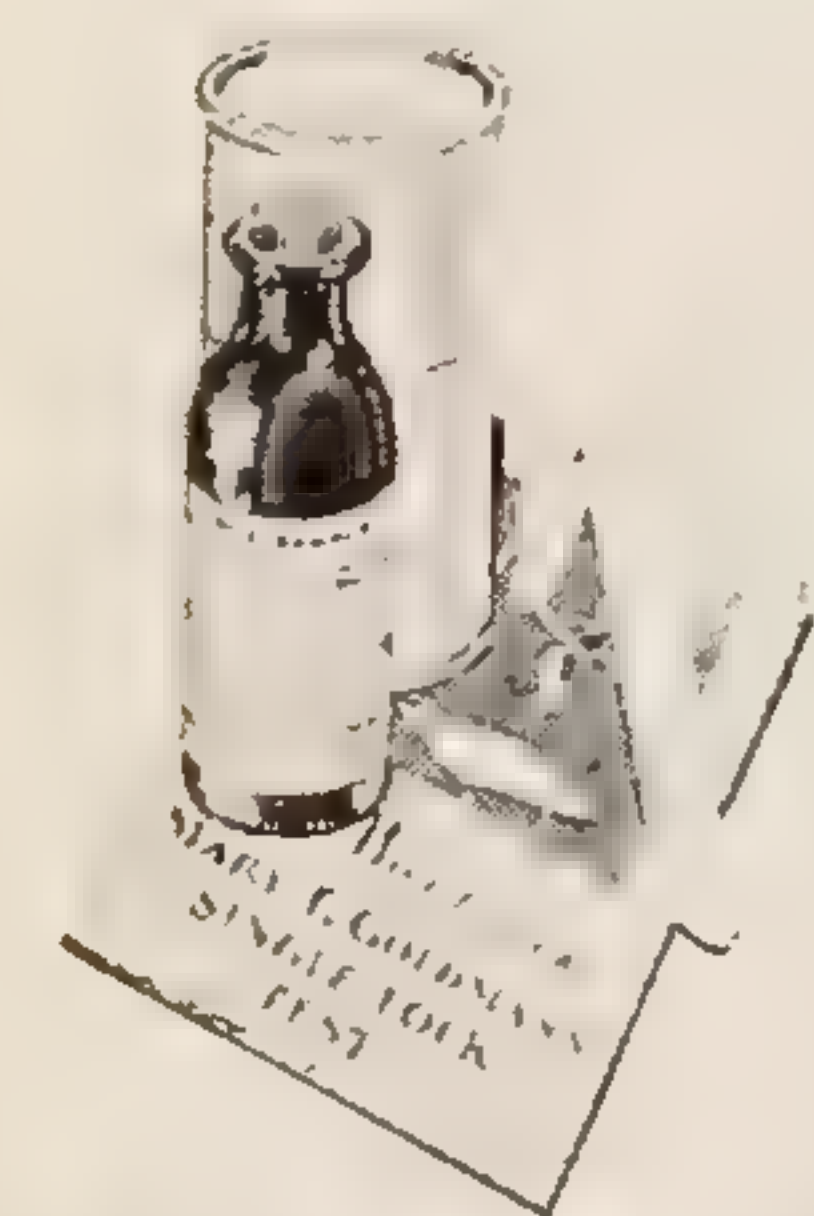
IN a few minutes—on one small lock snipped from your hair—you can prove for yourself that gray hair is needless. We'll send you FREE the famous SINGLE LOCK TEST OUTFIT. It will bring you the secret of youthful-looking hair—radiant with color that matches Nature's own. You need no experience. Just comb Mary T. Goldman's clear, colorless liquid through hair. Color comes evenly: black, brown, auburn, blonde. A new scientific discovery enables you to control the shade. Hair stays soft, lustrous; takes wave or curl.

This Way SAFE

Medical school authorities pronounce Mary T. Goldman's harmless to hair or scalp. Use it without slightest hesitation.

At Drug and Department Stores

Ask your druggist or department store for Mary T. Goldman's for your shade of hair. Money-back guarantee.



Mail Coupon for FREE TEST

We send you FREE complete Test Package that has brought this beauty secret to more than 3,000,000 women. Clip a lock of hair. Try first on this. See results without risk. Mail Coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN'S COLOR FOR GRAY HAIR

FREE TEST PACKAGE

MARY T. GOLDMAN
986 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

☒ CHECK COLOR OF HAIR ☒

☐ BLACK ☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ AUBURN
☐ DARK BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN ☐ BLONDE

All Real Stars are Nutty

(Continued from page 75)

could be. You have loved her on the screen and that's all right, because on the screen she is mighty lovable.

But on the witness stand it was different. She swore in wide-eyed wonder and innocence that she never understood the contract was to run for more than one year.

The jury took it hook, line and sinker. Not a man in the jury box would have had the nerve to go home and tell his wife he had rendered a verdict against an idol of the silver sheet, which is slang for movie screen.

Our witnesses took the stand. They were ordinary looking business men, bald or gray or paunchy. They were not human beings in the eyes of the jury. They were the cold-blooded representatives of a colder-blooded corporation which was trying to squeeze the life blood out of this poor, innocent little gal.

You guessed it. Our case was thrown out of the window after the jury had deliberated fully three minutes. Contract or no contract, here was a darling of a girl on one side and a mean business organization on the other. So out the window we must go.

After that we never went to the courts to have a contract enforced if there was an actress involved. Actors, yes. But never again would we stack up against a pretty actress. Justice may be blind, but when there's a beautiful girl in the offing, old man Justice never misses a trick. He has the eye of an eagle. A well-moulded arm is a well-moulded arm, a pretty nose is a pretty nose, but a contract is only a piece of paper. To hell with it!

IN the newspaper business there's an old saying to the effect that "the best stories are never printed." Maybe they are too libelous, or they might offend a big advertiser. Some of the reporters used to write these stories out in full, dynamite and all, just for the fun of putting the city editor on the spot. He always bragged about the independence of the newspaper, but just the same he was mighty careful to edit every bit of danger out of the story, especially when a big advertiser was involved. He boiled with rage, but he couldn't do anything about it without tipping off the fact that his talk of independence was all hokey.

Well, in the same way, the funniest comedy in the picture business never reaches the screen. If it did, it would be too funny.

Take, for example, the bitter, everlasting, red-hot hatred which exists between every picture studio in California and its home office in New York. I've been on both ends of the line, so I know.

Out here in Hollywood, we try to hop up the folks back in the home office on how good our next picture is going to be. It is going to be not just the greatest in the world, but the greatest in the universe. Anything short of that faint praise would damn the picture before the boys in the home office ever saw it.

Then we sneak the picture out to some side-street theater and look at it at a preview in the presence of an audience. It goes a little sour. The audience doesn't rear up on its hind legs and shout for joy. Do we tell that to the boys back home who

have to sell it? Don't be utterly foolish.

No, we send them a long telegram, the longer the better. We tell them we had to pick the fans up out of the aisles where they were rolling with excitement or laughter. Then we put a stinger at the end of the telegram. We say "All this picture needs is a bang-up advertising campaign to make it a wow. We have done our part. Now you do yours."

Old stuff! It is known as "passing the buck." We lay the baby on the doorstep of the home office and if it doesn't live and thrive it isn't our fault.

And do the folks back in the home office take this lying down? Not while telegrams can still be written, not while there is a long distance telephone between New York and the coast. They look at the picture. It is not so hot. They are about ninety-nine per cent. sure that it is going to fail handsomely.

So back they wire: "Terribly disappointed. Picture awful. Direction amateurish. Think everybody connected with the making of this large hunk of tripe should be fired off the lot. Don't see one single thing in the picture to advertise or sell."

So they pass the buck back, all at the expense of the company.

Then comedy comes tripping in.

You like the picture. You go to theaters in million lots to see it. You wait in line for tickets. It is not tripe to you. It is just what you have been hoping the movie people would make. The picture is a whale of a success.

Out to New York we shoot a happy telegram: "Delighted the picture doing record business. Believe if you could steam up your advertising it would do even better. Go to it."

Right back from New York comes a telegram: "Nothing put the picture over but corking good advertising campaign. One more proof that no matter what kind of cheese you send us we can create a public taste for it."

You wouldn't believe all that if we put it in a picture. It would be slapstick, impossible, silly. It is. But we do it and we'll keep on doing it.

NOW and then the New York office sends a new efficiency man out to tell us how to make pictures. Able men—anyhow, able in their former trades of manufacturing soap or mittens. You must admit that the manufacture of soap does not call for quite the creative imagination that is required in making pictures. If you refuse to admit it, that's because you have considered some of our pictures nothing but soap. And, don't forget, no matter what you think, you are always right.

We call these efficiency men "Detective Schnitz." Nothing we can think of in the form of a name can damn him so completely.

So we wire to the home office: "For the love of Mike, call off your dog. Get this man out of the studio before he wrecks the morale of the dump."

New York can wire as fast as we can. Back comes the biting retort: "What is the use of trying to inject

All Real Stars are Nutty

new ideas into this here now business? All you people run around in a little circle in Hollywood, stealing the same old ideas from each other, never looking up out of your ruts, never doing anything new."

This, of course, is merely an opening gun on each side.

Much more remains to be said on both sides and all of it is said. Furthermore, it is said by telegram and at the company's expense. We write letters but we don't waste expensive postage on them. Not on your life. We save the stamp by sending the letter by wire. Try it some time. It is much simpler than folding up a letter, addressing an envelope and sticking a stamp on it. But don't do it until you are on a movie payroll so the company can foot the bill.

BUT don't forget what I said. All the real stars are nutty. Next time you go to a movie and fall in love with the star—remember what I said. He is nutty. She is nutty. Hard to handle. One-sided. Self-centered. The more you love him or her the more you can bet the studio had a devil of a time getting results out of him or her.

If they're not nutty, they're just no good. If they are reasonable, they are not stars. If they are stars, they are not reasonable.

You and I are sane, sensible people. If the stars we love were sane, sensible people, we wouldn't drop a plugged dime at the box office to see them.

All the real stars are hot stuff to you. They're nuts to me.

SEND US YOUR JELLY RECIPES

Thousands of women all over the country are making jams and jellies—and hundreds of them have written to us for recipes and suggestions. To aid us in making a circular of the most helpful sort we would like you to send in your jam and jelly recipes. Send them to Rita Calhoun, care of THE NEW MOVIE Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. If your recipe is judged best after testing, we will send you five dollars; four dollars will go to the second best and one dollar will be given for each of the other recipes chosen for publication.

HE WENT AND TOLD HIS MOTHER—



—by Timmins

HELLO, TEDDY. WANT ONE OF MY ROSES ?



I'LL GIVE IT TO MY MUMMY 'CAUSE SHE'S FEELING SORT OF BLUE TODAY

NEXT DAY

THE LITTLE FELLOW MADE ME FEEL GUILTY. HERE I AM, LIVING RIGHT NEXT DOOR TO HER AND I HAVEN'T BEEN VERY NEIGHBORLY



NOR I, EITHER! YET WE'D ALL LIKE HER IF ONLY SHE WASN'T CARELESS ABOUT "B.O."

?

MUMMY, WHAT'S "B.O."? MRS. ALLEN NEXT DOOR SAYS YOU...



"B.O." CAN THAT BE WHY FOLKS ARE SO DISTANT WITH ME? I'LL GET SOME LIFEBOUY AT ONCE

A WEEK LATER

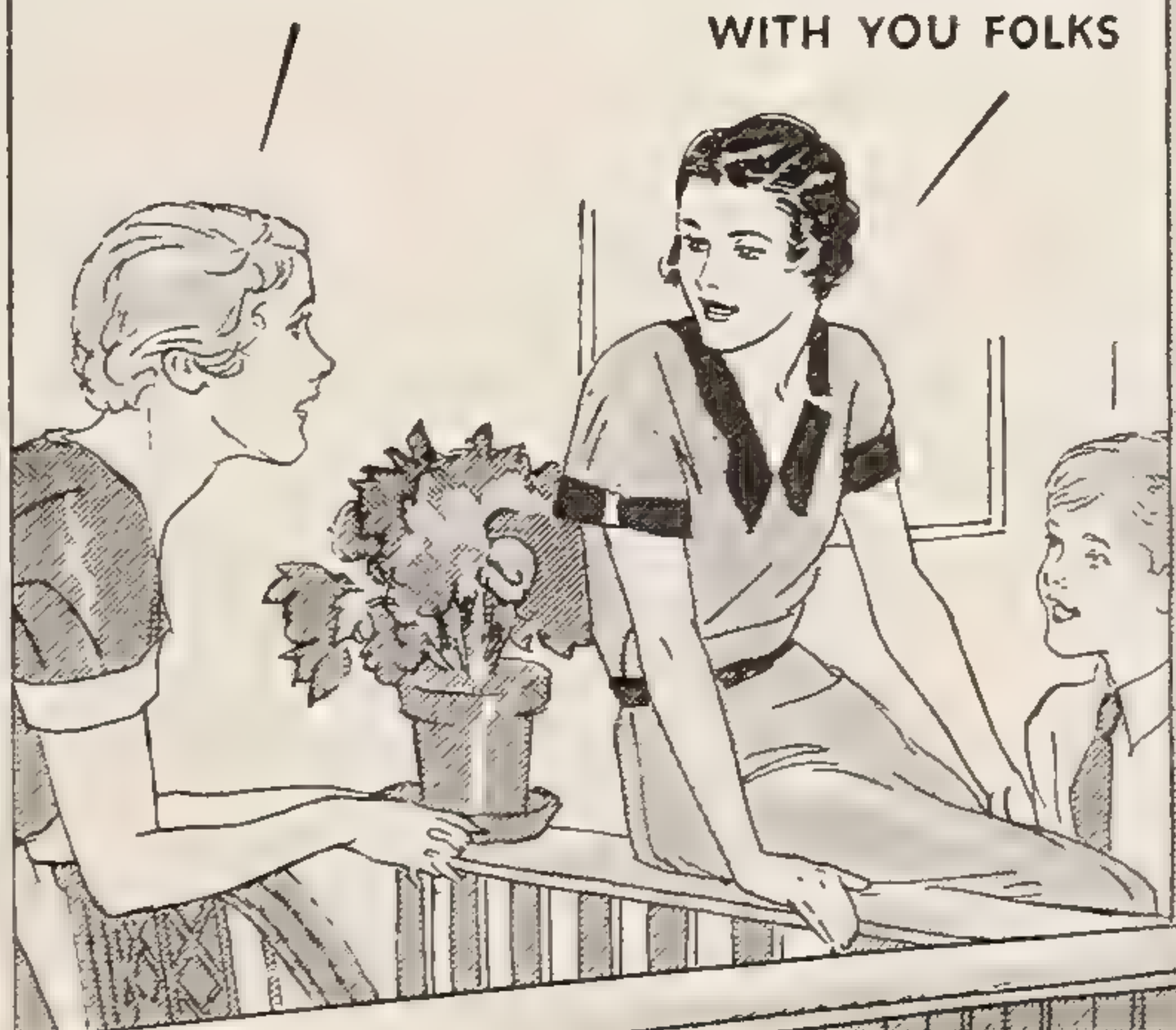
SAY, MUMMY, I LIKE LIFEBOUY LOTS BETTER THAN THAT STINGY-LATHER SOAP WE USED TO HAVE. AND DOESN'T IT SMELL CLEAN !



IT CERTAINLY DOES, TEDDY. AND IT MAKES YOU FEEL EXTRA CLEAN. WE'LL ALWAYS USE LIFEBOUY NOW

"B.O." GONE—she's "one of them" now!

IT'S SO RAINY WE'RE GOING TO THE MOVIES. WON'T YOU AND TEDDY COME ?



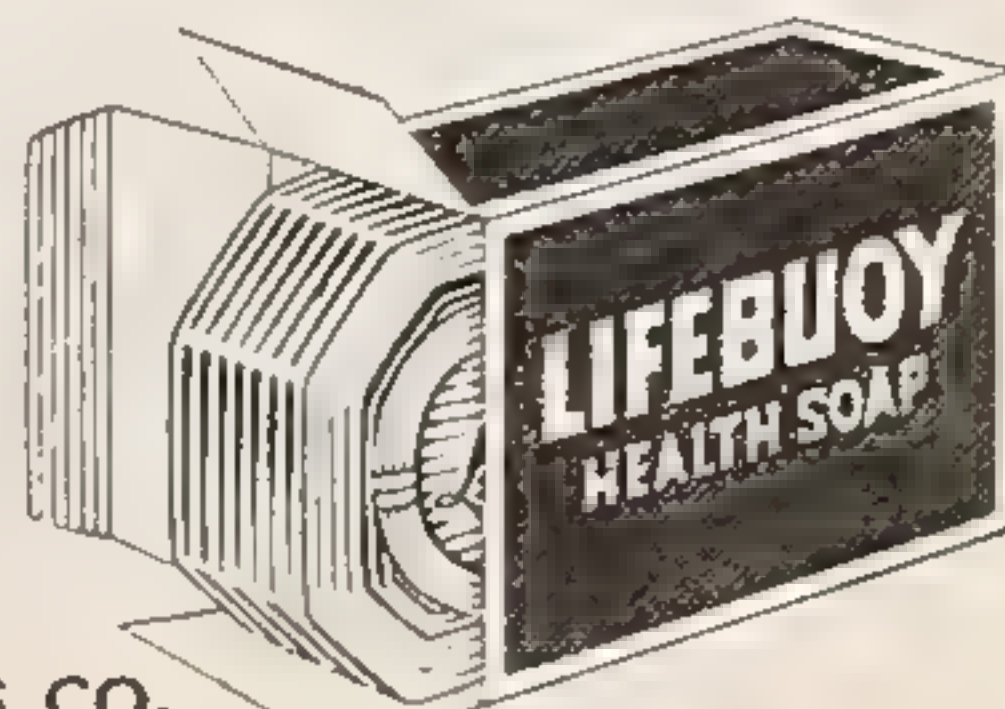
WE'D LOVE TO. IT'S SUCH FUN GOING PLACES WITH YOU FOLKS

Many "B.O." victims
(body odor)
these hot, muggy days

SUN HOT, humidity high, thermometer soaring. We perspire freely—it's Nature's way to cool us off. But watch out for "B.O." (body odor)! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You'll like its clean, fresh, quickly-vanishing scent—its creamier, more abundant lather that purifies and deodorizes pores, stops "B.O."

Awakens skin beauty

Complexions thrive on Lifebuoy's pure, bland lather. Gently it washes away pore-deep impurities—freshens dull skins to radiant health.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.

True beauty

LIES WITHIN THE Eyes!

Bring Out the Hidden
Loveliness in Your Eyes

with

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Do you wish for large, expressive, and alluring eyes? Of course you do! What woman doesn't? Then learn how quickly and easily you may have perfectly natural

and long appearing, dark lashes by using Maybelline Eyelash Darkener. This will instantly make your eyes appear larger and more expressive, and it is absolutely harmless, non-smarting and tear-proof! It can't make the lashes hard or brittle, but on the contrary keeps them soft and silky because of the pure, high-quality oils it contains. Black for Brunettes, Brown for Blondes.

To intensify the color and sparkle of your eyes, blend Maybelline Eye Shadow softly on your eyelids. Pure and creamy, it comes in five exquisite shades to match any eye: Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.



Perfect, graceful eyebrows can be formed with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Use Black if you are dark, Brown if you are fair.

The natural growth of your lashes is best stimulated by applying Maybelline Eyelash Grower before retiring. Its pure, nourishing ingredients are wonderfully beneficial.

Be sure to ask for Maybelline eye beauty aids. The name Maybelline is your assurance of purity and effectiveness. Special purse sizes on sale at all leading 10c stores.



MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Forward March

(Continued from page 29)

untheatrical. That evening he might have been just any nice guy with a devastating sense of the ridiculous shaking a wicked pair of pedal extremities.

The next time we met was at the studio when I was supervising "Paramount on Parade." If you honor me by reading these articles every month you will have grown weary of my constant reference to that revue, and you'll think it is the only parade I ever saw. This is not quite the case, but as practically half the stars in Hollywood were in it and I did make friendships or develop them through that association, I enjoy going back mentally to what were decidedly the "good old days."

Freddy, like the rest of the dramatic stars at Paramount, was highly amused at the idea of being in a revue.

"Couldn't you write something, a sketch or a number where I can play a tough, wise-cracking egg?" he said to me. I immediately suggested him for the leading "leatherneck" in a little playlet which Ruth Chatterton called "My Marine."

"March is the romantic type," my co-producers argued.

"If you don't think there is romance in the Marines ask the girls in all those ports," I said.

Freddy was so attractive at rehearsals that even before the revue was released he was cast as a gob with Clara Bow in "True to the Navy." As I write he is playing a flyer in "The Eagle and the Hawk."

I WENT down to lunch with him at the studio the other day. (This writing game certainly is a real meal ticket. Honestly, I used to eat before I started to pound a typewriter for a living, but I didn't consider it anything to write home about.)

Before we sat down, Freddy said, "Come and say hello to Florence. She is lunching here."

I said hello to Mrs. March, made some trite remark about borrowing her husband for lunch, and Freddy having proved that his husband complex was in good working order, led me to a table for two.

Even the studio camera man came to take a picture of us. I realized that apparently young March soft-pedals on publicity pictures with the weaker sex, and I, heaven help me, must be considered not only strong but safe.

During lunch we talked a lot about nothing. Freddy was most anxious to contribute any information that I might need, but I'm a skater on thin ice, not a deep-sea diver, so we just laughed our way through some Hungarian goulash.

Our hero has one weakness which I would like to discuss with Doctor Freud—he is a snipper-out of newspaper errors. Not only does he buy several papers a day to snip at, but he sends his findings to *The New Yorker* and gets two dollars if they happen to be funny and decent at the same time.

He told me several which I'm sure even the sophisticated *New Yorker* couldn't handle and I blush to admit he has started me on a career of collecting typographical errors.

"We discussed the late earthquake. When I say late, as far as I'm con-

cerned it arrived in plenty of time, and though it is now as forgotten as the republican party I still get a kick out of who was where for the big shakedown.

Freddy was lighting a cigarette for Sari Maritza on a set other than his own where he had gone just to have a little fun and relaxation between scenes of his high-flying picture.

"I struck the match," he said, "and leaned forward. Miss Maritza suddenly seemed to be leaning back. The match went out and with it a lot of lights. Some one yelled 'Earthquake!' and the building seconded the motion. By the time we got out, the show was over and I prepared to return to my own set.

"Reports began arriving about the damage at Compton and Long Beach. I have to pass through both of them to get to Laguna Beach where Florence and the kid were. Over the radio we heard that both towns were laid flat. No mention of Laguna.

"Well! I put in a call for Florence. Telephone communications were nil."

Young March was saying it lightly, but I'm pretty sure that he was playing our latest and most popular Earthquake Game, which everyone, myself included, enters saying, "Well! it was the funniest thing. I was—" and so on. If the microphone was dependent upon the laughs it recorded during those twenty years which were really seconds, while this part of the world seemed to be trying to shake loose from the bankers, poor old "Mike" would be among the unemployed.

THE more important Mr. March, who wins Academy awards and is called upon to address that active organization in times of stress, the more serious Freddy who for no reason I can fathom (outside of the fact that he can combine acting and tact), has been made President of the Mayfair Club, a difficult job and in pre-March days always held by an executorial big shot, was slated to talk to a gathering of actors that night. His subject was "To Cut or Not to Cut! That is the Question!"

When he couldn't get Mrs. March on the phone he said, "Cuts or no cuts, I'm going to Laguna," sent for his car and was just about to take a fifty-mile ride when the Missus managed to get word to him that she and the little girl were all right. So he went to the meeting.

All that evening we had slight reshakes and when at about 10:00 P.M. Freddy started to light a cigarette, a regular one interfered, so he claims quake credit.

I claim the same, for I had just begun to rehearse at a local broadcasting station when the big one arrived, at the sound of my singing voice, as it were. That night I had just started to broadcast when I had to grab the microphone, which appeared to be falling for me, and the building gave every indication of following suit. So Freddy has agreed not to light any cigarettes if I'll promise not to sing. Perhaps its just as well for everybody concerned.

Mother Earth was still shrugging her shoulders now and then a few days later when an airplane which was supposed to fall to pieces as Freddy, Cary

*All the
family welcomes*
**SATURDAY
NIGHT WITH
HEINZ
BAKED BEANS**



SERVING baked beans on Saturday night is a habit as old as American history—and one that every family still heartily welcomes whenever this grand old dish comes piping hot to the table. Why not observe this delightful custom in your home with genuine Heinz Oven-Baked Beans? In Heinz kitchens, beans are *oven-baked* to mealy, nut-brown, tender goodness. Heinz uses only the choicest pea beans—adds a slice of tender young pork—bakes them perfectly—steeps them in rich, Heinz-made tomato sauce. They come to you in four popular styles—and in *new larger containers*. Write today for free booklet giving many tempting recipes and menus.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A.
TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND



HEINZ
OVEN - BAKED
BEANS

Forward March

Grant and Jack Oakie stepped out of danger got a bit over-anxious and went boom ahead of time. Cary Grant was burned, Oakie badly shaken up and as for Freddy, when I asked him if he had enjoyed making "The Eagle and the Hawk," his answer was, "It's been very interesting!" but his eyes said plainly, "I suppose it's just naturally a woman's privilege to ask darn fool questions!"

IT seems to me that his most outstanding quality is his humanness. Maybe I made that word up, but if I did I dedicate it to Freddy. He is absolutely down to earth and the earth's a swell place!

He wouldn't know a platitude if one slapped him in the face, but he would slap back with a gag or wisecrack. He doesn't seem to have any particular plan of attack on life or any great ambition, which so many people have to such an extent that they will wish it on you even if you only ask what time it is.

He doesn't know what his next picture will be; he isn't demanding to play this part or refusing to play that one. I especially did not ask what he thought about the much-discussed salary cuts because if he has a "hire a hall and tell the execs where they get off" attitude hidden under his wealth of versatility, I didn't want to see him assume it.

I was having too good a time with the snipper-out of newspaper errors in person; and, besides, I'm so tired of listening to talk about salaries that at the head of my list of things to be thankful for goes the fact that I am not on a studio payroll.

WE discussed "Tonight is Ours" in which I thought he was splendid. "Too much make-up!" was his self-criticism.

"I didn't notice it," I answered.

"Well, that's nice of you to say so, but I jumped right from that old Roman number with paint and curls into "Tonight is Ours" and I didn't realize how big the leap was, I guess. A lot of people picked on it after it was all finished, but while we were shooting, it was a case of even his best friends wouldn't tell him."

It may be that I bring the vernacular out in folks, because I've given up several languages in its favor, but Freddy uses a lot of slang and swears pleasantly, more to punctuate than impress. It is possible that he is trying to live down a lot of publicity anent his activities while in college—head of his class, Alpha Delta Phi, class orator, refused to appear in college plays as a girl and joined the dramatic society instead.

I've read all these things and am sure they are true, but the March of Freddy, like that of Time, goes ahead and the vision broadens. Today I can't imagine his refusing to play the hind legs of a phoney horse if he thought he could do it and was needed.

I'm sure he could orate if he thought a subject worth the effort.

I know he could play a great *Hamlet*, but why depress people when they are just beginning to cheer up!

I, personally, hope that the March I'm a booster for will just keep on laughing and snipping out errors. I'm backing him not to make any himself. The command is: "Forward! March!"

Then add
**THAT CERTAIN
SOMETHING!**



BRING in those sizzling lamb chops, grilled to a turn—or a dish of crispy-brown hash—*then add that certain something!*

That "something," of course, is the rich, thick, spicy goodness of Heinz Tomato Ketchup—rouser of lazy appetites, and the largest selling ketchup in the world!

Even the simple frankfurter, the summer cold cut, the economical bean and the humble stew are banquet fare when flavored with this ruddy condiment!

And no wonder! Heinz Ketchup is made from the most toothsome, red-ripe tomatoes ever grown—seasoned with the Orient's finest spices—and bottled hot—fresh from the fields! Try some—*tonight*.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A.
TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND

HEINZ
TOMATO KETCHUP

THE LARGEST SELLING
KETCHUP IN THE WORLD

You Can Change DARK Colors to LIGHT Colors

—Easy as A-B-C with
Tintex Color Remover



Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter-colored one



Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric



Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself — either light or dark.

On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere

Tintex

COLOR REMOVER

Sound in the Movies

(Continued from page 52)

spirited number, "Going, Going, Gone," which made a hit from the start. I believe this is another tune from the versatile Phil Baxter, who turned out all of those novelty numbers such as "Piccolo Pete" and "Harmonica Harry" as well as that beautiful performance of "Faded Summer." This last is more of a blues number with plenty of swing, and you will have no fault to find with the Lombardo recording. The vocal is sung by the trio from the Lombardo orchestra.

The other side brings another Lombardo number, this time an unusually sweet tune, "I Found My Romance for Ten Cents a Dance," and it is one of the smoothest numbers I have heard for a long while. Just listen to the Lombardo saxophone if you want to hear something good. Brother Carmen sings the vocal. (This is a Brunswick Record.)

HERE is another popular tune, "It's Within Your Power," from the

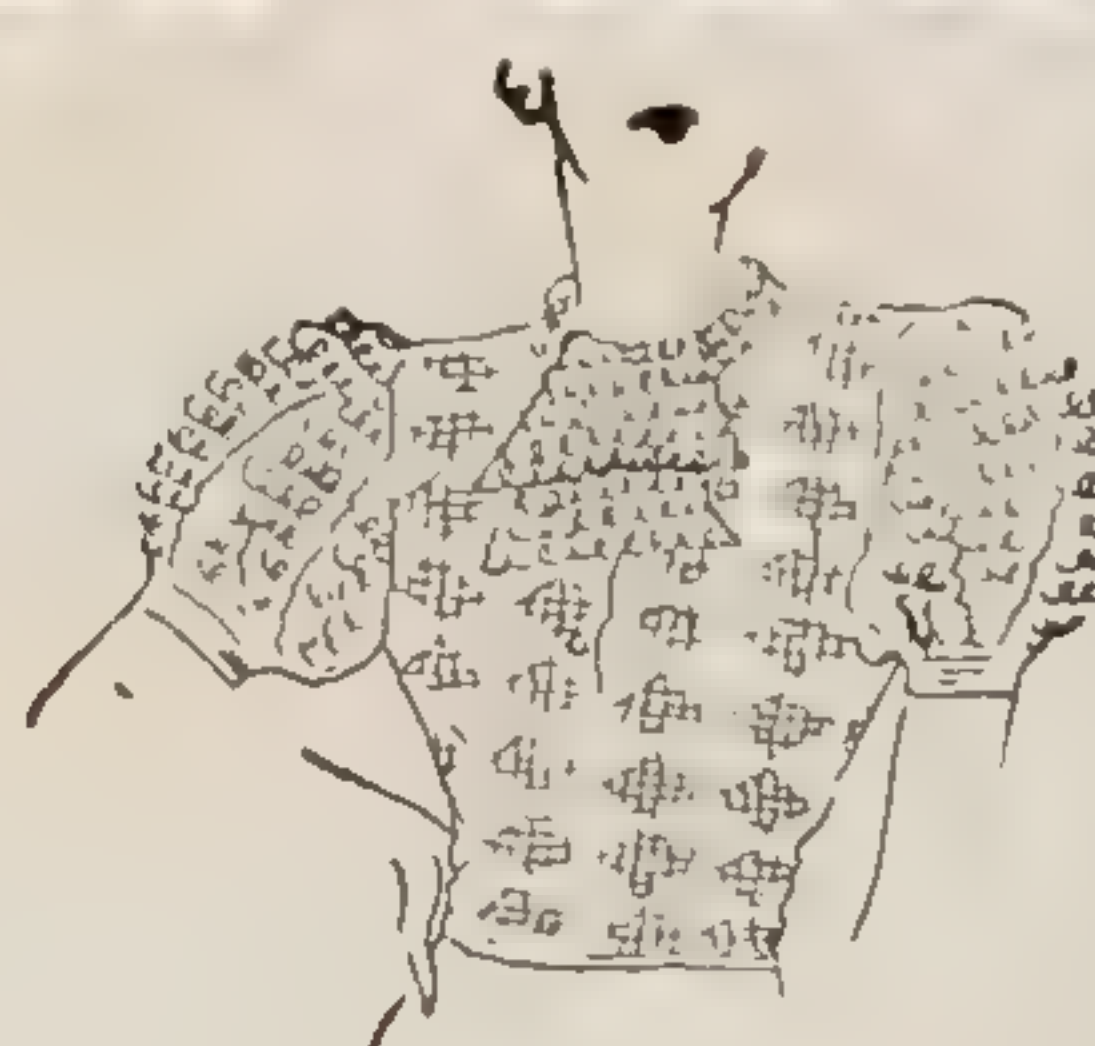
pens of Mack Gordon and Harry Revel, the boys who gave us, "Underneath the Harlem Moon." In their newest number they surely prove that they have the ability to reach the public. Don Bestor and His Orchestra do the recording honors for us, and they do it very well. An excellent record for dancing. Neil Buckley sings the vocal. (This is a Victor Record.)

OUR next contributing artist is none other than Rudy Vallee, who gives us a waltz in three-quarter time, called "The Whisper Waltz," and it is a good one, too. The vocal work is done, of course, by Rudy, and taken altogether the number is a safe bet for those who usually prefer the smooth waltz for dancing.

We hear a fox-trot from Rudy on the other side, "Pretending You Care," and it is done in nice slow and smooth style, making a sharp contrast to the preceding selection. (This is a Columbia Record.)

The NEW KNITTING and CROCHETING

Jy228 — Crocheted sweater blouse with slender waistline.



Jy232 — The new crochet mesh collar and matching handbag.



Jy229 — Una Merkel's favorite knitted sweater blouse.



Jy233 — An easily crocheted sweater in daisy design.



Jy230 — Knot stitch collar and cuffs and matching gilet.



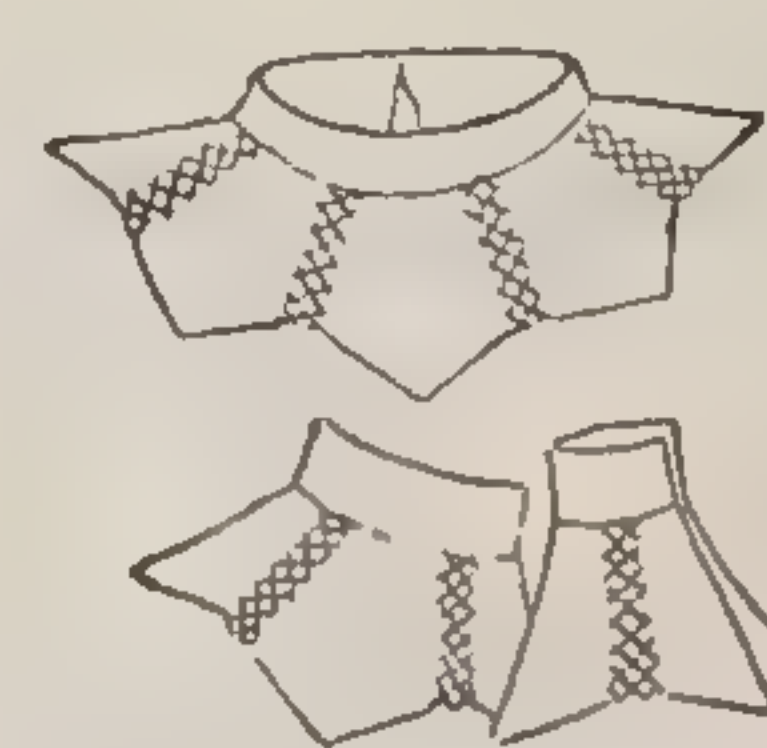
Jy234 — Rose collar and cuff set and another in Irish crochet.



Jy231 — Turkish fez and four other smart hats and caps.



Jy235 — Three of the newest crocheted collars and cuffs.



Write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of this magazine, enclosing 4 cents for any one circular, 10 cents for 3 circulars, or 15 cents for all 8. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.

Our Colonial Game Room

(Continued from page 68)

the woodwork are of a mellow pine. The floor is completely covered with black and white blocked linoleum. One of the closets, with the door and frame removed, provides space for a small refreshment stand containing convenient shelves for glasses and trays above which are spacious cupboards made of pine. Framed in the panel of the cupboard doors are colorful hunting prints. The counter is also made of pine, and placed conveniently in front of it are two high pine stools.

Rugged fieldstone facing and hearth lend distinction to the simply designed fireplace. The pine mantel shelf contains a decorated pottery mug, simple pewter plates and a pair of low copper candlesticks. Hanging on iron brackets on the wall over the fireplace are two substantial-looking guns. The intimate grouping around the fireplace consists of a pair of rustic pine settees upholstered in durable green and white checked gingham, a small coffee table and an end table.

Under the small window at one end of the room is a lovely reproduction of the old trestle table on which is a pewter lamp with a simple parchment shade and a pottery jug holding bright field flowers. On either side of the table are copies of the old Hitchcock chairs painted the characteristic yellow.

A cozy little book alcove occupies one corner of the room. Pine book cases extending to the ceiling are built on either side and a built-in seat covered with a green and white checked gingham cushion extends around the three sides. Next to the alcove is a comfortable reading group consisting of a wing chair upholstered in glazed chintz with a black background with a small floral design in yellow and green. A small oval end table containing a copper lamp and a few books and a pine arm chair with a green and white checked gingham cushion complete the group. The far end of the room contains a large ping-pong table and another pair of yellow Hitchcock chairs.

Green theatrical gauze was selected for the curtains, as it is decorative, inexpensive and does not keep out the light. The curtains are very simply made reaching to the apron of the window and topped by a shirred valance of the same material.

The room is exceptionally well planned for entertaining purposes, it has a seating capacity of twenty, the polished linoleum floor lends itself to dancing and games and the refreshment counter is excellent for serving buffet suppers. A large unused room of this type with small expenditures and a little bit of ingenuity can be turned into the most lived-in and popular room in the house and will be a joy to the entire family all the year round.

Furnishing and decorating the recreation room in the cellar of our Little Colonial House completes the interior treatment of the house. However if you have been interested in watching the development of the house which we have reproduced in miniature room by room you will be glad to know that the exterior of the house, complete with garage and authentic Colonial gardens, will appear in the next issue of this magazine.

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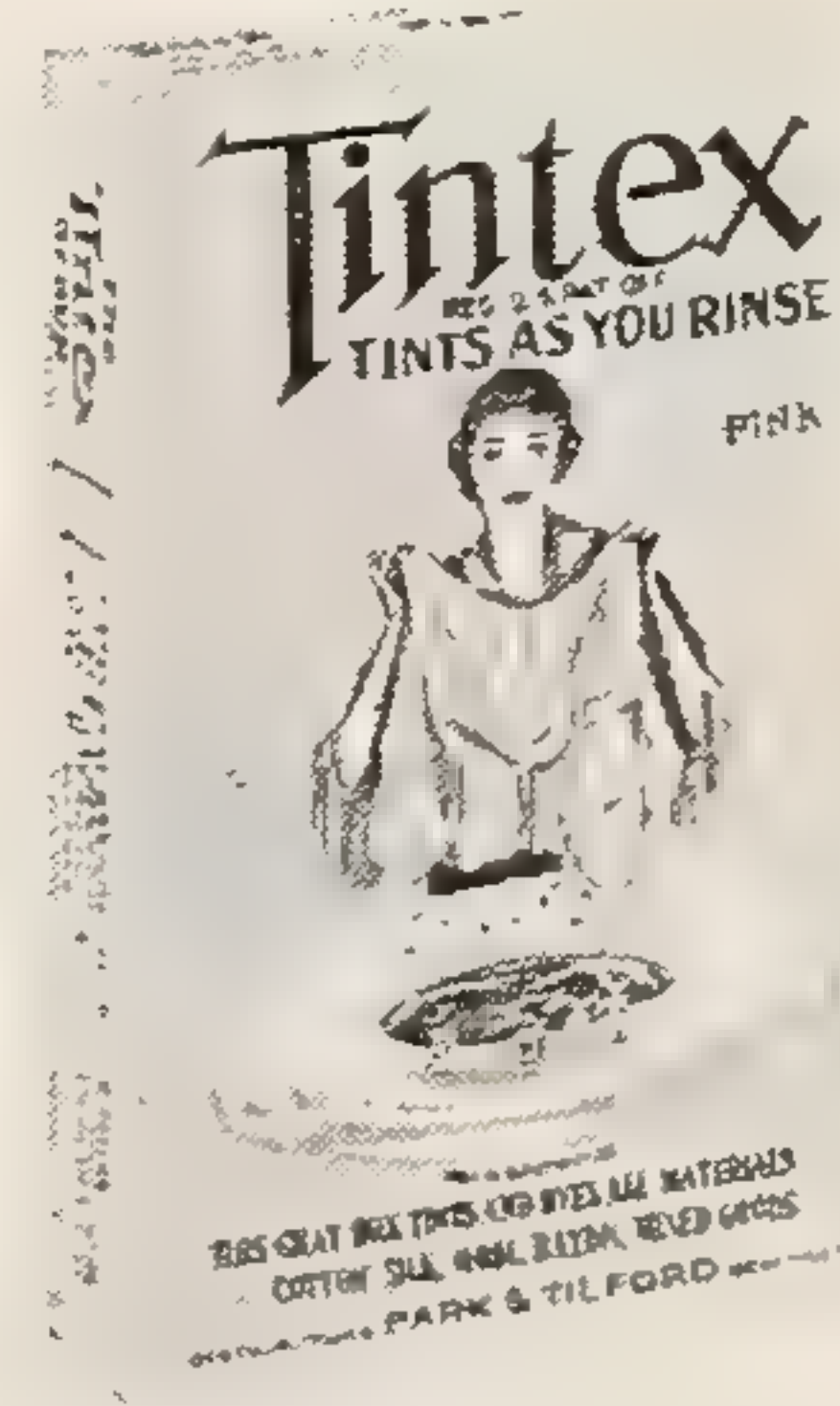
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Chew BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM



Nothing but Tests

(Continued from page 39)

Born in England of stage parentage, he came to this country as a child. He played his first part in the theater at the age of three. But things happen, as they do in this lifetime of ours, and the spirit of youth and adventure landed him in the United States Army. He remained in service four years, stationed in China and the Philippines.

He landed in Los Angeles after being paid off by the army, and decided to resume acting and try to get into pictures. It just didn't work out. Instead of an actor he found himself working as an electrician on the First National "lot". He was a "juicer" on "Naughty But Nice," and "Patent Leather Kid" until the lay-off period clamped down on production.

"The next I tried was an answer to an advertisement for five hundred men to work in 'Old Ironsides.' When I got to the studio on Vine Street at least five thousand men were mobbing the place," he relates. "I joined the line-up that moved past an assistant casting director. It took several hours to reach the point of inspection and I went through four times without being picked.

"I finally got the idea that my mustache had killed my chances. I borrowed a straight razor from a western character man hanging around, and shaved off the mustache while waiting in line for the fifth time. Before I

reached the casting assistant, however, the five hundred had been counted off and the studio door closed."

WITH parental backing, Stevens then went to study at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. It was there he got the foothold that eventually got him before the motion picture cameras. Among the players who studied with him at the Playhouse were Karen Morley, Robert Young, Douglas Montgomery and others who since have tasted film fame.

"How did you finally get into pictures?" Stevens was asked persistently.

He sighed and shook his head sadly. The gesture smacked of his weary playwright characterization in the Hollywood satire.

"I made tests..."

His voice trailed off into a ghost of a chuckle.

"For two years I made tests. I have occupied every chair in every casting office waiting-room in Hollywood. Finally, somebody actually looked at one of the tests."

He glanced at his watch and started abruptly.

"Will you excuse me? I'm a little late. I must hurry now..."

He blushed, if you can truthfully say a grown man blushes.

"... I have to make a test!"

Try Type-sketching Claudette Colbert

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE will award \$25 to the reader who makes a typewriter sketch, selected as the best, of the picture of Claudette Colbert appearing on page 31 of this issue, \$10 for the second best and ten \$1 prizes for the ten next best.

The judges will be John Held, Jr., the artist; Frederic Arnold Kummer, the author, and the editors of this magazine.

No employee of Tower Magazines, Inc., or anyone related to any employee is eligible.

Any material selected by the committee for publication automatically becomes the property of this magazine. We will not be responsible for the safe return of material submitted.

The contest—for type-sketches of the picture of Claudette Colbert—closes August 10, 1933, at midnight. Entries received after that time will not be considered.

Entries in the type-sketch contest for the best reproductions of the picture of Greta Garbo, that appeared in the May issue of this magazine, close June 10, 1933, at midnight.

The contest for the best type-sketches of June Knight, made from the picture of this new Universal star that appeared in the June NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, closes July 10, 1933.

All typewriter sketches in this month's contest must be made from the picture of Miss Colbert on page 31.

Submit all entries to the Type-sketch Editor, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Hollywood After Dark

(Continued from page 33)

not be wondered at when you consider the number of gossip columnists and scavengers of "the dirt" in the region. So, when a visitor of distinction is being entertained at a reception, there is a sort of silent panic which, to those who know, is evident in various defense mechanics.

Due to nervous tension, words are weighed or gushed, either course creating the wrong impression of the speaker, and actions are too often constrained for the establishment of proper amenities.

At one of the affairs given for Einstein I saw one of the strong silent heroes of the cinema act like a bashful schoolboy, and one of the most sophisticated of our heroines pretended to faint so that she wouldn't have to converse with the great man.

There is something about the stage conducive to inferiority complexes.

HOWEVER, the chances are good that this party we are going to will be one of the regular swell *soirees*. If there was a guest of note to be feted we would have to show cards of invitation. That has been found a necessary protective device against being overrun by the brotherhood of "chiselers," who are the "hail fellows, all wet" of Hollywood. Dozens of them will try to crash an important party, and go to any lengths to get in, inventing the most ingenious methods of attack. . . .

Are we too early? Heaven forbid! No, we can't be, for we have managed to be at least an hour late, which is tacitly expected of the people who know the ropes. And we do, of course, even if I have omitted the usual entrance speech about the damned director who took forever shooting that last scene, and delayed me. This is in the nature of a fraternity password used by the habitual late-comers in lieu of an apology.

If a director is late, he can reverse the compliment and curse out the stupid actors, or technicians.

WHERE is everybody? Oh, to be sure, the guests are in the private projection room of the hostess. Does it seem strange to entertain with specimens of one's daily work, as if a plumber exhibited his fine fixtures in the parlor, demonstrating the newest way to wipe a joint, or a politician delivering his last stump speech on the porch?

At any rate, it is the thing to have your own projection room, or a machine, for a real swanky party generally begins with a pre-view of a film in which one of the guests is featured.

The main object of the performance is to have fun at the expense of the starred player present, who must laugh, too, or squirm at the jibes and jeers of the expert audience. Her (or his) only recourse is to take it all in good part, and to find sweet revenge in likewise presenting an unreleased picture of a hated rival or nasty defamer, always making sure to invite to the "kill" those who have the sharpest barbs to shoot at the victim.

Oh, it's a grand indoor sport, and a fine free-for-all, without any Marquis of Queensbury rules. Hitting below the belt is quite all right.

(Please turn to page 84)

DON'T be fooled into believing that your teeth are naturally dull, off-color, or susceptible to decay simply because brushing fails to keep them sound or make them white. Remember this:

Any preparation that polishes teeth and fails to kill germs—millions of germs that swarm into the mouth and cause most tooth and gum troubles—**ONLY HALF CLEANS TEETH.**

One dental cream in the world that kills troublesome germs as it cleans the teeth is Kolynos. Try it—a half-inch on a dry-brush, morning and night. Soon your teeth will look cleaner than ever before.

This unique, scientific dental cream contains two priceless ingredients that give

the teeth a **DOUBLE-CLEANSING**. As one foams into every crevice, over every tooth surface and washes away food accumulation, stain and tarnish—the other kills millions of germs.

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No, you can't get by with dull, **HALF-CLEAN TEETH**. Don't try to. Start using Kolynos. Overnight your teeth will show great improvement. Your mouth will feel cleaner and fresher. Get a tube of Kolynos from your druggist today.

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Guard your DRESSES Spare your FRIENDS

Perspiration can Cost
You Both



New dresses may be easy to buy, but new friends are hard to find. Even if you can afford to ruin good dresses with unsightly perspiration stains, don't risk offending your friends with perspiration's odors!

For underarm odor subtracts irreparably from your charm. And the dress that perspiration fades, is all too soon discarded.

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Perspiration is no problem, if you prevent it. This, Odorono—a doctor's prescription—does safely and surely. For underarm moisture *must be prevented* for the sake of your dresses and your friends. And greasy creams, sticks, powders, perfumes and soaps cannot save you. But with Odorono, perspiration and its odors will never disturb you.

Both Odorono Regular (ruby red) and Instant Odorono (colorless) now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.



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REGULAR**

for use before retiring
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is for quick use—while
dressing or at any time.
1 to 3 days' protection.

ODO·RO·NO

Hollywood After Dark

(Continued from page 83)

I suppose all of us are more or less sadistic at heart, and in this pleasant little game for screen egoists there is a chance safely to vent any stored-up spleen under the disarming guise of merry mockery and friendly laughter. Also—and most important—there is no danger of libel suit!

WHILE I am gassing, you are impatient to enter that room and see who is being baited tonight. Pardon me. Just push open that door at the right. Don't mind the hisses and groans that fill the dark. By that, I judge they are having a very good time. Ah, the picture, which is to be called one of the super-jewels of the season's output, has reached the love-clinch which the director has said is "going to knock 'em cold all over the country." Most of those present know about this bombastic claim. And they're alert for bad spots. There's a voice:

"Why, they are biting each other!"

"Nature in the raw is seldom mild," deep tones rumble in answer, "and they both just adore Nature!"

"That cabin sequence is pretty lousy," declares another spectator.

"Cuts are bad—but in her favor," opines a tenor.

"Of course she wangled *that!*" exclaims a soprano.

More of the film; then another feminine voice:

"Where did she get that perfectly awful dress?"

Contralto answer:

"Looks like Czecho-Slovakia to me."

This brings loud laughter, for the leading lady now under these snipers is suspected of coming from that quarter, though she insists on being a Russian aristocrat *emigre*.

"What elbows!" cries some fellow in distress. "They stick out like semaphores!"

GIGGLES and guffaws follow this sally. The picture reels along into the big temptress scene, which shows the heroine prepared to use her blandishments on the villain so as to gain time for her lover. Suddenly, a high-pitched comment pierces the dark:

"Somebody ought to tell the poor thing how to use lipstick. Really, she must close her eyes and smear, smear, smear!"

"From ear to ear!" rhymes another voice.

And a bass growls:

"The *rouge* isn't as bad as the *noir*. Why, her eyes are made up like advanced kidney trouble! When, oh, when will they ever learn that passionate eyes need not be blackened ones—fresh from the fist?"

SO, the razzing goes on gaily, until you would imagine the picture was about the worst ever to be foisted on an unsuspecting public. As a matter of fact, it is uncommonly good. The better the work, the fiercer the Anvil Chorus. But emerging from the dissecting room, the victim does look a little pale. There were one or two things said that got under her skin, I think.

Everyone agrees, however, that it was one of the jolliest "rides" yet.

Let us adjourn to the drawing room and drink to the rough-housed beauty, and size up the crowd. Food and

liquor provide a delicious interim before the next sensation, if there is to be any.

Usually the pre-view feature is the high point of an evening, unless one of the girls or boys feels like cutting up. Sometimes, for instance, Charlie Chaplin will feel in the mood to orate and argue on a subject about which he knows nothing, cares less, and winds up with a shout of glee at having made his opponents run in circles around nothing!

Or we might have the joy of seeing and hearing Jack Barrymore in an unwritten, undirected scene of his own. You never can tell what he has up his sleeve. He enjoys practical jokes, and he can be devastatingly caustic.

You should have seen him at the party here last year when, in order to rid himself of a chattering and bore-some lady from Pasadena he pretended to get drunker and drunker. To her disgusted eyes, he was blotto in less than twenty minutes, and she sought another idol for her adoration.

The wink and grimace that John threw across the room to a bunch of his watching cronies were priceless. His conversation with the lady must have been studded with gems of incoherency and irrelevancy, judging from the bits she quoted afterwards to her friends.

WHAT'S that you say? You are surprised that so few are drinking the hard stuff to any appreciable extent. From what you were led to believe, you thought that every party



Photo by Wide World

Dorothy Jordan, signing a new long-term contract with RKO, is being teamed with Joel McCrea for what is planned to be a series of young romances, pictorial, of course. The studio hopes these two youngsters will make as successful a team as Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, or Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn, or some of the other film partnerships.

Hollywood After Dark

out here became a wet and lewd brawl before it greeted the dawn with a salvo of hiccoughs and bacchic oaths.

Some of them do turn out that way, as they do in other parts of the country, but I can't say that they are particularly characteristic of the cinema colony. Of its working members, I mean.

Visitors here, I am afraid, hit a far more consistently violent pace than we can manage, and in "doing the town" and "blowing off the lid" they make us their playfellows whether we are or not.

Which reminds me of the business executive who told me that he thought Hollywood was the wettest spot on earth, that it was impossible for him to keep sober here. But I learned he and his two pals had brought a dozen cases of whiskey with them for a ten-day visit!

However, those not drinking tonight or taking it conservatively are probably busy on a picture, and have to be on hand at eight sharp in the morning; which, in most cases means getting up at six in this long-distance territory of studios and homes.

You see, there is little time for dissipation during the making of a picture, which often demands all of your waking hours and many of those in which you are supposed to sleep, especially in these days of lean budgets and production pressure.

Over in that corner of the room, there's a stir and a babble of raised voices, and there is a chord from the piano. Oh, you must listen to this. But you can't help yourself. One of our most celebrated male quartets is getting ready to burst into harmony.

As usual, Dick Barthelmess is the instigator of it. He would rather sing than eat or act. The other members of the tuneful four are Ronald Colman, Clive Brook and Bill Powell.

They're off to a good start. Not bad, eh? But they don't care much what we think of them. Those sour notes are more amusing to these four "hoarse men"—pardon the pun—than to us. Their lungs and spirit more than make up for lack of perfect part singing. Who cares? They bring down the house every time, and it means more to them than electric lights on Broadway. I am sure that this talented and popular quartet could command a fabulous salary in a musical act, and I can see ten million movie fans storming the box-offices to hear them in "Sweet Adeline" or "On the Banks of the Wabash" or in any barber shop number of their repertoire.

There's an idea for an ambitious manager. Perhaps Roxy will make a note of it.

LOOK, their singing has brought our friend Maurice Chevalier to life. He's been mooning on those steps ever since we left the projection room.

No, it isn't unusual. He prefers to be quiet in a gathering of this kind. I don't think he likes humans *en masse*. But a bit of music will often start him off. There! The quartet has launched into one of his songs. The boys are trying to ensnare him. Will he fall for

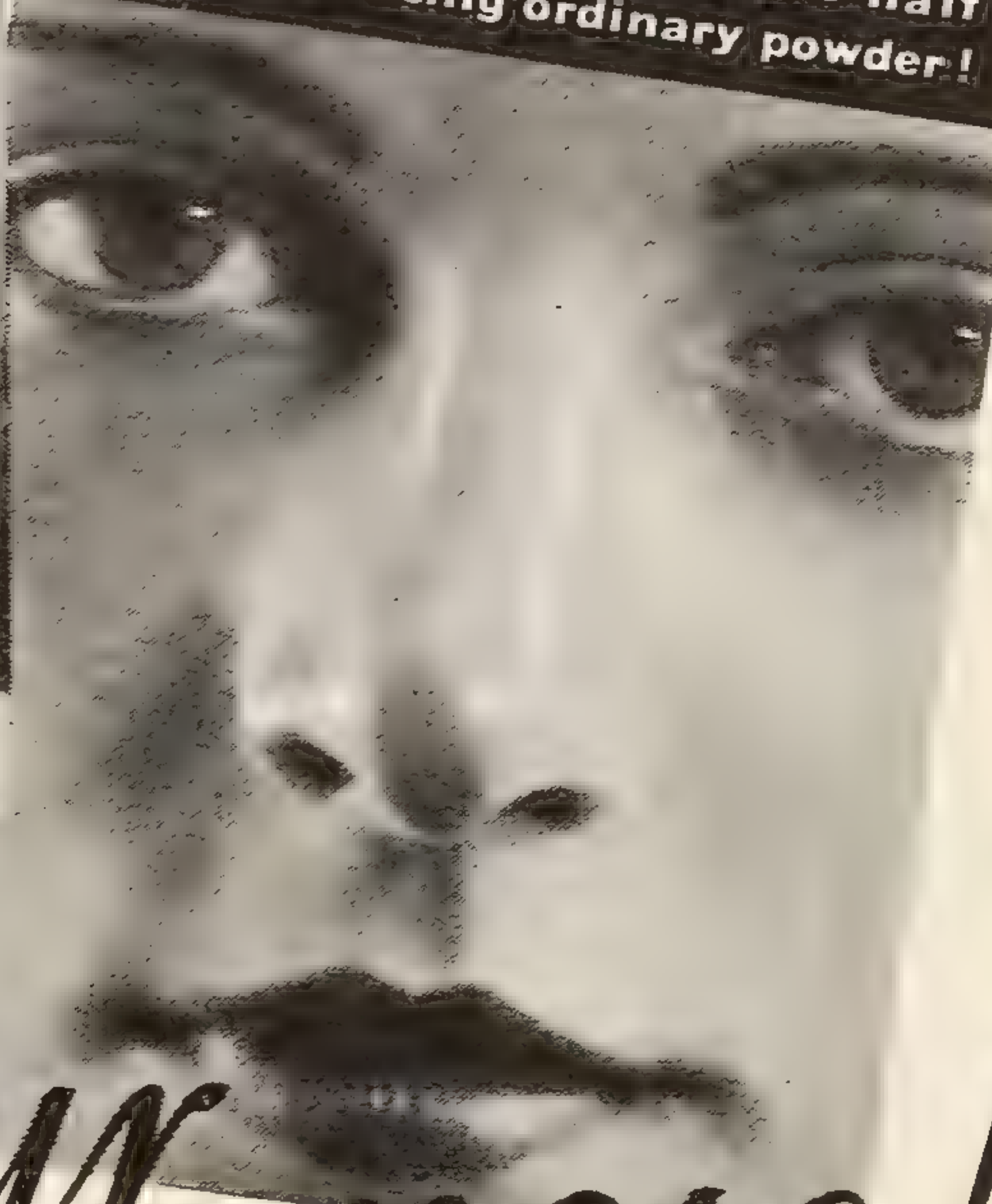
(Please turn to page 86)

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How often you are apt to find your nose in this condition one-half hour after using ordinary powder!



half-hour nose!

FROM now on it's your own fault if you're caught with a disillusioning nose shining out from the perfection (God-given or man-made) of the rest of your face. It's your own fault if you have to dive for a mirror and a powder puff every time you turn around.

For after a good deal of research and experiment, Pompeian has created a powder that will cling for hours. Not the old-fashioned type of "clinging" powder that coats the face with a dull heavy

mask, but a soft, fine powder that gives a delicate and smooth perfection to the skin. . . . Now you can leave your dressing-table serenely confident that your good looks will last throughout the evening.

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Hollywood After Dark

(Continued from page 85)

it? No he only grins and sticks out his underlip at them.

Aren't you glad the boys are singing? It puts a damper on this talk all around us on depression and what it has done, and still may do, to the picture industry. Cutting corners and penny-pinching are the order of the day, and contracts grow more uncertain and precious.

That reminds you to ask me about Greta Garbo. You hear so much about her that isn't true from people who don't know her. She is one grand person. How is she on a party? Well, it all depends. To begin with, she is hard to get out at all, not that she isn't friendly, but she's probably the shyest of us all, and she really loves solitude, I think. Duse was like that, too, if you remember.

There are some artists who get more out of themselves than out of others, and Garbo belongs to that species. By the majority, they are considered moody or unfriendly when they are merely reticent and introspective. I've seen Greta Garbo the gayest of the gay where she liked the company and felt under no restraint. . . .

WHO'S going? To be sure, the early birds must leave if they are to get any sleep in against the day's work tomorrow. Anyway, it's half past two. Some of those departing guests are headed back for the studio, I believe, to do a difficult final scene that should have been finished two days ago, according to the time sheet. Schedules have a way of getting cockeyed no matter what we do. Maybe Technocracy can do something about it.

I think it might be a good idea for us to go back with those who are due again at the studio at three o'clock. It would give you an opportunity to see a little-realized side of night-life among us. We can keep out of the way and watch the poor slaves sweating and swearing under the kleigs.

And you'll be interested in the riotous pleasures of the crew in between the shooting of scenes. Gallons of coffee are gulped as they play bridge for a tenth of a cent a point, and when the bell rings for them to be on the job again it is always at a critical moment of the rubber, and curses rend the air.

If bridge isn't being played, you might eavesdrop on an equally interesting game of hot gossip—it is always a favorite diversion—or listen to an open forum on how the business ought to be run and the wrongs of the proletariat. Such impressions would add variety and spice to your nocturnal album.

You find the studio doings rather stupid, except for the leading lady's tantrum when the director whistled at her, and the comedian forgot his best line and at the re-take said it wrong? Well, they're all fagged out, and the leading man, who is dead on his feet, has to play his most strenuous scene yet. That's part of the night-life of Hollywood, and not exceptional, either.

ASIDE from the beautiful maiden flung to the ravening wolves of criticism early in the evening, there hasn't been much of a Roman holiday

about it all, has there? And speaking of Roman holidays, there are semi-weekly auto races at Ascot out here, held at night, and you are almost guaranteed an accident at every meet. That might prove to be an interesting after-dark experience, if you want vicarious danger and a thrill of horror.

Not for you, you say? Then how about going to one of our weekly boxing or wrestling matches, which are held either at the Legion Stadium or the Olympic Auditorium. These bouts are very popular with the cinema crowd, and you could view some of the stars—male and female—in a sport firmament of ringside clamor and smoke.

That appeals to you? All right! We'll take in the scrap at the Olympic next Saturday night, and go to a cabaret or one of the newer Bohemian joints afterward.

There's the Russian-American Art Club, which is run by refugee army officers and aristocrats of the czarist regime, and is drawing the mob at the moment.

Or there's the imitation of the El Dorado Club in Berlin, called B. B. B.'s Cellar. Both are new and attract the jaded.

But if you haven't been to the famous Coconut Grove at the Ambassador, I'd recommend it. It's well worth a look-in, and especially after an "opening" when parties are given there to celebrate the "unveiling" of a new picture, and the stars come out to glitter in an atmosphere of shaded lights, whispers of breathless excitement from the outlanders present, and soulful crooning.

In this lulling nest, you know, have been hatched Bing Crosby, Russ Columbo, Harry Barris and Donald Novis, and birds of similar feather.

YES, there's a big crowd at the Olympic tonight, though I don't think the program promises much in the line of fistic history. But what of it? We came to see the audience. Those two fellows over there with their noses together arguing are Jimmy Durante and Jack Oakie. Recognize 'em? They are fight fans from the word go. So is Clark Gable, who has just taken a seat near them. Gable is a two-fisted guy himself, and I think he'd rather be in the ring than in the audience. I'd like to see him and, say, Warren William, up there with the gloves on. What a scrap that'd be!

Right you are, that's Bob Montgomery and Billy Haines arm in arm, coming down the aisle, and laughing their heads off. Wonder what it's all about? Both of them are inveterate jokesters. I'll bet Billy has been telling one of his newest tidbits. He's a great one for stories that have a robust and racy flavor, and how he can tell 'em!

Here come the first pair of pugs. What a voice that announcer has! They say you can hear him in Beverly Hills when the wind is right.

See how Will Rogers is enjoying the spiel there in the fifth row. The bell! What are the tough babies doing—just dancing? Leg-work instead of blows. There's not a haymaker between them.

"Where's your powder-puff, girlie?"
"Why don't you kiss him?"

Hollywood After Dark

"Please pass the sugar, Mabel!"

The crowd wants blood. What din! Look at Jack Gilbert yelling his head off. He can't stand this pot of pansies. Neither can Wally Beery whose face is purple with rage.

And isn't Connie Bennett's face a study? On the screen that expression would be worth a million! Between you and me, I have often thought that directors would be willing to give a right arm to be able to evoke the emotion and facial play that some stars show at one of these bouts—especially the girls.

WHO is the girl two aisles over whose face is the perfect mask of scorn? Tallulah Bankhead, of course. I believe she loves a real good fight as much as Gable, and she rarely misses these bouts—unlike Ruth Chatterton who, for a wonder, is here tonight with her husband, George Brent. Ruth prefers wrestling to boxing, and she'll be more than ever confirmed in her choice after seeing this bit of ballet.

Off with us. Perhaps Coconut Grove will take the taste out of our mouths. I'm sorry the Olympic hadn't a better show, but in all probability the next one will be a sizzler. However, here's the Ambassador. Glad you like Coconut Grove. Most people do.

The natives are particularly addicted to the place, and bring their out-of-town friends here to see the celebrities as everyday mortals. It's as good a public resort to get a close-up of the screen stars as you will find in town, but you've got to take a chance on seeing any at all except it be on the night of an "opening," as I said before.

However—and this is a little amusing secret—there are local habitués of the place who fancy themselves as doubles of the famous ones, and they drop in now and again to get a taste of false glory.

Usually, I think, they manage it so they know whether their original is to be present or not, and avoid unpleasant results. Of course, the management cannot keep them out, if they behave, and after all their posing is harmless and breaks no law.

THERE! See that young woman at our right, three tables away? She is one of the imitation stars. Because she might be taken for Marlene Dietrich, she has cultivated the resemblance to a startling degree, and the guileless visitors are deceived to their utmost satisfaction and delight.

I am told that the girl is the wife of a well-to-do Los Angeles tradesman, and he is with her most of the time, doubtless to enjoy the effects of the impersonation.

Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford have their twin sisters of the kind floating around, too, and I'm inclined to think that it isn't so much deliberate as that girls in various towns are told of their remarkable resemblance to stars, and make for Hollywood, hoping that their looks will help them land in jobs.

Male stars are not annoyed on this score in general, unless it be at long distance when their doubles try to pass phoney checks or get credit on their borrowed personality.

(Please turn to page 88)


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Perfume Container

[A SENSATIONAL OFFER]

A neat, non-leakable perfume container to carry in your handbag —always ready for immediate use.

These exquisite perfume containers come in six popular colors and make ideal gifts for your friends. Write for yours *now*!

Just send your name and address with the top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH perfume container wanted. Use the handy coupon below.

Instantly . . . A SKIN AS SOFT AS VELVET

Merely dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your tub and bathe as usual. A bath in the richest cream couldn't be more delightful or have such effective and immediate results.

LINIT is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results convince you!



Perfumed LINIT is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores. Unscented LINIT in the familiar blue package is sold only by grocers.



*The Bathway to a
Soft, Smooth Skin*

THIS OFFER GOOD IN U. S. A. ONLY
AND EXPIRES NOVEMBER 15, 1933

Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. TM-7, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York

Please send me.....perfume containers. Color(s) as checked below. I enclose \$.....and.....LINIT package tops.

☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Red ☐ Blue ☐ Green ☐ Ivory

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City..... State.....

**FOR SUMMER
SMARTNESS USE
GRIFFIN
ALLWITE
FOR ALL WHITE SHOES**

STEP OUT SMARTLY

... look your best on boardwalk and beach ... use GRIFFIN ALLWITE ... avoid any possibility of cracking and discoloring your shoes ... or giving them an unnatural finish.

Smart Society says:

"Didn't I tell you! ... If you want a new shoe finish, try GRIFFIN ALLWITE."

Men Speak Out:

"Wife says ALLWITE's wonderful for baby's shoes ... I agree, it doesn't rub off on clothes ... use it on my own shoes ... it's best for buck and puts a shine on calf and elk."

Trained Nurses say:

"ALLWITE whitens the permanent stains that we get on white shoes ... doesn't coat or crack, although white shoes must be cleaned every day."



We say:

"Try ALLWITE and you will never be without it ... for it CLEANS and WHITENS to a NEW shoe FINISH."

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE
There isn't any

GRIFFIN MANUFACTURING CO., INC.
69 Murray Street, New York City

Hollywood After Dark

(Continued from page 87)

Beg pardon? You are incredulous that the dancing is stopping at the stroke of twelve? Oh, yes, it's so. We have a curfew law out here. Midnight on Saturdays and one o'clock on other nights of the week. And our Sunday music must be of the righteous sort, too. If you want jazz or dance music you have to bootleg it through your radio at home. Didn't I tell you we were more like Sweet Auburn than Gomorrah!

But before we call it a night, why not take a peep at the Brown Derby? It's the place—or Henry's, if you like—for a final cup of coffee together with a glimpse of an array of human types difficult to duplicate elsewhere. And here we may see some dark glasses.

DARK glasses? Yes. Don't you know that dark glasses are the favorite disguise of the stars when they go out slumming, or when they wish to avoid recognition? You have surely read of Greta Garbo's wearing them in New York, London and Paris? In Hollywood we try the same trick, but it worked successfully for only a short time. When others took to wearing them, we had to quit. At least, most of us did. We'll have to think of something else in the way of disguise, I'm afraid.

The Brown Derby is subdued to-night. We're a bit early for the real melee. Those with hip flasks and hotcha babies will drift in later. Saturday night is the big night here, but after New York's Greenwich Village and Harlem revels of the kind, you'll find this pretty slow. At least I think that you will.

While we are waiting for excitement and sipping this excellent coffee, I'd like to tell you of the one night in our social season (if we have any such high-sounding interlude in our life) that I wish you could witness. But the participants in this Scheherazade fantasy are limited to those engaged in the motion picture industry.

Called the Mayfair Club, the organization gathers once a month in the Biltmore Hotel, and each of the film

companies is allotted a special night to stage a review of its own, in a double sense. Which one of these half dozen nights I'd pick for you, I don't know, but they all seem to repeat the same pattern.

New personalities are on parade, and the old stand-bys are refurbished into most dazzling form. Dresses and jewels provide a fashion show worthy of the court of France in the heyday of its Sun-king. The beauty of the women leaves a mere man breathless and quite bereft of discrimination. As for the men on exhibition, they are in the main handsome, upstanding, distinguished, and of course, faultlessly attired.

EVERYBODY is too busy talking about himself, or the latest bit of inside gossip or scandal about another, to pay attention to either food or entertainment offered. All are feverishly bent upon making a great and lasting impression on the important executives who are like so many magnetic poles in the field.

The actors and actresses who are on the verge of getting new contracts or who want to renew old ones are said to have their lawyers within five minutes' call, so that they may follow up an advantage immediately before some one changes his mind.

The night is full of intrigues, strategies and the lure of spoils. Humble pie is eaten with gusto. High-horses are tethered. Personal "acts" are put on that outshine any public performance. It is Vanity Fair and the Valley of Despair and the Delectable Mountains all rolled into one.

Certainly, you ought to go to one of these most characteristic and illuminating nights of Hollywood, but how can we manage it? Outsiders are strictly forbidden. I can't encourage you, of course, but you might consult one of our leading "chiselers." Or you might study your face and see whom you could "double" for, and perhaps get by. Or you could use my dark glasses. I'll have to get crutches after this night work of ours has been revealed.

Don't Be Late! Your favorite magazines are on sale five days earlier now and we're warning you that lots of other women want copies, too ... so hurry.

Buy your copy of:

- HOME MAGAZINE
- THE NEW MOVIE
- ILLUSTRATED LOVE
- MYSTERY

_____ on the 10th of every month now instead of the
_____ 15th ... you have five days less to wait!

How Does She Do It?

(Continued from page 57)

low. Instead of having them curve up at the ends they curve down keeping at the same distance from the eye for their full length—a much more natural line than the question mark eyebrows.

Miss Francis does not use heavy make-up for street wear and particularly doesn't go in for flashy lip make-up. A touch of color, of course, but not enough to emphasize the mouth to the detriment of her other features.

The simpler the better is her measuring stick for make-up as it is for clothes measuring. She says:

"I really don't buy clothes according to a plan. I buy what I like, keeping away from clothes that are too completely modish. I prefer the Chanel line with a little modification and since I often don't know when I'll have time to go shopping again I buy a good many clothes at once—and not just for one season."

Black is her favorite color, particularly for street clothes and it is an undoubtedly good choice for one with her dark hair and eyes. Sometimes she wears it without color relief, sometimes modified with white.

"Black is always safe, for almost any occasion and for most types of women, I believe," she told me. "And when your wardrobe is limited it is particularly good to wear black and to keep to simple lines that can be worn whatever the current style idiosyncrasies. I like tweeds, myself, and think that suits are always good for daytime wear. They can be chosen so that they will be wearable for more than one season, too."

Of course, Kay's figure, in addition to her excellent choice of clothes has a lot to do with her reputation as a well-dressed woman. She doesn't diet. Work and the exercise she gets in games and sports are enough to keep her to the norm.

"It seems to me that a normal healthy routine of life, with sufficient exercise and enough food should make weight watching unnecessary. I think however that too much exercise is as bad as too little just as too-little food is as bad as too much.

"Sometimes between pictures when I'm just having fun being lazy and sitting around, I do pick up four or five pounds but when I get back to work again I always seem to be able to lose them right away."

Her dachshund, Wilhelmina, and Jib, the cat, as well as her two rabbits—Peter Rabbit, she claims as the only housebroken rabbit in existence—keep her busy and well exercised if she hasn't time for regular sports.

She walks a good deal, but for long distances prefers airplanes to any other mode of travel.

The day I saw her she was wearing a black ciré satin and black sheer wool dress with a smart one-sided black hat. Her hairdress is unusual, but very becoming. She generally wears it parted in the middle and brushed back from her forehead in soft waves, showing about half her ears. However in some scenes of "The Keyhole" she wore a platinum blond wig with bangs—and the effect was entrancing but not Kay Francis, who is the expression of poise without over-sophistication, of good looks and good dressing without sensationalism.



Why isn't this pretty girl dancing?

SHE'S pretty. She's a good dancer. She's lively company. She wears stunning clothes.

Yet there she is, alone. Why?

The answer is not hard to find. Because she does not understand that soap and water alone cannot protect her from the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration, she is cut off from so much pleasure.

What a pity it is! And so needless. For it's so easy to have complete protection, just by using Mum!

A light fingertipful of this snowy deodorant cream smoothed under each arm when you dress—and you're safe for the whole day or evening.

Mum is no trouble to use—takes only half a minute. And you can use it any time, even after you're dressed.

For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too—even a sensitive skin. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Another thing women use Mum for—to remove strong, stubborn odors, such as onion and fish, from their hands. Keep a jar in the kitchen for this.

Remember, Mum does not interfere with natural perspiration. It simply prevents ugly odor. Get the habit of using it daily. You can get Mum at any toilet counter, 35c and 60c. The Mum Mfg. Co., 75 West St., New York.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM SERVES WOMEN. Mum on sanitary napkins is a guarantee of freedom from odor. You need no longer worry about this old, old feminine problem.



SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Just spread ZiP Depilatory Cream over the hair to be removed, rinse off, and admire your beautiful, hair-free skin. You will marvel at this white, fragrant cream; smooth and mild; rapid and efficacious. ZiP Depilatory Cream leaves no unpleasant odor, and instantly removes every vestige of hair... GIANT TUBE 50¢.

PERMANENTLY



DESTROYS HAIR

The only registered Epilator available for actually destroying hair growths. Tested over a period of twenty years, ZIP Epilator has proved its claims. Ideal for face, arms, legs and body. Simple and quick, it leaves no stubble and no dark shadow under the skin. Acts immediately and brings lasting results... Generous package \$1.00

TREATMENT OR FREE DEMONSTRATION AT MY SALON

Madame Berthe

SPECIALIST
562 Fifth Avenue, New York (46th St.)

New: ZiP Deodorant Pencil 50¢
Convenient — Efficient — Smart

Movie Cook-Cooks

(Continued from page 35)

Add similies—
Suggestive as a supervisor.

And in Hollywood, right now, it's just like a woman not to be.

OMIGOSH!
(Classified Ad—Los Angeles paper)

BABIES! BABIES! BABIES!
Brought to attention of motion picture directors at once. Box T-174.

When a film star's life is an open book
No chatter writer cares to look.

AND right at present, it seems there are two schools of thought on the subject of what's wrong with the motion picture industry. One faction thinks it needs a dictator, while the rest of us think it needs big shots who are willing to listen.

What if it all started just because Marlene Dietrich's husband bought a two-pants suit?

LET them make more and worse pictures—and then charge the actors a tidy sum to keep them out of circulation.

Will Hays might even induce the Red Cross to step in with contributions to ease human suffering.

In not a movie has there been
A gal who walked with hands on hips
Who didn't prove quite steeped in sin
And guilty of a lot of slips.

Be that as it may, Hollywood

has certainly speeded up production of things something must be done about.

Would any of you kiddies out there in magazine-land be interested in the fact that Jean Harlow has double-jointed thumbs?

No?

All right! All right for you!

We'll just save the handsome silver loving-cup for another occasion.

AND it seems there are a lot of producers who can't decide whether to treat sex as a necessary evil or to treat sex as a very necessary evil.

PEGGY Hopkins Joyce announces that she is planning to go big game hunting in Africa.

Heretofore Peggy has done her big game hunting in Chicago, New York, Paris and Hollywood.

(She ought to have Jack Oakie stuffed and placed in her trophy room.)

"I have another idea* in the back of my head," says Peggy. "I want to write a novel. My publisher says it ought to be about Hollywood. I think Hollywood is too tame. Perhaps, however, I'll capitulate."

Well, why not?

A modern novelist has got to get material somehow.

**The late beloved Wilson Mizner once warned that in Hollywood, two ideas at the same time are considered unlawful assemblage.*

New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 61)

hunchback manager, ably played by Ralph Forbes, is too smart for them.

Finally they get Murdock, not through their own efforts (and here I'll keep the secret), only to discover that he has been merely the show window for the combination. Figure the rest out for yourself. It ends with a killing in the radio studio itself... and though this bit reminds you of the end of a recent columnist picture, it will leave you with a sob in your throat that that show didn't.

And a tin medal, at least, to Ralph Forbes for a performance 'way above his average.

There are no names of great note in the cast. But in spite of that, your theater guide thinks you will thank him for tipping you off to "The Phantom Broadcast."

DEAD ON ARRIVAL—(Paramount)—A snappy show made from an old story with a couple of original twists. Ricardo Cortez and Gloria Stuart head the bill with a good supporting cast.

If you like your mystery, "Dead on

Arrival" will fill the bill. David Manners and William Harrigan have much to do... Johnny Hines, once a big-time favorite, corners a few laughs... and, possibly most important, you'll get a good look at Jack La Rue, Mae West's recent importation to Hollywood.

Good for the whole family without being particularly suited to any part of it. Yet "Dead on Arrival" is still good enough to please most of you.

THE KING OF JAZZ—(Universal re-issue)—Your reviewer has not seen the re-cut version of "The King of Jazz" that Universal is planning to release but it occurs to him that those who did not see or do not remember the Universal special, will appreciate having their memories jogged.

No picture or show ever included so many potential stars as did Paul Whiteman's motion picture. John Boles never sang any better than he did in "Monterey" and "Song of the Dawn." Bing Crosby made his first important appearance in this show. Jeanette Loff and the Brox sisters

New Pictures You Should See

helped out with the harmonies. If the Universal re-issue comes into your neighborhood, your reviewer is inclined to believe that even if it is a couple of years or so old, a few reels cut out of it will still make it better entertainment than a lot of shows you've been seeing lately. And we still think movies are getting better week by week.

LILLY TURNER—(Warners)—Ruth Chatterton when she first came to the motion picture world from the stage, was immediately billed as "The First Lady of the Screen."

Since then she has left Paramount and joined up with Warners, where a determined effort has been made to change her title from "The First Lady" to "The Worst Lady on the Screen."

In "Madame X" she was no better than she should have been. A few more pictures allowed her screen morals to continue their decline until she hit a "low" in "Frisco Jenny."

Now, when it seemed as if the bottom was reached, Miss Chatterton, with the assistance of George Brent, comes right through again and sets a new low or high for "scarlet" ladies of the motion picture world.

I can safely say that "Lilly Turner" will bring a blush or so to your cheeks. Or it should if it doesn't. At first, our Lilly is more sinned against than otherwise, but as time and the reels go on she enters into the fun of the thing and becomes "one of them there women with a scarlet past and a heart of gold."

However, there is nothing in the picture that Junior doesn't know about (I'm afraid) and it is far and away the best job that Miss Chatterton has done under the Warner banner, in the none-so-humble opinion of your reviewer.

Joking aside, it is a trifle strong fare for the juveniles. But a good evening's fun for some of us.

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933—(Warner-First National)—A musical comedy drama that bids fair to eclipse "42nd Street" is coming to you from the same studio.

You will remember "The Wedding of the Painted Doll," "Tip Toe Through the Tulips" and "Singing in the Rain"—they were the hit numbers of "The Gold Diggers of Broadway," and now you'll see and hear something quite as good in this 1933 version.

The sets are magnificent, better even than in "42nd Street," and a fine cast makes every minute of the show a rare treat.

Warren William gets the first billing. Ruby Keeler has a similar rôle to her last one, and even if her acting still leaves something to be desired, she's as cute as can be. Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, Guy Kibbee, Aline MacMahon, Ginger Rogers, Ned Sparks and Glenda Farrell form what to your reviewer's mind can certainly be called an all-star cast.

Mervyn Leroy directed and found a spot in the show for Tammany Young, one of the most famous gate-crashers of all time, and he's good.

This is, without doubt, one of the big moments of the motion picture musical-comedy year.

\$1 to \$3 Quality - Yet FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS cost only 10¢



Scientific Comparison with Costliest Brands proves Faoen —in convenient 10¢ sizes—Equals them in Quality

No longer is it necessary to pay high prices for the highest quality beauty aids. Now—you can still have the best, and yet pay only 10¢—if you will ask for Faoen! And here is the proof from a famous Research Laboratory:—

"every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for \$1, \$2 and \$3."

Try a Faoen ensemble of Poudre, Lip-Stick and Rouge—today. Let Faoen quality speak for itself!

10¢ each at F.W.Woolworth Co. Stores



- CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM
- FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

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MANICURE

LIQUID POLISH



"What alluring nails!"

"It's the grandest new Polish"



"Sparkles like diamonds, but does it last?"

"A whole week, my dear. And it goes on so smoothly."

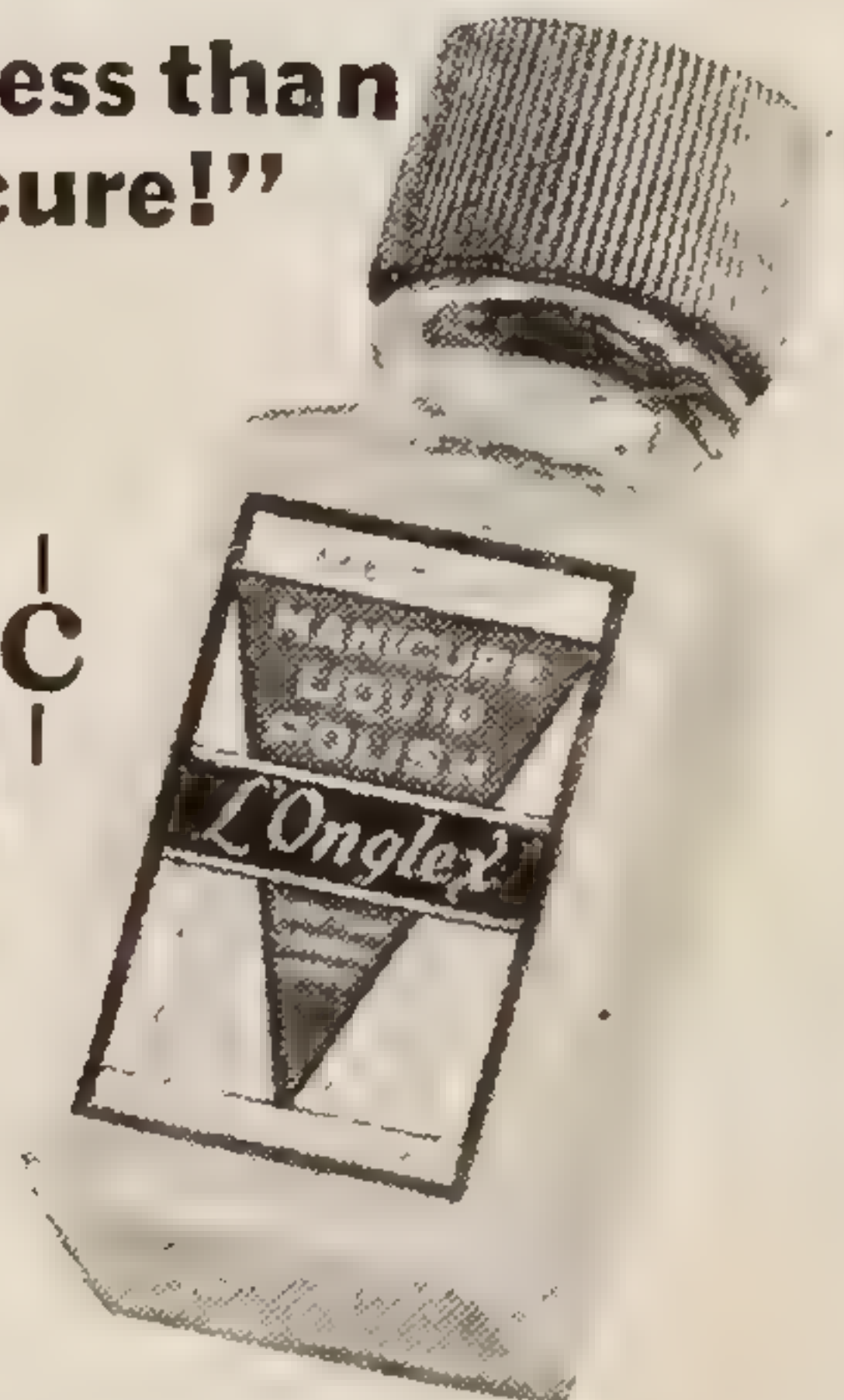


"You must have paid a lot for it"

"No—it costs less than a cent a manicure!"

ONLY

10¢



4 smart shades

At your favorite 10¢ Store

New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 91)

THE LITTLE GIANT—(First National)—Remember "Little Caesar?"

Well, he's turned *Pagliacci*, put on a clown's make-up and bobbed up again as "The Little Giant."

Edward G. Robinson just about heads any list of character "heavies" that a Hollywood onlooker could compile; yet, his comedy work in this picture is as good as anything he has ever done.

Of course, your old friend "Little Caesar" is still with us. This time, Bugs Ahearn, king-pin of the Chicago racketeers decides that the beer racket is shot, so he breaks up the mob, takes a million and a half for himself and goes to New York to find a new racket.

Bugs goes for a sleigh-ride and it is his old enemy, the district attorney, who finally sets him straight. Realizing that he has been legally trimmed in his "new racket" Bugs calls the old gang together and in an hilarious burlesque of gangster "torture" methods, he gets every cent back from the brokerage firm he has joined. The boys decide that Bugs is still the boy with the brains and that his new racket is "okay" with them in it.

The finale shows them playing polo with machine guns and sawed-off shot-guns backing the deal.

This is one that you'll do well to see. There are a couple of shots that will keep you laughing for a week.

THE NARROW CORNER—(First National)—Hollywood seems to have gone "Somerset Maugham" recently. "Our Betters" was from the pen of this famous Britisher and "The Narrow Corner" comes from the same source.

Of the two, "The Narrow Corner" is a much better movie story. When Mr. Maugham tries, there is no living author who can get more human drama into the printed page. Doug Fairbanks, Jr. needs this type of story, and in this show and "Fellow Prisoner," he really shows the acting of which he is capable.

Patricia Ellis, Ralph Bellamy and Dudley Digges share the main burden with him and once more the contention of your reviewer, that with adequate support and a good story the younger Fairbanks is one of Hollywood's smoothest performers, is well borne out.

Your reviewer likes being right and therefore calls this First National production to your attention. It is a happy mixture of believable drama and unforced comedy ably directed by Alfred Green, one of the better Hollywood craftsmen.

While your reviewer still thinks that some day Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. will make a much better picture than anything he has done to date, including "The Narrow Corner," he still thinks that the whole family can see this latest effort of the Crown Prince of Hollywood and leave the theater satisfied.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY—(Fox)—We are glad that Colleen Moore is back on the screen again and we are more than glad that she came back in a picture as good as "The Power and the Glory."



MAKE THE SHIRLEY HAT

Sherlock Holmes started it all, with the quaint hat he wore on sleuthing expeditions. Here's an artist's conception of a hat for Shirley Holmes or any attractive young woman to wear. It's surprisingly like Sherlock's sleuthing cap and yet it's as modern as can be. The original was made of yellow corded silk with black patent leather trimming. You can make it for yourself of corded silk, piqué or silk piqué with patent leather or ciré satin trim. Send for our special pattern circular—The Shirley Hat. Send your request with five cents to the Fashion Editor, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Not that Miss Moore is so excellent in this show. . . . I seem to remember her far more pleasantly as the mad-cap of some of her older ones . . . but she and Spencer Tracy, with the assistance of an excellent cast, have provided you with a worth-while picture that you will enjoy—unless I miss my guess a mile.

William K. Howard, who knows better than most how to get sweep and power into a movie, has given "The Power and the Glory" a sincerity that is reminiscent of that other Fox achievement, "Cavalcade."

Jesse L. Lasky, who helped to build Paramount from an idea into an institution, produced this show. The old master seems to be on his mettle. At any rate, he has put something more than mere acting and direction into his first two shows, this one and "Zoo in Budapest." He has put vision and imagination and some of the freshness

New Pictures You Should See

that movies seemed to have some ten years ago.

See it. You can't miss getting something more than just entertainment.

THE MORNING GLORY—(Radio)—Your reviewer can safely say that you will like Katharine Hepburn better in "The Morning Glory" than you did in "Christopher Strong." Not only does the star have a chance to be the mysterious, rather detached personality of "A Bill of Divorcement" but she is presented in a more understandable vehicle than the strictly British "Christopher Strong."

Your reviewer was rather reminded of Katharine's own story. She, too, played in a couple of bad plays before she got her one big chance . . . and as in the movie, Katharine was about the only one who honestly believed that she would become a big star.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., getting a real break, plays the young dramatist who has enough faith in her to star her in his greatest show. Doug is more believably romantic than he has been of late.

Adolphe Menjou and Mary Duncan play important rôles and Lowell Sherman, one of Hollywood's smartest directors, got every last bit of value out of each line and situation. After "She Done Him Wrong" and "The Morning Glory" there are few directors for whom Mr. Sherman should take a back seat.

BED OF ROSES—(Radio)—Gregory La Cava, fresh from his directorial triumph in "Gabriel Over the White House," comes through with the best knitted story that the blond Connie Bennett has played in since "Common Clay."

"Bed of Roses," a story carrying a really dramatic punch, deals with Mardi Gras time in New Orleans. There are a couple of lovely scenes that are well worth the price of admission.

Miss Bennett, who sinned more than she suffered in "Our Betters," tries the other method in "Bed of Roses" and is faithful to Joel McCrea in spite of plentiful opportunities to be otherwise.

Richard Halliday, always a dependable performer, plays a particularly good heavy rôle and an old vaudeville favorite, Miss Pert Kelton, scores in a smaller bit.

McCrea and Connie Bennett seem ideally suited for each other. Somehow the blond star seems softer and more believable in scenes with Joel than she does with other leading men.

Thanks to a fine cast and grand direction, "Bed of Roses" should please wherever it is shown.

EAT AND KEEP COOL

Write to Rita Calhoun, care of the Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City, stating which of the leaflets described on page 63 you would like or whether you would like them all. Remember they are printed on loose leaves, so that you can keep them in a loose-leaf binder. Send 3 cents for one, 5 cents for three and 10 cents for all eight.

Olive Oil

makes your skin alluring
... and makes *Palmolive* green

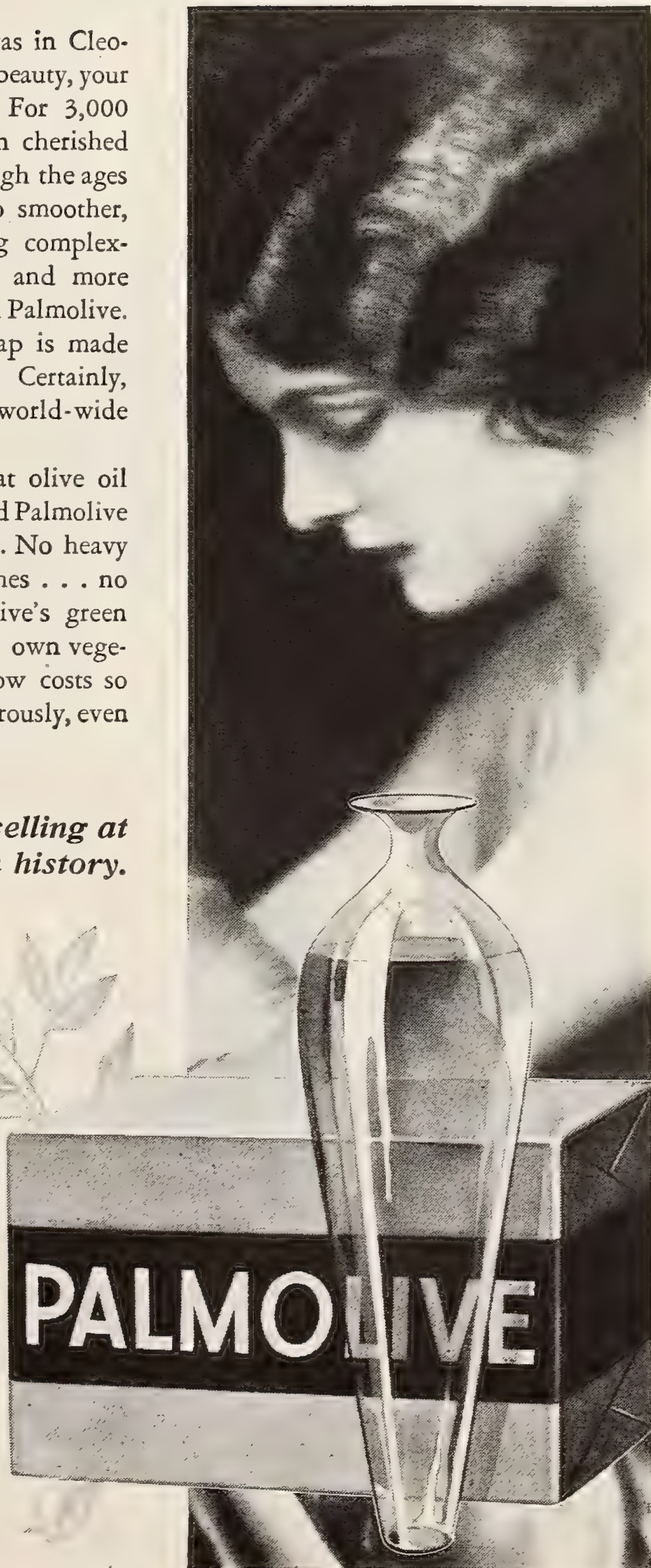
AS true today as it was in Cleopatra's time—"for beauty, your skin needs olive oil." For 3,000 years, olive oil has been cherished for skin beauty . . . through the ages the unfailing answer to smoother, lovelier, more charming complexions. That's why more and more women every day cherish Palmolive. For this olive-green soap is made of precious olive oil. Certainly, Palmolive deserves its world-wide enduring success.

Everybody knows that olive oil makes skin alluring—and Palmolive is abundant in olive oil. No heavy perfumes . . . no bleaches . . . no artificial colors. Palmolive's green is the green of Nature's own vegetable oils. Palmolive now costs so little, you can use it generously, even in your beauty baths.

Palmolive is now selling at the lowest price in history.

This much olive oil goes into every cake

Faithfully shown by the size of this container is the abundant quantity of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive. That's why 20,000 beauty experts recommend Palmolive, including Vincent, of Philadelphia's Benjamin Franklin Hotel, who says: "Since all this olive oil goes into every cake . . . naturally I prefer Palmolive."



When a woman
is in love



...DEW IS A FAITHFUL ALLY

Wise old Plutarch, the ancient Greek philosopher, said: "The soul of a man in love is full of perfumes and sweet odors." A clever, modern woman, reading between the lines, knows that a man loves a woman best when she is sweet and dainty.

Modern women, for this reason, depend upon Dew to protect themselves and their garments from perspiration stains and odor. With its improved, sanitary applicator, Dew may be applied in a moment. It dries at once—takes effect immediately. Keep the beautiful flask on your dressing table as a reminder. Dew will not irritate the skin or injure fragile fabrics when the simple directions are followed.

A confidential booklet about the relationship of love, pleasant scents and disagreeable odors will be sent free. Mail the coupon today. Marion Lambert, Inc., St. Louis & Toronto.

(Dew instantly and completely deodorizes sanitary napkins)

DEW

Crystal-pure Deodorant and Non-perspirant

PREVENTS ODOR / PROTECTS CLOTHES

INSTANT DEW

may be applied at any time—day or night—while you dress.

ULTRA DEW

is for more lasting protection—3 days or more. Use it at bedtime.



REGULAR
FULL SIZES

25¢

AND

50¢

LARGE
ECONOMY SIZE

\$1.00

DEW

Look for this counter display in
your drug or department store.

MARION LAMBERT, INC.

Dep't. R-36, Del Monte Way, St. Louis, Mo.

Send me your FREE, confidential booklet.

Name

Address

City State

Our Boulevardier Denies Everything

(Continued from page 47)

GARBO'S return, unlike that of beer, did not bring Happy Days to everyone. Four hundred news correspondents in Hollywood groaned and wept in their seidels. She's more work than all the rest of Hollywood combined.

No one ever knows for sure just where she is. Because of this elusiveness wild stories spring up in pastures everywhere. An Oscalaloosa editor wires frantically to his correspondent: "Dame nabbed wobbling nude down highway. Says she's Garbo. Verify and wire."

English correspondents get phone calls from their papers in the middle of the night asking them to put Greta on the wire instantly to prove she is not the woman in tweeds and dark glasses prowling mysteriously about St. James Palace trying to peer in the Prince of Wales' windows.

As madmen fancy themselves Napoleon, so lady lunatics imagine they're Garbo. But the sanity test is simple. Just ask them if they're Garbo. There's only one woman in the world who'll deny it—that's Garbo. It's the J. Emersons and Gussie Bergers you have reason to wire about.

"I CHUCKED a good job with a manufacturing company for this haywire racket," says Johnny Weissmuller, "and I wish I hadn't." Says he thought he was going to be a Big Shot and live on Easy Street after "Tarzan." He was given a contract with a big weekly salary—when he worked—but he didn't work for months after "Tarzan" and his expenses doubled. Johnny found that when you become a Big Shot you have to wear a monkey suit and high hat and live your part. He had a regular salary with the manufacturing company. He advertised their bathing suits and wore them. M-G-M bought up that contract and took away his bathing suit and he doesn't know what they did with it. That's the way with these producers. They'll take the shirt off your back, your pants too, and then they've got you.

E. D. M. B. writes from Vancouver, B. C.:

"When I get magazines I read them from cover to cover without finding a scrap about Mr. Novarro . . . If there does happen to be a paragraph it is always about how good he is or about "Ben Hur." You may not believe this, Mr. Howe, but it's true many of us don't remember the making of "Ben Hur," so it must have been made a long, long time ago."

The early A. D.'s, baby. Off screen Mr. Novarro has a long white beard and is known as Peter the Hermit, a familiar figure along Hollywood Blvd.

The "Buy American" campaign went beyond wildest expectations and indeed got out of hand. Peggy Joyce announced she would not only buy American but marry American too, henceforth. This is what you'd call boycotting.

Candidates For The Hall of Fame:
Miss Elissa Landi, nominated by Pal

William C. Floyd, Rock, Mass.

Mr. Nils Asther, nominated by Pals Norene, Clay, Lucille, Birger, of Butte, Hartford, New Orleans and Oslo.

Miss Edna Mae Oliver and Mr. Jimmy Gleason (paired) by Pal Beverly Montague Gavit of Wayne, Penn.

Miss Ruth Chatterton, nominated by Pal "J. A." of the U. S. S. Concord (For the Gob's sake!).

Mr. Alexander Kirkland, nominated by Pal Warner Oland, obscure Chinese rancher of Carpinteria, Cal.

Miss Myrna Loy, nominated by Mae West's little Pal You Just Guess Who.

You can tell by the way they dress just how players rate. If they're all dressed up they're looking for work. If they're in sweat shirts and dungarees, they're sitting pretty. Hollywood's so different.

The Academy of Arts and Sciences ought to make Estelle Taylor some sort of publicity award. Divorced all these years from Dempsey, she still gets headlines by hinting their romance is at an end.

THE news service boys of Hollywood were thrown into pandemonium by a yell from the Eastern office wanting to know why they hadn't dispatched news of Garbo's engagement. London papers had scooped them.

Springing into their sleuthing disguises, they uncovered the scoop. It seems a British editor, awaking from a long doze, picked up a six-months-old American movie magazine and read that Garbo was engaged to a German merchant prince by name of Gumbel or Grumble.

It was just a vapoing of a Hollywood chatterer after a free cocktail party. Nevertheless, Greta was trailed to her lair, where she stammered frightenedly that she may have met a man by that name but was almost positive she wasn't about to become Mrs. Gumbel or Grumble.

Yawning the Boul':

Grauman's Chinese theater suggests an insane cockatoo in the moulting period.

Why can't I bring myself into a theater showing a prison picture? Afraid I can't get out? Or something to do with a previous incarnation?

HELEN HAYS tells me that taping the eyes for Chinese parts causes permanent pouches. She didn't tape hers, the foxy son-daughter.

Riddle: What is the name of the mountain the moon came over? Ans: Kate Smith of course. Well, then, you riddle me one.

Hollywood shops are showing women's coats and trousers with an extra dress for hubby's housework.

Walls of movie sets used to be plaster board; now they're burlap that's been soaked in cement. Kick a hole in that, you Barrymores!

Seventeen thousand extras are registered at the Central Casting Bureau in Hollywood. Seven thousand speak for-

Our Boulevardier Denies Everything

eign languages, one hundred and three dead languages. For horror pictures? Jean Harlow's forthcoming oratorio is appropriately titled, "Bombshell," being based on the lives of herself and Clara Bow.

Buster Keaton cried when he quit the M-G-M lot at end of his contract. No glycerine, either.

What famous beauty lives on garlic? Miss Peggy Joyce. Her villa is on Cap D'Ail—Point of Garlic. Bet you wish you knew French, too.

The favorite gladiator of local empresses is not an actor but a writer—Johnny Farrow. We typing *tarzans* have the touch!

How to increase theater patronage: Cut newsreel "interpreters" a hundred per cent.

Why does Miss Snooky act so wooky of late? Punch-goofy from playing with Cagney.

Now I *have* got a headache. Too patriotic, trying to drink enough beer to balance the old budget all by myself.

When well-paunched writers quit saying the depression is over I'll believe it. In the meantime, we of Hollywood want you to know we're suffering with you.

Peggy Joyce announces she will not marry for six years. A moratorium to allow the boys to save up.

A producer has engaged a medium to bring Valentino back. Probably aims to pay with checks on banks that have gone Up Yonder.

The only way one actress could take her annual trip East was by accompanying a body. Hope I can take one around the world.

Now that we have beer I trust Mrs. Charles Sabin, the Wet campaigner, will not feel impelled to deliver any more orations from the News Reels. If she does I'm going to turn and fling myself into the temperance arms of Ella Boule. Just a warning, Mrs. Sabin. And to you too, Mrs. Boule.

Next Month THE WINNER

The name of the winner in the contest for a pen-name for the anonymous author of "Hollywood Day by Day" will be announced in the August issue of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. An award of \$100 will be given to the reader who submits the name selected as being the best.

The contest closes June 10, 1933, at midnight.

The editors of this magazine will be the judges.

Don't fail to get the August issue of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, and see if you approve our choice. We have already received hundreds of suggestions. More are coming in every-day. You have given us a splendid response, and we thank you.

*"Glory be!
A smart new way to wash!"*



LA FRANCE blues your clothes right in the wash water, while it helps your soap loosen dirt faster and better!

Just dissolve 1/3 package La France in the wash water with your regular laundry soap . . . wash as usual in tub or machine . . . but forget the separate bluing-rinse! La France blues perfectly as it cleans . . . no danger of over-bluing, no spot-

ting, no streaking, even in hard water.

You've saved the bother and labor of putting clothes through a separate bluing rinse. You've saved yourself tiresome washboard rubbing, too—because La France has helped to loosen every bit of stubborn grease and grime. And you have the loveliest, freshest, whitest wash ever! Wonderful La France!

La France . . . saves bother of bluing separately . . . gets clothes cleaner, whiter

FREE! Test package of La France, enough for family wash (1 large tub). Free sample Satina included.

LA FRANCE is wonderful for washing babies' clothes... contains no harmful alkali to irritate delicate skins.

Grocers everywhere carry La France . . . It's never more than 10 cents . . . enough for three tubfuls.

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T.M.—7-33

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TOWER BOOKS
Incorporated
55 Fifth Ave., New York



What Keeps Hollywood on the Go?

(Continued from page 50)

Thinking Studio with 6 gallons of beautiful photos under my arm, I feel like Chief Judge Charlie Hughes (Rep) making a president out of Hon. Franklin Del Roosevelt (Dem).

In kitchen dept. of that George F. Ogre palace where I bathe dishes, mopp & fry, there I find my Cousin Nogi doing nothing in a very intellectual way.

"What you got under your strong elbow?" negotiate Nogi.

"All beautiful femail stars in Hollywood," I revoke.

"Hon. Fox & Selznick could never kapture so many at same time," he otter.

"Fox & Selznick, if they was partners with Rupert Hughes, never got such job as I got," I amputate. "I are here to judge legs."

"From photography?" he ask it.

"What you think you judge legs from—raddio?" I swarm.

THEREFORE I unlock that bundle, and what you think was first photo I took out? Hon. Peg Hopping Joyce, by golly. Yes, was! There sat her, fashionably showing two (2) limbs enwrapped in celephane stockings.

"Let us give her a prize!" holla Cousin Nogi. "She got such a perfick nose."

"Lady what gets prize in this computation has got to have a pair. Who ever heard of Hon. Peg Hopping Joyce with 2 noses?"

"If you count the noses of her husbands," ollicute Nogi, "she would have 6 or 13."

"Nogi, you are talking garbage," I revamp. Next photography I took from pile say with label, "Raddio Pichers' New Dishcovery." I look. Yes, indeedy. It were girl name of Weera Engels, so tired she must lay on a gold mattress while the wind blowed the wrong way from her face.

"Did you ever see such hansom pair of eyes?" require Cousin Nogi with art on his chin.

"Shux!" I rummage. "If you look at a photo like this & see nothing but eyes what would that lady think? You are about as useful as City Bank. Subject of this competition are Legs. Legs, I say it. Legs, just Legs."

"I got a wood leg in my trunk," say Cousin Nogi. "My Uncle Nichi give it to me when dying."

"Did he threw it at you?" I straddle. Before Cousin Nogi could open his teeth to talk back I fetch forth 187 more photos and shuffle them contemptibly.

"All those actresses is in bath-suits," I say on. "They would not count as Legs."

"Not so?" belabor Nogi. "What are those they are standing on, then?"

"Sunburn," I narrate. "If I was here to give Prize for sunburn I should choose Hon. Loop Velez."

"Are she such a sunburn?" peruse Cousin Nogi.

"Plus more than that," I develop. "She are a Mexican Sun Stroke. Even the iced actors what act benext to her in How Chew Plays get so sunstruck they fall dead or something."

"Hay!" holla Nogi. "I thought we was speaking about Legs."

"**W**E was," I nudge. "O see what I find in this box, tied up in a special rapper! Hon Ma-lean Dee-trick, by goshes!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

"How you think she got mixed up in Leg Prize combat?" ask up Cousin Nogi.

"Pussibly her Hon. Press Agt. were away. My goody! Here she are inside her tight hose."

"Impossible! Impossible!" skiff Nogi. "Never even in Hollywood did I see a lady thin so she could get inside a hose." But Nogi gaz at picture just same. "Sum legs," he annoint.

"How many?" I ask to know.

"2" he dictate.

"If you said 3 I should gave her Prize," I collapse, while turning photos. "No 2 legs in all world are worth all that literachewer what have been wrote about Hon Ma-lean. But see! But look! Here are Hon. Kathrin Hepburn in a pair of Greek sox."

"They are all Greek to me," reproach Nogi. "Those sox resemble 2 plush knee-padds. I sippose she are dish-guised to look like a Greek warrior."

"Yes, is," I say. "If a Greek war-lady should came at me looking so pretty like that I should get too weak for battle."

Now it were Nogi turn to pick up a photo.

"O heaven & baloons!" he howel. "Who are that sweet lady setting in such a way that her skirt do not seem to get in her way?"

"That are Helen Mack," I describ.

"Yes, she are," he manufacture. "So many fare actresses get shot in the leg like that. What name they got for such photo in Hollywood?"

"They call it a clothes-up," I report, while shuffling some more.



DICKIE MOORE: "Another hard day on the set—and all I get is a glass of milk."

What Keeps Hollywood on the Go?

MR. EDITOR, it are harder to give prizes than to receive one. I know because I study that question and got filled with sorra. After 2 hrs 45 min. looking at them photos I feel like a angly-worm in fights with a sentapede. It are impossible to winn with so many legs against you. Nogi give up and go home enjoying head-pain. I sat there, getting a mania. I could just hear legs walking all over my imagination. I feel I could not never look a leg in the face again.

Then what do? Aha, so! I got a unspiration!!

I say myself, "I shall go to prominent & famus actors, who should know, should not? After years of kicking in Hollywood, what knowledge they must get."

Therefore I hassen to Studio where was Hon. Robt. Mungummary. "Sorry not to tell," he yon. "When loving the camera I look merely into my vicktims eyes."

Then I think of Hon. Burster Keaten. I enrush to his Lott, but could not talk, thank you, because Hon. Burster were bathing in a barril of sudds, Act II for his new scream-play "Beerio."

I seek Hon. Jno. Barrymoor who say the only legs he can remember were on his grand mother's pianna. Hon. Garry Cooper say, "I sippose there are several pares running around Hollywood. If you have lost any, why not ask Capt. Robt. McMahon, the Filo Vance of Moviedum?"

WELL, Mr. Editor, that were pretty discouraged, trying to find some famus person to make up my mind for me. Then I think what! Hon. Johnnie Weismuller, the Ape Man of Tar Zan! Do he not reskeew maidens while swimming without something on? Are he not axperienced in the kind of Venus you find in jungles?

Approaching up to the sort of bar b. q. cage where Hon. Johnnie survive in his Studio my ears got hit by sound of a tense rore, growell & screech.

"My graceless!" I say so to a An-nimile Man what stood outside with iron spear in one (1) hand and shoot-gun in other. "What are that sound of noise? Are it a femail star breaking her contract?"

"Wuss than those," say he. "Wuss than those. It are Hon. Johnnie rehussing a Big Scene. With his bear hands he are choking Violet, a wild lion-ess. Come closer and get amused."

I GO to fence, and there, surenuff, I were Hon. Johnnie in a sort of kitchenette jungle, sourounded with every kind of teeth & hair you ever see in a managery. Lions (2 sexes), zee-boos, gourillias, and bambooms. "O Tar Zan, Tar Zan! Safe meh, safe meh!" yellup a jungle lady with nothing to protect her but her pummonent wave.

"I shall, dollin!" he holla, and with that he seazed a crocodil by his tail & hit Violet, the wildy lion-ess, with that saw-edged lizard. Then what Hon. Violet done? She exclam, "Wow-boo! Wow-boo!" 108 times and hop at Hon. Johnnie with such crudeness that she knock 12 iron sticks from that cage.

(Please turn to page 98)

TWO MONTHS AGO her skin was dull and blotchy—Men never looked at her—Today her lovely skin brings her admirers and romance.



Have the Clear, Lovely Skin Men Can't Resist!

Read How a Remarkable Pasteurized Yeast Ends Ugly Spots and Blemishes and Keeps the Skin Youthful and Alluring

A CLEAR, lovely skin, a fresh, radiant complexion, eyes that sparkle—have you these charms that win men's hearts? If not, try eating this new type, scientifically pasteurized yeast that is bringing beauty and vivacity to thousands of women.

Skin and complexion troubles, says medical science, are nearly always caused by constipation or a run down nervous condition. To combat these causes of bad skin you need to enrich your diet with certain nutritive elements. In many of our most common foods these elements are entirely lacking. Few people get enough of them for maximum health.

Yeast Foam Tablets contain concentrated stores of these corrective substances. These tablets are pure yeast and pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G.

These precious elements strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs. They fortify your weakened nervous system. Thus they aid in building the health and vivacity that make you irresistible to others.

These results you

Yeast Foam Tablets Stay Fresh for Months



get with a food, not a drug. Yeast Foam Tablets are nothing but pure yeast pressed into convenient, easy-to-take form. A scientific toasting process gives this yeast a delicious, nut-like flavor. It cannot cause gas or discomfort and it is always uniform.

This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Look and Feel Years Younger

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Then watch the improvement in the way you feel and look. See how your friends note the change in your appearance.

Thankful for clear skin again: "I certainly am pleased at the results Yeast Foam Tablets have given me. Before I started taking them my face looked terrible. Now it is beautifully clear. I can't thank you enough for the relief your yeast has afforded me."

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Not a blemish now: "My face was so covered with pimples and rashes that I was ashamed to walk down the street. I have now been taking Yeast Foam Tablets for three months. They have done wonders for me. There is not a blemish on my face." CLEVELAND, OHIO

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\$3 Single • \$4 Double



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"A RELIANCE HOTEL"

What Keeps Hollywood on the Go?

(Continued from page 97)

"Ouches!" all holla. "Look in!" somebody report. "Look out!" nother personality describe, while Hon. Violet were everywhere, clawing holes in nature and roring with loud bellus. I never see a lion go so many places to once. With tail up she club down 16 cameras. With her mouth she 8 up a tree. With her claws she bounced down 2 fences. Then you know what she began comin at?
Me!!!!

MR. EDITOR, if you ever see a syclone beat a bucket of lightning all the way from here to Kas. City, Mo., you got some I. D. about the way I started from there. It were 2¾ miles from Tar Zan Lot to Geo. F. Orge palace, and all way there I could feel that lady lion brushing my shoes with his moustache. 2ce he bit off parts of my reer fender, yet I keep going so fastly that I make Sir Malcolm Camel look like he was backing up.

Then there I was to backdoor of Hon. Ogre home. I lep fence like a ball out of Helen Wills' rakket, while breath of that lion-ess blowed off my collar-button. Then jumps! That from me. Another jumps! That from Violet. I reach kitchen. Her too. But with imidiatae swiftness I bunged door shut, so there she were, falling down a gas stove while she were making large

speeches like Hon. Hooley Long. Yes, sir, I lock door pretty darnly tight, then walk with calm nervusness down hallway, where was Hon Ogre, puffing out his ears from siprise. "O Hon Boss," I dictate, "I has found it!"

"By the noise I say you found several," corrode him. "And what you found, if anything?"

"Best femail legs in Hollywood," I erupt. "They chas me 2¾ miles, and with 2 inches more they would of caught me."

"Cungratulate!" he holla. "In 20 yrs experience I never knew a Actor-ess to chas a manager that fast. & to who do them divine Legs belong to?"

"A lion-ess, name of Violet," I nar-rate.

"Hay?" He jilt. "That are breach of contrack. I only ask for one pair of Legs. A lion-ess got 4."

"Perhapsly," I smoke. "But I thought maybe you would like the Xtra pair as spare parts."

Because he could not think some smart reply for that, Hon. Ogre simply tossed me back to kitchen. So me and Violet laid down behind gas stove, completely exausted.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

How Much Money?

(Continued from page 37)

nothing but play golf ever since—but that makes no difference. An agent's percentage—almost invariably ten per cent.—endures for the life of the contract and sometimes a good deal longer. Our star now has \$6,923 to show for his week's toil.

Uncle Sam, sternest of creditors, is next in line. He nicks our star for approximately forty-eight per cent. of the \$6,923, and leaves him staring a bit ruefully at the \$3,601 remaining in his possession.

As long as we've started keeping books "by the week," let's continue on that basis, dividing monthly expenses by four and annual outlays, such as insurance and taxes, by fifty-two. The line forms to the right, and our star pays until it hurts—knowing, as he does so, that a tidy portion of his lucre is going to the Hollywood swindle and that many of his bills are padded out of all proportion. Let's check off the items.

First, there's the hired help
Attorney (paid an annual retain-er fee)\$ 65.00
Publicity Counsel (who has other clients, of course)..... 65.00
Secretary (Real intelligence is needed here)..... 75.00
Chauffeur (Many stars employ two of them)..... 50.00
Cook (We stars call him a chef and pay accordingly).... 60.00
Housekeeper (We list her and get along without a butler).... 50.00

Mrs. Star's personal maid.. 40.00
Personal valet (a studio necessity) 40.00
Second Maid 30.00
Gardener (He probably has two, but we'll trim a bit) 35.00
Trainer (Our star loses his contract if he gets paunchy).. 40.00
Bodyguard (Dietrich employs two, others even more)..... 40.00
Governess for Junior..... 50.00

Total\$640.00

WE'VE been very conservative, but our star has only \$2,961—and he isn't through paying, not by any means. He's just hitting his stride. Look!

House Rent (he has comparatively simple taste, too)..\$ 240.00
Beach House Rental (four months' rental spread over a period of fifty-two weeks).... 62.50
Groceries (remember that retinue of servants)..... 150.00
Clothing (there's Mrs. Star and Junior to buy for)..... 240.00
Alimony (and if Johnny gets off this easy, he's lucky)..... 200.00
Fan Mail Expense (stationery, stamps, photos and steno) 225.00
Clipping Bureau Service (one must check his publicity) 15.00
Publicity Lunches (an interviewer never pays his own check) 5.00

How Much Money?

Personal Photographs (art photography comes high)....	\$ 25.00
Advertising in trade journals	30.00
Automobile Expense (depreciation, upkeep, insurance and so forth on two first-class cars)	75.00
Dentist	15.00
Doctor	30.00
Pocket Money (for both Mr. and Mrs. Star)	150.00
Entertainment (and <i>our</i> star doesn't go in for big parties) ..	50.00
Total	\$1,532.50

HE looks at the \$1,428.50 which is still on hand, recalls that host of annoying little expenses, like barber shop and beauty parlor bills, ice cream cones, toothpaste, make-up, radio tubes, chewing gum, cigars, golf balls, etc.—and gives orders to balance the budget, darn it!

But wait! How about that \$500,000 life insurance policy, taken out when you're thirty, Mr. Star? True, it's an investment, but you can't collect on it now and the premiums amount to \$295 a week. And that \$25,000 policy on the missus will cost you another ten dollars.

And listen, old timer, if you will own personal property—furs, jewels, paintings, furniture, automobiles, etc.—assessed at \$100,000, you must pay the county taxes at the rate of \$79 a week. And how about your club dues, and—oh, gosh!—that bill your bootlegger's been trying to collect? The Community Chest expects a heavy contribution from you, and you can't be niggardly—not in your position! And Motion Picture Relief fund demands one-half of one per cent. of your salary. And you can't forget all those distant relatives you've been supporting—people would *talk* if you did.

With a sigh, Johnny deducts \$100 for the Community Chest, \$38.46 for the Relief Fund, \$200 for the relatives and needy friends and sets aside another \$50 for the various emergency charities which will ask his support during the week.

The princely sum with which he started is now whittled down to about \$500—and *you* and *you* and *you* are calling him a "sap," an extravagant fool.

Perhaps he is, but he is also the victim of systematic looting.

FOR instance, some merchants may deliberately mark up their prices when an "in-the-money" star enters their doors.

One woman star—who pays dearly for her "best-dressed women" title—told me of her recent experience in buying a scarf. The shop was crowded. While she waited for service, she inspected a number of openly displayed scarfs. The one she wanted carried a six-dollar price tag. Finally, a clerk waited on her, and, when asked to show that particular scarf, deftly hid the tag and informed her that it was priced at nine dollars!

Dick Arlen tells of his experiences with a grocer. His monthly bills had been averaging \$260—and Dick and Joby live very simply. Convinced that
(Please turn to page 100)

"I almost ruined Mary's Disposition"



YOU may know from your own experiences the problems that faced a young mother who recently wrote to Tower Magazines Home Service Department.

"Mary is my first baby," she explained, "and of course I was awfully fussy about her diet, struggling each day to make her drink a quart of milk. There were disagreeable scenes. Mary grew rebellious as soon as I put her in her high chair . . . it was affecting her attitude towards other food. She wouldn't eat correctly and it was ruining her disposition."

At last, however, Mary's mother found an easy way of dressing up her milk, adding valuable food nutrients and making it an exciting drink . . . and mealtimes became festive occasions.

We'd like to know how your children like their milk . . . either plain or with a flavor added. A pamphlet is being prepared on Child Feeding and it will be a tremendous help to have first-hand information from you.

We're going to use 20 articles of 200 words each from mothers, telling how their children drink milk, how much they drink, if they take it any differently now than they used to, if there is any noticeable difference in their health or disposition.

Return this page, with the coupon filled in, when you send us your article.

—WE WILL PAY \$1.00 FOR EACH ARTICLE ACCEPTED—

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ARTICLES MUST BE IN THE MAILS BY AUGUST 10TH. SEND TO TOWER MAGAZINES FOOD EDITOR, 55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.



A new mascara that's really **SWIM-PROOF**

EVEN the wild waves can't make this mascara run or smear. For the new *Liquid Winx* is completely waterproof.

With it you can bring out all the sparkle, all the beauty of your eyes. Give them a frame of dark, luxurious lashes—instantly.

Liquid Winx is easy to apply. It doesn't smart the eyes. It keeps the lashes soft. And its effect is so natural that even in a close-up it doesn't look like make-up.

For sale at all toilet goods counters.

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SUNBURN

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—or no cost!

No need to suffer from painful sunburn this summer. Spread Noxzema on promptly. Cooling and soothing, it ends pain instantly!



**Used at First Aid Hospitals at
Biggest American Beaches**
—Noxzema ends pain—doesn't stain

WHAT'S best for a severe case of Sunburn? No one knows better than the nurses and doctors at Beach Hospitals where thousands are treated for Sunburn. They use Noxzema almost exclusively—have used it for years—at Atlantic City, Coney Island, Miami, etc.! They use it because it brings *instant, comforting relief* from torturing Sunburn—helps nature heal the burned skin tissue quickly—prevents blistering.

Get a jar of Noxzema now! Greaseless—it can be applied under street clothes as well as at night—won't stain! On sale at all drug stores, department stores and "5c and 10c stores".

NOXZEMA

10,000,000 JARS USED LAST YEAR

How Much Money?

(Continued from page 99)

he was being overcharged, Arlen instructed his secretary to buy anonymously. During the following month, the bill dropped to \$73.

These are not isolated cases, but everyday examples of a wide-spread practice which robs Hollywood's stars of untold thousands every month.

I talked to Rex Cole, president of the Equitable Investment Corporation, and manager of the financial affairs of at least a score of famous stars.

"My clients," he said, "report one padded bill after another. To my certain knowledge, stars are often charged double the price paid by non-professional customers."

"Not only unscrupulous merchants, but a number of dentists, doctors and other professional men make a practice of overcharging high-salaried players. For example, a certain client of mine who is a well-known actress, recently underwent an operation. She did not bargain in advance with the surgeon, for she knew that the customary charge for that particular operation is \$500."

"She received a bill for \$5,000! When she brought it to me I called on the doctor and filed an indignant protest. He shrugged, said, 'She can afford to pay,' and threatened to sue. Ultimately, my client settled for \$3,500."

"A great many dishonest servants have helped merchants rob their employers in return for a commission on the star's purchases. A few merchants have also racketeered by sending unordered merchandise to the star's home, obtaining the signature of an unsuspecting servant and then submitting a bill."

REX COLE knows whereof he speaks—and, for that matter, didn't I, just a few weeks ago, hear a dentist tell about charging one of our most noted screen lovers \$1,000 for a simple extraction? I did. Moreover, I know that that same dentist charges his average patient exactly ten dollars for an identical extraction.

He explained the \$990 by stating that the star is a heavy drinker, that he insisted on taking gas, and that, had he died of heart failure while in the chair, the resultant newspaper furore would have ruined any dentist's practice.

And didn't the ultra-conservative Conrad Nagel amaze me with the nerve-racking experience of one of his best friends, a certain noted director? It seems that the director authorized his housekeeper, in whom he had every confidence, to act as purchasing agent for the family. She promptly abused the trust by buying thousands of dollars' worth of merchandise on her employer's accounts. Presumably, she resold the goods—at least, the director was never aware of their purchase. She also destroyed the merchants' statements.

The director was a man who prided himself on being "good pay." Yet he became known as a "dead beat." One night, at a Chamber of Commerce meeting, he was openly hissed. He was bewildered and hurt. Finally a friend explained the merchants' attitude—and the whole affair was revealed.

Perhaps you begin to realize why our star can't save money. Even when he insures his personal property

against fire and theft, he must pay exactly double the premium charged you and me. We pay one and one-quarter per cent.; an actor must pay two and one-half per cent.

Many insurance companies now refuse to issue public liability policies to our star, who must, therefore, drive his Rolls at his own risk. The refusal is based on the fact that the star, because of his fame and much-publicized income, is sued for damages every time he brushes someone's fender.

And not only is he sued for much more than he would be if he were an average citizen, but the jury, being envious of his salary, awards the plaintiff plenty, whether he has actually been damaged or not.

Lawsuits are the bane of a star's existence. It's a rare day which does not witness a new assault, via the courts, on some film notable's purse. Stars have found it cheaper to employ an attorney by the year than by the case. Frequently the suits brought against stars have no foundation in fact. Therefore, the lawyer who urges the plaintiff on shrewdly hopes that the case will be settled out of court. And records prove that his hopes materialize about seven times out of ten. The star knows that it costs much money and even more inconvenience to fight even the most unjust damage suit. Furthermore, he dreads *adverse publicity*.

IN that dread lies the blackmailer's strangle-hold on Hollywood. Blackmail has swept the movie colony like a plague. So prevalent has it become that the district attorney, Buron Fitts, recently established a special department to fight the menace. Already his officers have investigated 250 cases involving stars, directors and producers, yet...

"Not more than one-tenth of the



Photo by Wide World

Ginger Rogers was the first girl to step out publicly with Lew Ayres after his divorce. Whereupon both had to deny to a crowd of chatter-writers that they were anything but just pals. And, for once, Hollywood believed. Ginger's the sort of regular scout a fellow'd take out just for fun, yet now the gossips are linking her and Howard Hughes.



"THAT HAM
WITH
CUCUMBERS
WAS
SWELL!"

"LIKE IT?
I
GOT THE
IDEA
FROM
FREDRIC
MARCH!"



YOU'LL feel as though you've been talking with the stars themselves when you read this Hollywood cook book. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., tells you how he likes his brown bread. Kay Johnson demonstrates the making of her favorite chocolate pie. The Gleasons tell you there's no dish more delicious than their own home-made brand of hash. There are new dishes for breakfast, lunch and dinner—every one the favorite of a famous star. Besides the recipes there are interesting snapshots of the stars at home.

(Canadian Orders 15c)



FAVORITE RECIPES of the MOVIE STARS

Tower Books, Incorporated
55 Fifth Avenue New York

**Send
10c
for your
copy**

How Much Money?

blackmail cases in Hollywood are reported to my office," the district attorney declares. "Picture people, especially those with big names and big salaries, live in mortal fear of the blackmailer, but when they are victimized they usually 'pay off' rather than take a chance on the publicity."

Mr. Fitts further states that many of Hollywood blackmailers are amateurs, recruited from the ranks of discharged servants, disgruntled poor relations and the "women scorned."

Few stars have had sufficient courage to bring blackmailers into open court. Wally Beery did when he was accused of being the father of an extra girl's illegitimate child. He not only declined to pay hush money—he faced the publicity barrage and proved her claims false. Yet it cost him a small fortune to fight the case. The most dastardly charge can be woven entirely of lies, and yet receive front-page space in every newspaper. No wonder, then, that the star trembles—and pays.

Perhaps, when you noted a bodyguard on the star's payroll, you muttered scornfully, "The big ninny—he must be afraid of the dark."

He is—for during the past two years almost every high-salaried star in Filmtown has received "blackhand" letters, demanding money and threatening everything from kidnaping to murder in the event of a refusal. Gary Cooper, Marlene Dietrich, Mary Pickford, Joan Crawford, Anne Harding, Bebe Daniels, Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lloyd—they've all been blessed with such friendly little epistles. And how many others have received them, and paid in fearful silence, Allah alone knows!

BEFORE leaving the subject of extortion and blackmail, I again quote Rex Cole:

"At least a dozen times in the past two years, I've been forced to meet blackmail attempts directed against my clients. One of the most common rackets is perfectly illustrated by the most recent attempt.

"A man I know slightly—he's been hanging about the fringe of Hollywood society for years—came into my office and 'warned' me that a 'friend of his' had started a new publication, that this 'publisher' had unearthed a particularly nasty story about a certain client of mine, and that it was in type, ready for printing.

"The publisher is a mighty good pal of mine," he urged. "I think I can persuade him to kill the story, but, of course, he wants to recoup the money he has spent in getting it ready to print. I think he'd listen to reason for—say—\$3,000!"

"I told him that we would be delighted to refer the matter to the district attorney. He didn't stop to argue.

"Another petty-larceny form of the same blackmail scheme has been used for years by racketeering publishers who spring up from time to time. They sell high-priced advertising space to the stars by threatening unfavorable criticisms and scandalous stories. Usually, magazines of that sort do not last long."

One of the most contemptible of Hollywood's rackets travels under the

(Please turn to page 102)

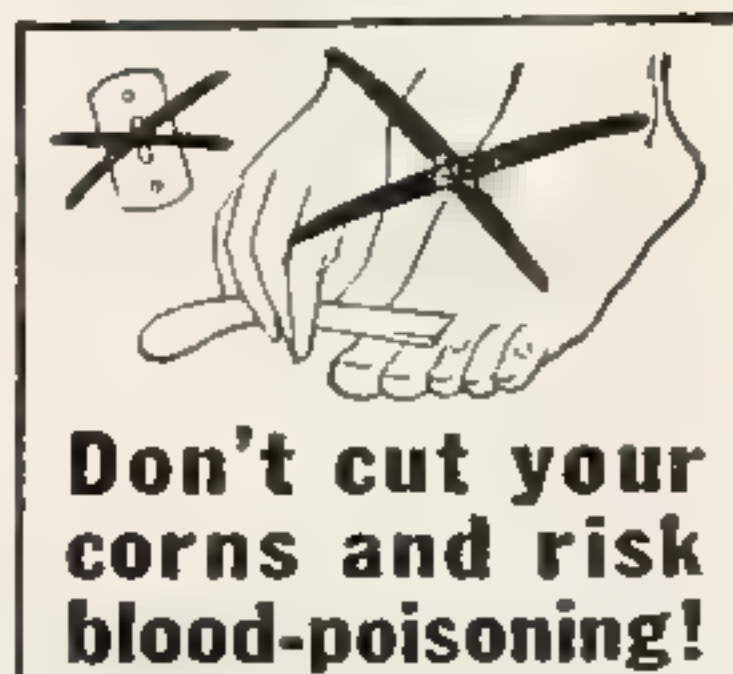
CORNS



THIS IS THE
MEDICALLY SAFE
SURE WAY!

ENDS PAIN AT ONCE!

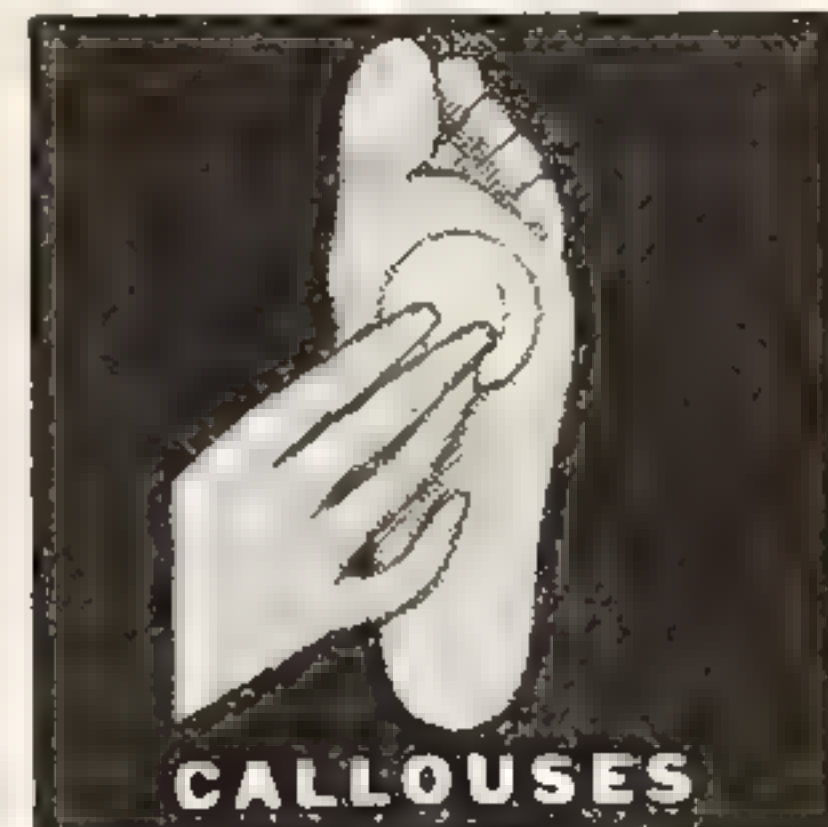
Be on your guard. Old-time methods for treating corns are unsafe. They don't remove the cause and can't prevent corns from coming back again. The modern, medically safe treatment is Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These cushioned, soothing, healing, protective pads end pain in **ONE MINUTE**; stop shoe friction and pressure; heal sore toes overnight; prevent blisters and keep you rid of corns. Used with the *Medicated Disks*, included at no extra cost, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



Don't cut your
corns and risk
blood-poisoning!

Quickly Remove Corns and Callouses

Special sizes and shapes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between the toes. Get a box today. Sold everywhere—cost but a trifle. For every foot trouble there is a specific Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy.



**Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads**
Put one on—the pain is gone!

POLLYGRAMS



**EMPRI
TRADE MARK**
**VICTORY TIP
SHOE LACES**
ARE GOOD
TO THE VERY END

FOR
MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN

All Lengths, Sizes and Colors
including White

**VICTORY and TASSEL
TIPS**

ARE PART OF THE LACE
"They Can't Come Off"

SOLD AT
WOOLWORTH'S

INTERNATIONAL BRAID CO
PROVIDENCE

Don't be an "AIREDALE"



"AIREDALE"—that's what Hollywood calls a girl with hair on arms and legs. That's why all Hollywood uses X-BAZIN Cream to remove superfluous hair. It is essential for legs, arms and underarms that expect to be seen! Constant research

and improvement have made X-Bazin more and more mild, efficient and agreeable. This really reliable cream depilatory leaves your skin exquisitely smooth, white and hairless—without irritation, stubble or that blue, shaved look. Even the future growth of hair is retarded.

Insist on X-Bazin—in new giant-size tubes at drug and department stores—only 50c. Good size tubes 10 cents in five-and-ten-cent stores. X-Bazin also comes in the original powder form.

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc. Est. 1848, Brooklyn, N. Y.

X-BAZIN

removes hair

KEEP COTTONS CRISP

TRY
THIS
FREE

This modern way to hot starch ends mixing, boiling and bother as with lump starch. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. It restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness. No sticking. No scorching. Your iron fairly glides. Send for sample.



THANK YOU—

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 603, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

How Much Money?

(Continued from page 101)

guise of charity. Let's give the floor to Conrad Nagel, president of the Motion Picture Relief fund.

"Nine or ten 'fake charity' demands are submitted to the Relief Fund officers every week," he told me. "We estimate that film stars, during the past year, contributed slightly more than \$2,000,000 to charity racketeers. This year, because the depression gives such racketeers a better calling card, we will probably contribute even more.

"The fraudulent schemes hiding behind the name of charity are too numerous for detailed exposure. One of the most common is the 'charity ball' given for the 'benefit' of some group of disabled veterans, or, in fact, any other worthy organization. The Legion and the disabled veterans are not to be blamed. They're victimized by the promoter of the ball. He's the man who makes the money.

"The first step in his campaign is to buy a smuggled telephone directory listing the number of every star. When he calls, he is at first unctuous. He urges the star to buy a dozen tickets in order to aid such a deserving cause. If the star refuses, the promoter then begins to use veiled threats. He lists the number of men in the organization which has been persuaded to lend its name to the ball. 'Now, you wouldn't want me to tell all those good theatergoers that you refused to aid them out of your plenty, would you?' Usually the star gives in and buys a few tickets."

A "few tickets" is right! Jack Oakie checked up and found that in thirty days he had paid just \$350 for tickets to such "charity" affairs. He's been a tough customer ever since.

Nagel also told me that a recently conducted investigation had revealed that the Relief Fund, itself, was supporting 137 out-and-out "chiselers," men who were not in the slightest need of charity.

IT is impossible to estimate the total amount of money given to professional panhandlers by Hollywood notables, but it must run into many thousands each year. They are as thick as fleas in Hollywood. They cluster in front of each studio, haunt every cafe frequented by the stars and descend like a swarm of locusts on every premiere.

I persuaded a number of them to talk and discovered that Hollywood is known to their craft as "Panhandlers' Paradise." They average "better than wages" and several of them bragged to me that they were taking in as much as sixteen dollars a day! They prefer to "broach" the stars in front of the studios and cafes, for there they can always depend on an audience of star-worshipping sightseers. Before his fans, a star dares not appear stingy.

While investigating Hollywood's panhandlers, I found one who uses glycerine tears to emphasize his sob story, another who fakes a twisted spine, a third who owns an apartment house, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Almost every star supports a small army of poor relations. They cannot refuse to do so. What star, publicized as the owner of a \$10,000-a-week salary, can afford to have a cousin living in poverty? Mr. and Mrs. Public would hasten to tear down an idol in



Gail Patrick, wearing her "depression trousers"—bright red cotton overalls, durable, yet gay, and quite inexpensive.

that case. The star knows it, and you can bet your bottom dollar, so does the cousin!

HARKING back to our star's expense sheet, you must have considered certain of the items appallingly high. Perhaps you decided that I am an unmitigated liar. In self-defense, let me submit a few more facts.

For example, there's that item of \$225 a week for fan mail expense. Connie Bennett, who does not receive more than the average amount of fan mail, spent \$12,000 last year on stamps, stationery and professional photographs.

Mary Pickford, at the height of her popularity, received 20,000 fan letters a week.

Francis X. Bushman, at one time, employed eight secretaries to answer his mail. Two million copies of one photograph were mailed to his fans.

Tom Mix, last year, spent \$13,320 on his fan mail. And, by the way, Tom maintained a staff of thirteen servants, gave \$22,000 to needy friends, donated \$20,000 to organized charity, and spent \$7,000 for groceries.

Beach house rentals at Malibu average \$750 a month, and some run as high as \$2,000, which, incidentally, is the amount paid by John Gilbert for his seaside "shack." Beverly Hills mansions of the class demanded by out-

How Much Money?

standing stars rent for as much as \$3,000 a month.

You pay \$75 for a suit and feel extravagant. Players like Wallace Beery, Adolphe Menjou, Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lloyd and half a hundred others are charged \$200 a suit by the exclusive tailors to whom they go. Joan Crawford spends \$15,000 a year for clothes, Connie Bennett \$12,000.

Much of this money is spent to maintain a reputation. Stars feel that a "rep" for some particular idiosyncrasy is an asset in hand. Mae West's diamonds are part of her publicity campaign. Even Neil Hamilton's jig-saw puzzle fad was responsible for a deluge of press mention. By the way, I remember that he paid \$75 for one puzzle in order to support his "reputation."

YOU can take your friends to a medium-priced cafe and still feel that you're an excellent host. Not so the Hollywood star. Because of his position, he is expected to entertain only in the most lavish cafes, order the most expensive food, buy the latest car and sit in the most expensive theater seats. When he travels, he must ride on the best trains, sail on the best ships, fly in the fastest planes and rent the royal hotel suite.

Maybe he's a sap—but ask yourself these questions: "How much of his glamour depends upon his lavish style of living—and how much does his 'box-office appeal,' depend on his glamour?"

At any rate, his follies are his own. At least, they keep money in circulation and benefit society at large.

He could still save money if it were not for lawsuits, fake charities, padded bills, rackets, blackmail and extortion.

I see by today's Los Angeles papers that Colleen Moore is being sued for \$100,000 as the result of a minor traffic crash. . . .

It still goes on!

Are You Ready?

(Continued from page 65)

tea at his house and discovered the Oxford group there. It isn't that a lot of actors aren't religious, but you don't expect them to give whole days to the entertaining of a religious coterie.

Naturally some picture stars were there, helping to make the Oxfordites feel at home. I don't know whether these ladies and gentlemen of the cloth were more thrilled at meeting stars or at gazing at Victor's prize pheasants!

Mae Marsh was hobnobbing with an earnest lady from Edinburgh, a Miss Lee, who knows James Barrie well, which was enough to keep any actress entertained a long time.

Most of the Oxfordites were Scotch, in fact, and Victor, whose Scotch blood leaped to the sound of the thick accent, was entirely absorbed.

Harry Lachman, the director, and his Chinese wife aided in conducting the guests about to see the big flower-beds, the chicken runs, and other points of interest on the big estate.

Tea was served in the garden, where Una O'Connor, of "Cavalcade" fame, Sarah Padden and others helped to pour. Elissa Landi strayed in for a few moments.

(Please turn to page 104)

Is your husband proud to bring his friends home?



He is . . . IF he knows he'll come home to a good dinner. That's *your* contribution to his success . . . whether he brings guests or comes alone.

Men want good food! Not necessarily elaborate . . . usually simple and substantial. But there's a trick in getting the kind of simplicity that's zestful and appetizing.

Commonplace dinners, without imagination, are tiresome. But take the same menu . . . add jellied bouillon with a slice of lemon, a dash of paprika . . . or delicious New Yorker's Pineapple Salad . . . and see what a difference it makes. Or end the meal with bananas baked with Grapenuts and watch the family ask when they'll have *that* again.

These are just a few suggestions from this helpful booklet, "44 Easy, Economical Dinners" . . . delicious menus and 77 interesting recipes. It helps you plan and prepare meals efficiently . . . and is only 10 cents.

TOWER BOOKS, INCORPORATED

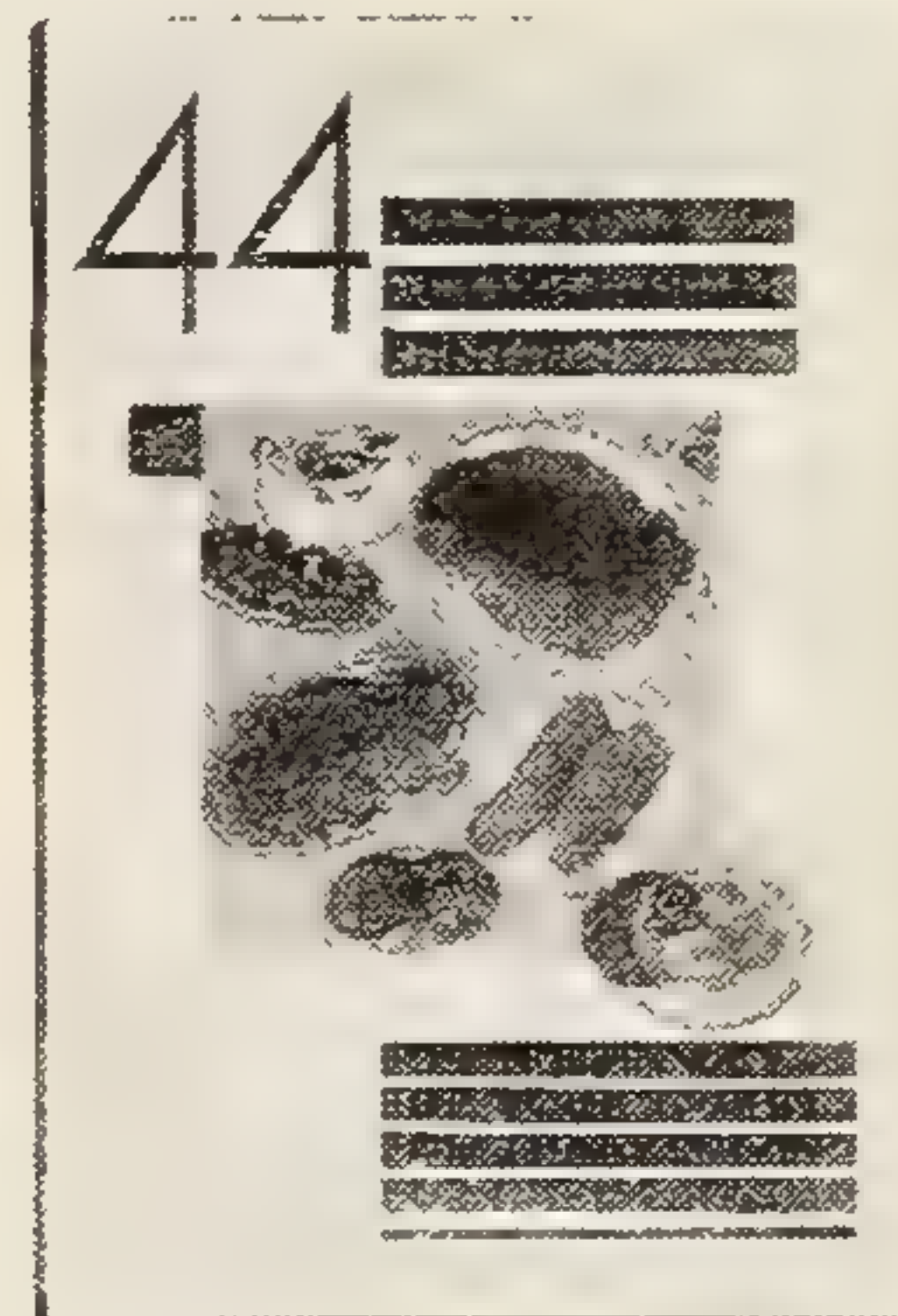
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Here's my name and here's my 10 cents . . . and I'm looking for "44 Easy, Economical Dinners" as soon as you can get it to me.

Name

Address

City State





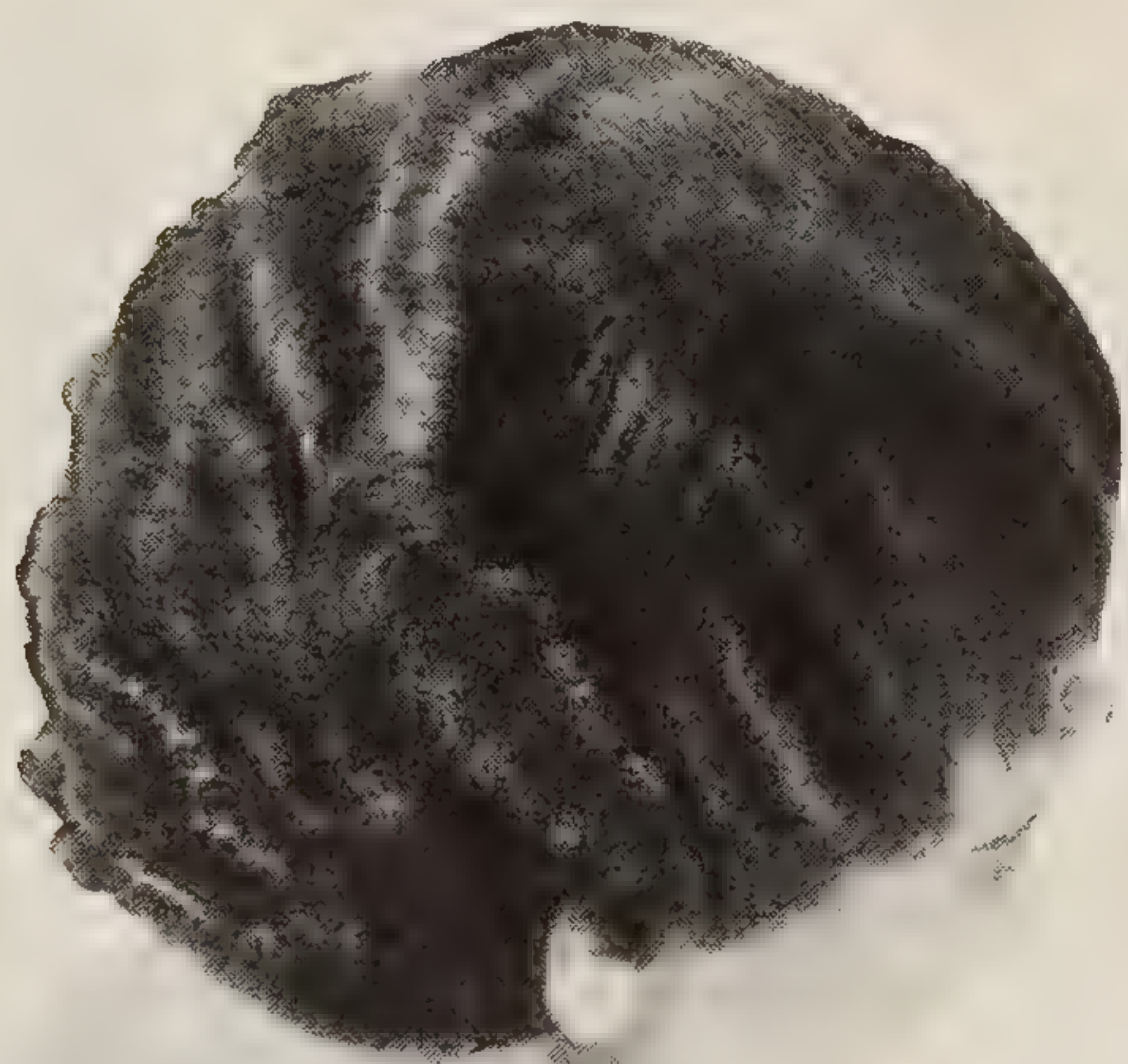
Blue Waltz

71 Fifth Ave., New York

PERFUME
FACE POWDER
LIPSTICK
CREAM ROUGE
EYE SHADOW
BRILLIANTINE
TALCUM POWDER
COLD CREAM

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

Harmless as your Lipstick



In those intimate hair-brushing hours when women exchange confidences, one tells another of the reliability, harmlessness, economy of this perfected type of preparation. The result is FARR'S is easily obtained everywhere—it is clean, odorless, greaseless. Tints faded, streaky hair one even shade, leaving it soft, natural, youthful, as shown above; easily applied by yourself in the clean, privacy of home. Use it assured it will not rub off, nor interfere with curling, marcel or permanent wave. Keep your hair lovely with FARR'S.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

FREE SAMPLE
BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. T.M.14
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Send for FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
STATE ORIGINAL COLOR
OF HAIR.....

Are You Ready?

(Continued from page 103)

Miss Landi is a student of religions, and that is where Alec Francis comes in. For Mr. Francis has embraced the Oxford cult, and was busily explaining it to the stars.

"**M**ARTHA SLEEPER belongs to the social Four Hundred of Beverly Hills as well as to the professional Four Hundred," remarked Thelma Todd, as we looked about us at the palatial home of Major J. J. Murdock, who was giving a party for his clever niece.

But on this occasion only professional folk were present, except, of course, Martha's beautiful and charming mother.

Alice White came, but not with Cy Bartlett. She said they had very definitely broken off. Alice is introducing a new silver-and-pink nail polish to Hollywood. And her hair is most blond these days.

Don Alvarado was among those present, full of thrilled praises of Marilyn Miller, as usual.

Thelma Todd arrived with her husband, Pasquala di Cicco, and there were Hedda Hopper, Louis Calhern and his fiancée, Natalie Shafer, Inez Courtney, Huntley Gordon and his wife, William Davidson, Jobyna Howland, Frank Eliot, and many others.

Miss Sleeper was beautiful in a white crêpe blouse and black crêpe skirt, the blouse high in front, but entirely backless.

A magician entertained us with tricks with cards, handkerchiefs, etc. Edgar MacGregor, walking across the floor, lost his garter, and Alice White exclaimed that the magician had done that!

Inez Courtney said she had decided to do a Greta Garbo, and not let anybody know where she was, but that evidently nobody had cared, so she had decided to come out of her shell and play in "Dinner at Eight!"

JETTA GOUDAL and Harold Grieve always give such delightful parties. Many a movie star's palace is neglected if Jetta crooks her finger in invitation.

Jetta is a much traveled lady, and a sprinkling of consular officers, writers and artists is always present at her parties. And the party which Jetta and Harold gave for Mr. and Mrs. Ross Shattuck—Mr. Shattuck is a painter—was no exception.

The house was lovely. White lilies and orange blossoms were everywhere.

Our hostess was charming in a white hostess gown. It was made of white satin, with cowl neck, and a white crêpe skirt. Jetta and Harold are working at interior decorating, as you know, and are just completing Howard Hawks' beautiful new house. He is married to Norma Shearer's sister, you may remember, and it was because of Norma's pleasure in her own home, which Jetta and Harold decorated, that they were engaged for the Hawks home.

But here we are, keeping the party waiting. And it was no assemblage to keep waiting, believe me.

Colleen Moore and her husband, Albert Scott, were among the guests. Colleen was telling of strewing the hills around her Brentwood home with poppy seeds.

"A small boy stood watching me, the

other day," she said. "I hadn't realized how amazingly insane I must have looked, waving my arms about, as I rode my horse along the paths, until I saw him looking at me with a puzzled gaze. He stood stock still. Never mind; maybe his children will enjoy those poppies."

Dolores Del Rio accompanied her husband, Cedric Gibbons. She wore a black gown from Paris. She says she has been living a very lazy life, except for playing tennis.

The artist, Hugo Ballin, and his wife were among the guests, and in a group gathered at the hearth, in comfortable chairs and sofas, were Gloria Swanson, looking tanned from much sea bathing since she came home, and her hand-



Photo by Wide World

Boots Mallory at the Cedars of Lebanon hospital in Los Angeles, photographed just a few moments before she was wheeled into the operating room to have her appendix removed. Cheerful and game, as usual. . . . Cary Grant was in the hospital at the same time, being generally overhauled and tuned up after an appendix removal.

some husband, Michael Farmer; Robert Leonard and Gertrude Olmstead; Richard Arlen and his wife, Jobyna Ralston; Blanche Sweet and Mr. and Mrs. Chester Morris; and Mr. and Mrs. Zeppo Marx.

Mrs. Ross Shattuck looked handsome in an Eleanor blue gown with hat to match.

Frank Borzage was there, too, and Lois Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton, Mrs. Buddy De Sylva, Sally Eilers, and several well known artists.

Jetta would think of a new way to serve food!

Instead of having the guests go after their food, a la buffet, she had the buffet brought to them!

A three-tier tea wagon solved the problem. On it were heaped roast chicken, chicken patties, lobster salad, fish, hot rolls, caviar, deviled eggs, the dessert being served afterward by maids. The dishes also were on the wagon.

OUTDOOR lawn parties are becoming the thing in Southern California

Are You Ready?

and Hollywood in particular, even New Yorkers beginning to follow the fad.

And so the birds sang and the flowers bloomed, and the orchestra hit, blew and scraped at the reception which Dr. and Mrs. Harry Martin gave for Mr. and Mrs. Ross Shattuck who were also the guests of honor at Jetta Goudal's party.

Gloria Swanson came with her husband. I noted that Gloria's husbands are getting younger and younger. So no wonder she isn't letting Michael Farmer play leads on the screen, since she herself is about to take character leads! At least, that's what we hear.

Her second husband, Herbert Somborn, was present, too. And Gloria perforce ate her second husband's bread, inas-



Photo by Wide World

"Fuzzy" Knight, the cowboy who made such a hit, although appearing only in a "bit," in "She Done Him Wrong," Mae West's opus. Hollywood thinks he has the makings of a real star comedian.

much as the Brown Derby, which he owns, supplied the food!

Mary Pickford came with the Countess Frasso. Mary is getting to look more like her mother every day. Her sweet personality still shines forth. There is nobody quite like Mary, and never will be.

Jetta Goudal and her husband were present. Also Bessie Love and Mary Brian, both arriving unescorted. What in the world had happened to all Mary's "stand-ins," as she calls her beaux? John Farrow brought Maureen O'Sullivan. And then came Mrs. Jack Warner, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Alice White and Cy Bartlett—yes, sir, and just three or four days after she told me it was all off between them. But when I taxed her with the statement, she said, "Well, we're just publicizing!" Whatever that means. And there were Mr. and Mrs. Michael Curtiz, Sylvia Thalberg and Mrs. Thalberg, Jose Chespo, John Davidson and Elizabeth Wilbur, Gene Raymond and many others.

Tea, an elaborate one, consisting of chicken patties and salads, besides ice cream and cake, was served at tête-à-tête tables on the lawn.

GAY uniforms of military attachés and naval officers made a bright bit of color at the party which Captain James Archibald, U. S. Military officer and noted war correspondent, gave in honor of W. S. Van Dyke, director of "Eskimo," at his picturesque Hollywood home.

You should have seen Jack Oakie coming in alone! Jack is the real Hollywood sheik, as Anita Page slyly remarked. Also, where was Peggy Hopkins Joyce? Maybe Jack was merely being faithful to her in bringing no other girl to the party.

Anita Page looked lovely in an Eleanor blue silk dress, tight fitting, trimmed with many ruffles of the same material.

Dolores Del Rio and her husband came very late, due to the fact that they had made a mistake as to their invitation, delivered over the telephone, and had gone to George Archainbaud's first.

Thelma Todd was there with her husband, and she hoped, she said, that there would be no magician to entertain. Magicians are quite the vogue in Hollywood just now, and she had been a guest at three recent parties where they had entertained, and felt that if she saw another rabbit drawn out of a hat, she would take a shot at it.

Madge Evans was present, also Elsie Janis and her husband, William Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian, Ann Cornwall, Anna May Wong and her sister, Ying Wong, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton, Ray Wise and Mrs. Wise, Pauline Garon, William and Ella Wickersham, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall, Hale Hamilton and Grace LaRue, Lenore Coffey and W. J. Cowan, and Lotus Long, as well as many distinguished officers of navy and army.

Beer is one of the principal beverages served at parties now-a-days, and Captain Archibald had collected steins from all over the world.

JOHN BOLES has made good his promise to treat Lilian Harvey to a dinner typical of the South—fried chicken and hot biscuits. And you should have seen Lilian go for them!

The dinner was given at Boles' Malibu Beach home, and the other guest was Paul Martin, director. Mrs. Boles presided as hostess, and you know what southern hosts and hostesses are.

Lilian brought her bicycle along, and she and John, together with the Boles children, had a little ride. She wore sports clothes.

The actress exercises so hard that she never has to worry about her weight, so the fried chicken and biscuits weren't at all on her conscience, she said.

The dinner consisted of fried chicken, biscuits, candied sweet potatoes, green salad, and as a crowning achievement of the Boles' colored cook, apple dumpings with hard sauce.

It was the first time, Lilian said, that she had ever tasted candied sweet potatoes and apple dumplings, and they were good enough to come all the way to America to taste! And, of course, she hadn't really known what fried chicken and biscuit could be like, either.

Lilian told about her dog, which she had left in England, and how she simply wouldn't get a dog here, because she

(Please turn to page 106)



NEW! Hollywood Method Costs Less . . . Lasts Longer!

THINK of it! A typical "movie star" wave only 1c a week. Done right at home, too, without fuss or bother. The new Hollywood wave. Simply mix a tablespoonful of Stylset in half a cup of hot water. Dip comb in and apply to hair. Then merely set your waves. You will be amazed at the lovely, lasting results. Watch flat, straggly hair come to life in soft, alluring waves. Greaseless, non-alcoholic. 10c buys a big 4 oz. bottle. Garry & Co., 104 5th Ave., N. Y. City.



NEW IDEAS FOR MEALS . . .

Here are three weeks' menus all prepared for you . . . three weeks' vacation from that daily thought, "What shall I have for dinner?" Sixty-three menus, rules for gaining and reducing, menus for children, recipes. This complete circular for 10 cents . . . address Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

LOOK YEARS
YOUNGER WITH
SMOOTH, CLEAR,
LOVELY
COMPLEXION!



No matter how dull and dark your complexion; no matter how freckled and coarsened by sun and wind, Nadinola Bleaching Cream will whiten, clear and smooth your skin to new beauty quickest, easiest way. Just apply tonight; no massaging, no rubbing; Nadinola begins its beautifying work while you sleep. Then you see day-by-day improvement until your complexion is all you long for; creamy white, satin-smooth, lovely. No disappointments; no long waiting; money back guarantee in every package. Get a large box of Nadinola Bleaching Cream at toilet counters, or by mail postpaid, only 50c. Nadinola, Box T, Paris, Tenn. Generous 10c sizes Nadinola Beauty aids at many 5 and 10c stores.

Nadinola Bleaching Cream



The Adventurous Brownie

*will amuse your
children*

"Adventures of a Brownie," that fantastic creature with his kindness and his tricks, is traditionally dear to childhood's heart. Three long, satisfying stories . . . a never-ending source of amusement to boys and girls . . . in this attractive illustrated book for only 10 cents.

Equally popular are Hans Andersen's fairy tales. Three of these are collected together in one colorful, illustrated book. "The Ugly Duckling," which is the title of the book, "The Little Match Girl" and "The Tinder Box." Ten cents for three stories!

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City . . . State . . .

Are You Ready?

(Continued from page 105)

was so fond of the one at home.

"But I must have pets," she said, "so I've bought six rabbits, and have them in a nice rabbitry in the back yard."

Besides dining and bicycling, Lilian took a dip in the ocean with the Boles children.

A PLEASANT little party with a South American actor, who is now appearing in English speaking pictures, as guest of honor, was given by John Stone for Raoul Roulien, at Stone's pretty Hillside home in Hollywood.

Spanish actors who make good in English-speaking pictures are great social favorites, and Roulien seems destined to be one of the most popular.

He sang for us, as we gathered around the piano in the drawing room.

Guests included Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. William Kernell, Gloria Stuart and a dozen others.

A christening with a reception

afterward was a featured social event of the month, when Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown gave a Christian name to their little daughter, six months old. She's now Katherine Frances Brown, a beautiful child with big brown eyes and all the personality in the world.

St. Thomas's Church in Hollywood was the scene of the christening, with Alec Francis acting as one of the officiating persons. Afterwards everybody, including the baby, went to the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, where, in the Venetian Room, were gathered dozens of friends of the Browns.

Bebe Daniels was there with little Barbara, her daughter, who was intensely interested in the baby, but who wouldn't let us look at her, herself, putting her fingers in front of her eyes when we tried to get a look.

"Doing a Garbo on us," her mama vouchsafed.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Regis Toomey, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cawthorne, Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien and many others.

Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 15)

LINCOLN STEADMAN and Clive Moore (Colleen's brother) are the first to take advantage of the current bicycle fad. They have built a half-mile track in the grounds of the Ambassador Hotel and are making a good thing out of it. Dorothy Mackaill, sister Colleen, Rochelle Hudson and Gene Raymond are among the best customers and they are getting to be the most expert cyclers in Hollywood.

And Kathryn Carver (Mrs. Adolphe Menjou) has a tiny little jam shop in Hollywood where she sells attractive containers of all kinds of jams and jellies for fancy prices.

SIDNEY FRANKLIN, M-G-M director, landed on the well-known milk diet after a consultation with his doctor. Bodil Rosing, working in his current picture, took pity on him and baked him a flock of cookies. A couple of days later he ran out of cookies and sent Bodil a gag telegram to the effect that she had to come through with some more cookies . . . or there was no more job.

Ten minutes later Bodil walked onto the set with another big box of cookies. She's still wondering what Sidney meant when he said, "Boy, how you must need this job!"

IMAGINE Jimmy Cagney crooning a lullaby.

Honestly, if you know how to get into the Cagney mansion you can hear the two-fisted he-man of the Warner lot studying to be a nightingale. He's still better under the shower than anywhere else, but his teacher, the same one that his pal, Regis Toomey, uses, tells him that it won't be long till he's able to hold up his end in a good quartette.

Jimmy dances much better than he sings.

Lowell Sherman called him up the other day and told him that they were going to play in a new picture together.

"Not if I have anything to do with it," yelled Jimmy. "So far as I am concerned, you're just the guy who does his best acting in somebody else's scenes." All right, all right! They're pals.

Bill Cagney, a little bigger, but very much like his brother, is being offered a couple of movie parts. Bill realizes that Jimmy's name has everything to do with it but is going to grab the order anyway. Even the advertising profession, of which the younger Mr. Cagney is a member, is beginning to contribute to us.

IS Fox puffed up about "Cavalcade"? So much so, in fact, that they're keeping just about the same crew to do their other big special with English locale—the Broadway hit of a year or so ago, "Berkeley Square." Not the cast, understand . . . the other-half-that-you-don't-meet. Leslie Howard ought to go a long way toward giving Mr. Frank Lloyd, the director, his second smash hit of the year.

A long while ago, Frank directed "The Sea Hawk" for First National, if my memory serves me rightly. Also "The Divine Lady." So he's used to hits.

THERE'S one actor in Hollywood who's made a pet poodle out of the wolf that came to his door. Glen Tryon, who was starred by Uncle Carl Laemmle in "Broadway," has a writing contract on the RKO lot and has sold his Beverly Canyon mansion and switched to an apartment that is covered by the weekly pay-check.

Hollywood Day by Day

Before the matter goes any further I want to stress the correct pronunciation of Henri Garat's name. The new support for Janet Gaynor handles it this way himself: "Onree Gaaraa." That's the best that I can do and it clears my conscience—on this particular subject at least.

HOLLYWOOD got awful smart this month. Mr. George Putnam, scenario editor of Paramount, remarks that, "I advise anyone who has a story or idea, to submit it to some studio, for all companies are sadly in need of material."

A lot he knows about it! If it weren't for the returned manuscripts I get (from Paramount, too) I wouldn't have any mail.

I like Mr. Groucho Marx's latest much better. When they changed the title of their picture from "Cracked Ice" to "Grasshoppers," Groucho remarked that it was because people are demanding animal pictures.

The Wesley Ruggles—Arline Judge is the better-half—named the new arrival Charles Wesley, after his daddy and Uncle Charlie. To live up to both names I suppose he'll turn out to be a comedy-director.

GLORIA SWANSON came to an afternoon party with her husband, Michael Farmer, wearing a beige string-lace gown. I'm sure of this because I took the trouble to check up on it as soon as she came in. I was also told that "the accessories" were chocolate brown—though they looked kind of reddish tan to me. But I guess I'm no judge of color any more.

Anyhow, who wants to look at dresses when Miss Swanson is around? Time is kind to her.



Photo by Wide World

Eleanor Boardman as she is today. She recently sued King Vidor, her director husband, whose first wife was Florence Vidor, for divorce. She received \$800 a month for the upkeep of her home, \$500 a month for the support of her two little girls, and a property settlement in addition.

JEANETTE MACDONALD, the Hollywood girl who has Paris by the ear is *en route* to London to work with Edward Marshall. Marshall left Hollywood a month or so ago to be with his wife, Edna Best, who, if you insist on knowing, awaits the arrival of Sir Stork.

ELIZABETH ALLEN, who co-starred with Leslie Howard in the English show, "Reserved for Ladies," takes Karen Morley's place in the current Richard Dix opus. Miss Morley hasn't been feeling so well for a long time.

And what a change for Lowell Sherman, who got through directing Mae West at Paramount and went over to Radio to direct Katharine Hepburn in "The Morning Glory."

GASTON GLASS, a big-timer in the hiss-the-villain days of the cinema business may be back on the screen again soon. He has been working as assistant director for Joe Schnitzer, independent producer on the RKO lot, and has mastered the accent that caused his retirement from the screen.

AND Robert Warwick, hailed as the first of the matinee idols, comes back to the screen in a rôle in "The Power and the Glory," the flicker that is to star Colleen Moore and the first on her new Fox contract. Spencer Tracy got the nod for her leading-man rôle.

Laura Hope Crews staggered me the other day by telling me that Eric Linden is the forty-fourth son she has mothered on stage and screen. That's what I call an achievement to Mussolini's taste. They're together in "The Silver Cord" . . . Linden and Laura Crews, I mean.

And let Mr. Chevalier talk himself out of this one!

"Women, as a group, are too determined to be feminine," states the distinguished Frenchman.

Well, I've found fault with their determination myself.

PERHAPS Ely Culbertson came in for some criticism that he didn't deserve relative to the famous bridge challenge from the Marx brothers. Latest information has it that the Marxian nit-wits planned to hire a hall, invite three hundred guests, and put one of their number up on a tower from where he could run the game through a signal system.

But Ely has ruffled some of us bridge players. According to him, only Bebe Daniels, Marion Davies and Joseph Schenck made any impression on him as bridge players. He supposes that the rest of us miss the directors who should be there to yell orders at us through the megaphone.

JANET GAYNOR signed a new long-term contract with Fox the other day and a bunch of the boys were talking it over later. Since she startled the whole world with "Seventh Heaven," Janet has been the most consistently popular figure in the whole motion picture field. She was cast, practically from the ranks of extras, for her role in "Seventh Heaven" . . . I remem-

(Please turn to page 108)

Tint your Hair

without dyeing or bleaching



When a man stands over you, there is great comfort in knowing that your hair glows with rich color—warm lights—a sheen—and with flattering softness. You can make your hair the perfection of these things with Lovalon—the rinse that tints the hair as it rinses.

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Tints the hair as it rinses

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"Camp and Tourist Cookery" tells you what to take along. Gives menus and recipes for Gypsy breakfasts, lunches, dinners. How to feed children in camp. Camp desserts and campfire cookery. Send 10 cents to Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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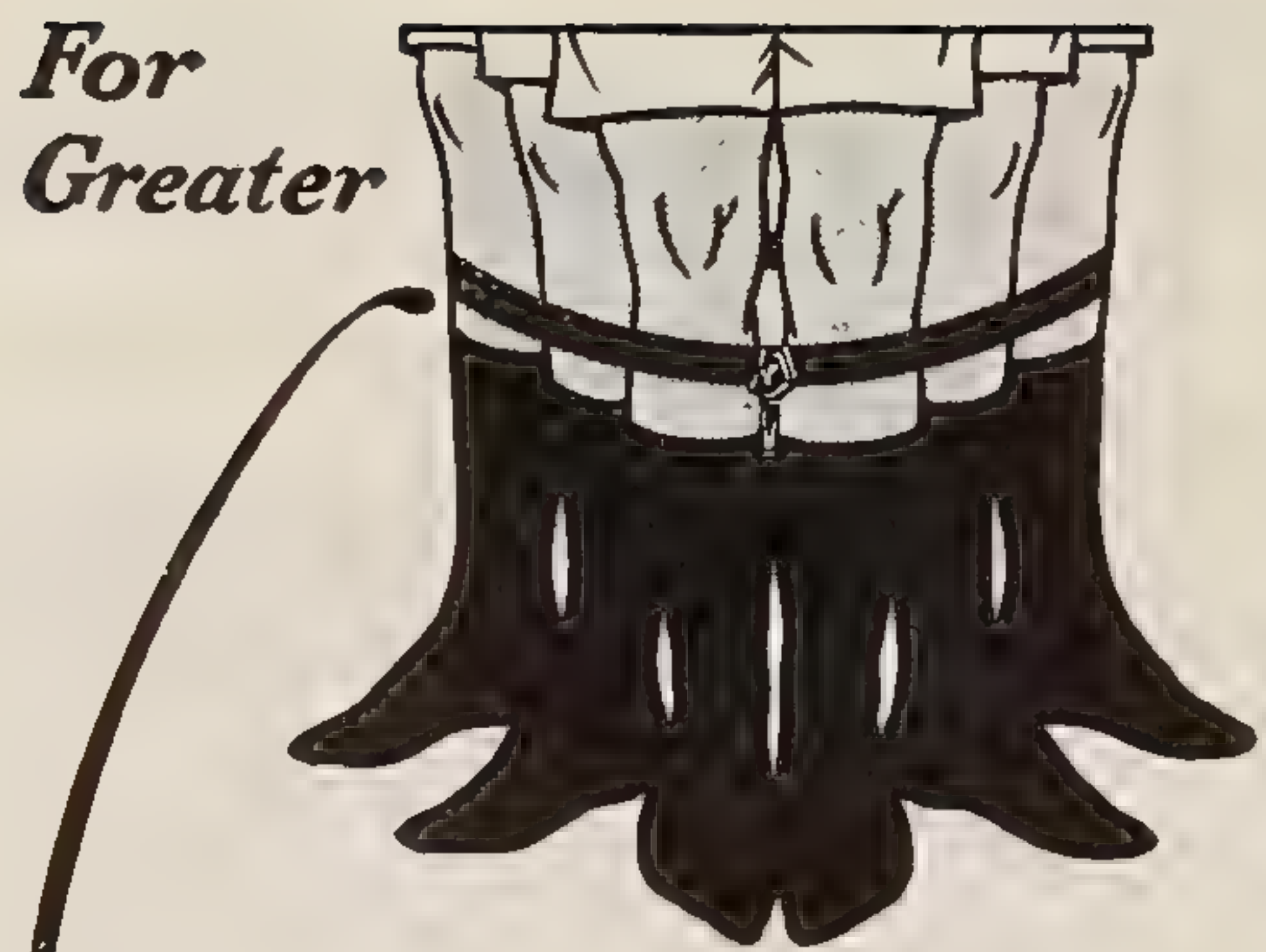
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We recommend our new product NUL—the double-action deodorant. 35c for large size (cream or powder); 10c tubes at 5 and 10c stores. The Delatone Company, Dept. 117, 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.

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Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 107)

ber her on the old RKO—then FBO—lot during the shooting of H. C. Witwer's "Fighting Bloods." Then, all of a sudden, she was on top of the heap, and year after year that's just where she's stayed.

May there be years and years to come.

SOL WURTZEL, of Fox, has a good idea that might bring a couple of new stars to light. He is making twenty pictures for Fox this year and in each one he will include a part for a newcomer. If she's good she gets another chance. Julie Carter is the first one to get her chance. She has several scenes opposite Raoul Roulien in "It's Great to Be Alive."

JEAN HARLOW and Clark Gable get another opportunity to be torrid for M-G-M. Their new show is to be called "Black Orange Blossoms." Tricky title, even if it doesn't mean anything.

I AM eager to find out just how M-G-M plans to co-star Mickey Mouse and the Durante-Pearl combination. I'm beginning to think it's a trick to get the M-G-M boys into character so that they can get to work on this epic of the world's greatest liar.

Anyhow, like Sharlie, I'm darned if I'm going to believe it till I see it happen.

UNITED ARTISTS are stating frequently and vehemently that they are about set to go with Anna Sten, the Slavic Circe, imported by Samuel Goldwyn to play opposite Ronald Colman, but didn't. Those who saw her in the German "Trapeze" and "Kar-

amazov" know that this is liable to be something worth waiting for.

The girl can act in German like nobody's business. Let's see what she can do with what we call the English language.

IT begins to look as if Mary Pickford really means to make "Peter Pan." It was a grand show when Herbert Brenon made it some years ago and Mary is sure that the trick can be turned again. She's also considering an all-color version of "Alice in Wonderland," in which all the characters except Mary will be in cartoon. . . . Sounds different, at any rate.

MERVYN LEROY is at the job of finishing—and starting for that matter—"Tug-boat Annie," the Beery-Dressler starrer that was planned for production many months ago. Miss Dressler's illness has compelled frequent postponements. But it's "on the fire" now.

BUDDY DE SYLVA, who wrote "Sunnyside Up" for Janet Gaynor, is authoring for Lilian Harvey. They were calling it "My Weakness" the last time I heard about it.

"I Loved You Wednesday," another Fox production, is keeping the boys and girls guessing. They're wondering whether it will ever be released under that title. The last we heard, it was supposed to be.

AND that just about takes care of all that happened in this part of the world, so far as this particular on-looker is concerned. If we've missed anything, it probably wasn't any of yours or my business in the first place. You'll be hearing from us.

Radio Rambles

(Continued from page 45)

over at NBC, that shows how the radio boys are willing to "take it" in order to put on a good program, is the one about Zale Dillon, the man in charge of sound effects on Octavus Roy Cohen's "Townsend Murder Mystery."

They had to have the thud of a falling body as part of the script. First they tried two or three ways of getting the effect but none of them sounded realistic. So the director told Dillon he'd have to faw down and go boom himself. Dillon practiced falling a dozen times or so until it sounded just right. When the broadcast came off he threw himself into his work so hard that he sprained his ankle, and had to be helped from the studio at the end of the broadcast. In radio, just as on the stage, "the show must go on."

HAVE you heard the one on Goodman Ace of the Easy Aces, who got a bright idea for a movie plot for Groucho Marx and in the middle of the night jumped out of bed and called Groucho in Hollywood? What with the difference in time and one thing and another Groucho was wakened from a sound sleep.

"Is that you, Groucho?" Goodman asked excitedly. "Listen. You haven't got that plot you were looking for for

your new picture yet, have you?"

"Say I haven't even got a plot for my last picture," grumbled Groucho and slammed down the receiver. (But perhaps you've heard that one before.)

MAYBE it was in honor of this telephone call that WEAJ put on that broadcast commemorating the 400th anniversary of the birth of the Prince of Orange which they entitled: "WILLIAM THE SILENT HONORED ON RADIO."

This ought to be one program on the air that none of the listeners can complain about, if they stage it right. Just a fifteen-minute tribute with all heads bowed in thought.

BUT getting back to Goodman Ace. In spite of the fact that he broadcasts from Chicago his musical signature is "Manhattan Serenade." Maybe he'll persuade them to use "On the Sidewalks of New York" for the World's Fair theme song.

What's that, Ted? Well, what if Lowell Thomas does get jealous? Anyway, I'm bigger than he is. I'll just ask them, though.

Are you still with me?
Well, then—THANK YOU FOR LISTENING!

Sketches by
VINCE CALLAHAN



The scenic department builds African jungles for lions and Mr. Weissmuller.

The Art Department

Unseen and unsung forces that make the stars go round

By JACK JAMISON

HOW THE ART DEPARTMENT BEGAN. Early movie audiences used to chortle, watching solid-rock prison walls ruffle in a slight breeze. With no electric lighting, all the first sets were out of doors in the sunlight, and they were made of canvas. There had to be men to paint the canvas. As the movies grew, their job grew. Now they're the Art Department.



The paint department paints the sets the carpenters build.

WHAT IT DOES.

The Art Department bosses the miniature department, the drafting room, the carpenter shop, the scenic department, and the

paint shop. The miniature department manufactures toy yachts and volcanoes which look like the real thing on the screen. (How real, you know if you saw the realistic volcanic eruption and earthquake of "Bird of Paradise.") The drafting room lays out blueprints for anything from a stagecoach to a castle. The carpenter shop carpenters. The scenic department builds jungles for African lions and Mr. Weissmuller, San Francisco streets of 1911 for Ramon Novarro, Helen Hayes, and "Son-Daughter." The paint department paints the sets the carpenters solidly, convincingly build.

WHAT IT COSTS. About \$1,000,000 per year per studio. This is cheap when you consider what the Art Department gives for the money. Roughly, pictures may be divided into two halves, actors and backgrounds. Since movie plots offer little novelty, repeat themselves, backgrounds must offer novelty, must not repeat. The same old love-tale is acted before backgrounds of Chicago gangsterdom, Alaska salmon-fishing, blissful South Sea islets. It is these backgrounds

which the Art Department supplies on demand.

HOW? A picture laid in China scheduled, a camera-man is sent to China on lonely pilgrimage, photographs landscapes and villages there. Coming home, he turns in his film. For out-of-door sequences, studio actors then strut their stuff before a frosted glass screen nine by twelve feet in size. By the photo-image process, this action is superimposed on the already photographed background. For the indoor sequences, the Art Department gets photos, data on Chinese bedrooms, furniture, builds them to exact copy.

MUST! The

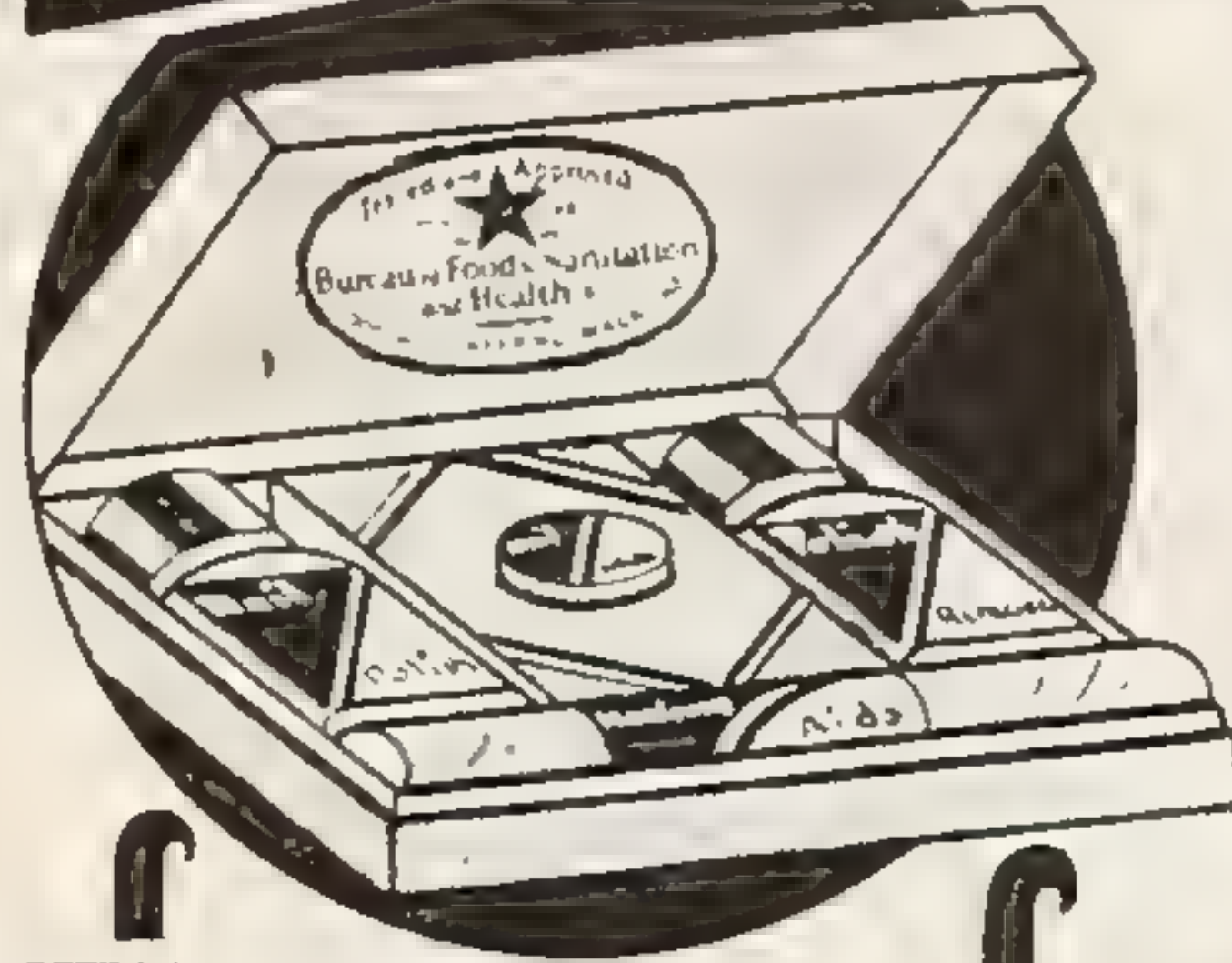
Art Department must do the impossible and do it at high speed. Not seldom a French cathedral which took four hundred years to build must be duplicated overnight. Method: the floor of the cathedral is laid out, complete with pews and pillars; then the upper reaches of the vast place are painted on plate-glass, the action photographed through this. An interesting note on pillars is that architects build them with bulges at the middle, to allow for human eyes, which, in pairs, tend to "look around" them. But movie pillars are built straight up-and-down, for the camera has only one eye. . . . Again, an order comes through, "One week from Monday, have a speedboat able to beat all others on Pacific Coast." Scouts are sent out to buy, or rent, 400 h-p Liberty motors. The drafting department designs a racing hull. Carpenters get to work in day and night shifts. A week from Monday, the craft is ready.



A French cathedral that took four hundred years to build must be duplicated over-night.

(Please turn to page 110)

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50 Prizes ea. 5.00

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Now you can really look years younger. With an ordinary small brush you just tint those streaks or patches of gray back to your natural shade—whether blonde, brown or black. It is so easy to do—at home—with Brownatone. Over 20 years success. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Does not coat the surface—actually penetrates the hair. Defies detection. No tell-tale, flat "died" look. Cannot affect waving of hair.

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MARINE SUN DECK TURKISH BATHS



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...but...

She's handicapping him . . . maybe for the rest of his life . . . just because he isn't getting the right foods to build good, strong muscles, teeth and bones.

If you're not sure about your children's diet . . . or if you want new menus and recipes they'll like and which are good for them . . . you'll want to send for these two helpful food circulars right away, 10 cents each.



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FOOD CHILDREN LIKE TO EAT. Menus and recipes for breakfast, lunch, dinner. Special meat dishes. Party refreshments. Candies and desserts. 10c.

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The Art Department

(Continued from page 109)

TYPICAL JOB. For "Hell Below" the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Art Department had to build an entire submarine, inside and out. Plans used were those of actual Navy undersea craft, secured from Washington. Countless gleaming dials, levers, wheels were bought from scrapped Navy submarines or else duplicated at the studio. Tough enough assignment, the job was complicated by the fact that, whereas space in subs is at a premium, this ship must make room for bulky cameras, microphones, directors. How accomplished? The "sub" was built in sections, any slab of it removable at any time to allow cameras to peek in.

PERSONAL. Typical Art Department chief is Cedric Gibbons, with

fifteen years' experience; lean, dark, nervous, eyebrow-moustached; husband of film star Dolores Del Rio whose name, translated, means "Sorrows of the River." A portrait-painter in New York, he became interested in the newly-invented movies, tried, "because they were so bad artistically," to get a job directing them. Finding no job directing at the old Edison Company in New York, he found plenty of hideous sets needing decoration by an artist's hand. With time out for the War, which ended about the time he landed at a naval training station, Gibbons has been lending the artist's hand to the movies ever since. Disposition: excitable, happy. Hobby: designing glass houses.

Salary: four figures.

Box Office Critics

(Continued from page 70)

been so fascinating that it was impossible to imagine it ever being displaced. The impossible has seemingly come to pass with the advent of Katharine Hepburn, whose flashing personality is undoubtedly going to set a world-wide style for an entirely different model—neither a flapper nor a Garbo. As nearly as one can put her quality into two words, it is: dynamic naturalness. And one foresees that it will not be long now before one is surrounded on all sides by femininity in the throes of being dynamically natural.—Irene McKenna, 2259 San Jose Avenue, Alameda, Cal.

Give Bebe Drama: I've just seen "42nd Street." It wasn't the songs, the dances, or even the new and interesting Ruby Keeler that impressed me most, but Bebe Daniels. It was not her beauty—though she was lovely—but her acting that surprised me. She showed such a sincere understanding of the character she portrayed as to make it a truly great performance. Frankly, I always preferred her in comedy, but now I hope producers take heed and give her the dramatic rôles she now deserves—Edna Walters, 300 N. Pine, Wilson, N. C.

I recently saw Bebe Daniels in "42nd Street," and think she was wonderful. Why not give us more pictures of Miss Daniels in this type of rôle? I am more than convinced there are no actresses in Hollywood who can surpass her in beauty and ability.—Miss Blanche Daniels, 291 Mechanic Street, Southbridge, Mass.

New Team? Since the Gaynor-Farrell team has broken up we shall have to find new teams. Why not team Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres? If you have seen "State Fair" I am sure you will agree.—Romaine Trethewey, Box 1934, Bisbee, Arizona.

When One is Shot: Might I make a humble suggestion toward better reality in movies? The acting in a shooting scene is misleading. In most scenes, it shows the actor walking toward the shooter. The man shoots,

but although he hits, the actor comes on. How many of those actors have "stopped" a bullet? Could you stand up against a bullet as large as your little finger and not blanch when it hits you? A .45 bullet has enough power to spin a man around when it hits. If directors would have the actors fall or step back, it would, in my opinion, help the reality in movies. Wishing luck to NEW MOVIE, I remain—Frank Tate, 815-10th Street, N. E., Massillon, Ohio.

Your Attention, Please: One of the most charming, winsome bits of femininity my eyes have beheld in many a day is Nora Gregor, who played opposite Robert Montgomery in "The Flesh is Weak." I have neither seen nor read anything about her since viewing this picture some time ago. To me, she had all the appeal of a true daughter of Eve and I should certainly like to see her again.—M. Ame London, 10442-104th Street, Richmond Hill, Long Island, New York.

More Serials: This will be short and snappy—but to the point. I'm longing for a return invasion of good old serials. How very welcome a glimpse of my favorite serial queen, Ruth Roland, would be. Isn't it possible to have them return? I wish it would be very soon!—Miss Adrienne Cadoul, 638 Call Building, San Francisco.

Complaint: I am writing you this letter because I haven't seen anyone else say anything about it—so here goes. I have never written to any magazine before complaining, because I hate complaining people, but I just must say something. Now, understand, I am not knocking your magazine alone but others as well, and if you publish this I hope they see it. Now—every time I pick up a movie book I see something like this: Edna May Oliver laughs to keep from crying or Charlie Chaplin's heart breaks behind the smile or Marie Dressler would have liked to have been a great dramatic actress, or Zasu Pitts don't like to play comedy rôles. Now I like to see all of these play and it takes all

Box Office Critics

the joy out of the picture when I read something like that. If those articles are published for publicity reasons—well, they are hurting the stars' box-office appeal more than they are helping it. I enjoy reading NEW MOVIE but I sure don't like to read that my favorites play something they don't want to. I know if I had my choice of rôles over everything else I would choose comedy. Would you mind naming a comedian, man or woman, who says he or she loves to play in comedies? Because I sure want to send them congratulations. Miss Ruth Clippard, No. 5 B. Street, Woodside, Greenville, South Carolina.

P. S.—Just because my letter is a complaint, don't be afraid to publish it, because I want to see if other people like their comedy straight, too.—R. C.

Applause: A twenty-one gun salute to the "S. S. Cinema" and its string of victories! While the barque of the legitimate is almost becalmed this season, brave Schooner Movie is sailing right along, undaunted by the mountainous depression waves that have broken over the sides. The latest feat of the Merry Marauder Movie was to kidnap three members of the reigning thespian royal house and put them together in a single opus. Boy, such a lot of Barrymores! At every turn of this production, you, so to speak, step on a Barrymore! Nice to see these members of stage and screendom's royal family, working together in such artistic accord, for, unquestionably, each gives a superb performance. One will also notice this picture differs from current Russian movies in that it displays no sympathy at all for the revolutionists. The director certainly didn't skimp on "extras." There were many full dinner pails in Hollywood while "Rasputin and the Empress" was being made!—Bruce D. Johnson, 7414 Emerald Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

England Speaks: May a Cockney line up with your other box-office critics?



Photo by Don English

Brian Aherne, Marlene Dietrich's new leading man in "The Song of Songs," proving he has been whirled into the Hollywood kodak craze. The trick now is to photograph your friends when they least expect it, and then to send them prints, showing them usually in awkward or ludicrous poses.

After seeing "Grand Hotel" I came to the conclusion every other "talkie" would be an anti-climax. I was wrong. I raise my bowler hat to Hollywood for producing "Cavalcade." I have never been so stirred since taking part in the actual Armistice Day celebrations which the film portrays. Full justice has been done to Noel Coward's masterpiece—the highest praise of which I am capable. One word of criticism of the movies in general. Cannot something be done to prevent our film stars breaking up sentences the way they all do? You know the sort of thing I mean: "Do you . . . (long pause) . . . love me?" It is irritating because it is so obviously artificial.—D. Webster, 85 Highfield Avenue, London, N. W. 11, England.

On Kicking Women: Ever since James Cagney (or was it Edward G. Robinson?) kicked a girl the moving picture companies have never hesitated to use that cheap, ungentlemanly way to get a laugh. Today I went to a show and in both pictures women were made the targets of kicks. In "Parachute Jumper," Leo Carillo kicks Claire Dodd and in "From Hell to Heaven" a jockey likewise offends. Now, must we put the scenario writers in the same class as the comedian who had to fall down in order to get a laugh? Must we believe that their brains are so unimaginative, lazy, and cheap that they must employ such a vulgar and degrading spectacle to get a laugh? What price comedy?—Joseph A. Ciccolo, 508 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

We'll Ask: Why, oh why, does Marlene Dietrich hide her beauty with man's attire? Doesn't she and the other "trouser followers" know that a woman cannot be charming and feminine when wearing trousers? Don't these women know that men resent having their mode of dress taken away from them? And isn't it their admiration that we are all striving for?—Mrs. Joe Riggins, R. R. 1. Crawfordsville, Ind.

Thank You: I am a constant screen magazine hound and read nearly every magazine on the newsstand each month. I want to express my sincere appreciation of your wonderful magazine, THE NEW MOVIE. It's one of the best magazines on the stands—and it costs so little. I certainly extend my hearty wishes that you publish the magazine for years to come.—Florence Scafidi, 92 Borden Avenue, Norwich, N. Y.

May an Old Fan Inquire: When Garbo will be back?

Why Edna May Oliver wouldn't make a grand *Tish*?

If "Spawn of the North" by Willoughby is impossible to screen?

Why the editor or photographers don't give the scrap-book fans a break in the portraits they give us?

Why a public library wouldn't make a good background for a picture?

Why some of these doubles they rave about can't be used as sisters or even twins in the same picture? Ann Harding and Julie Haydon, for example

If Karen Morley wouldn't make a good lady doctor?

If you like this type of fan letter?—
(Please turn to page 112)

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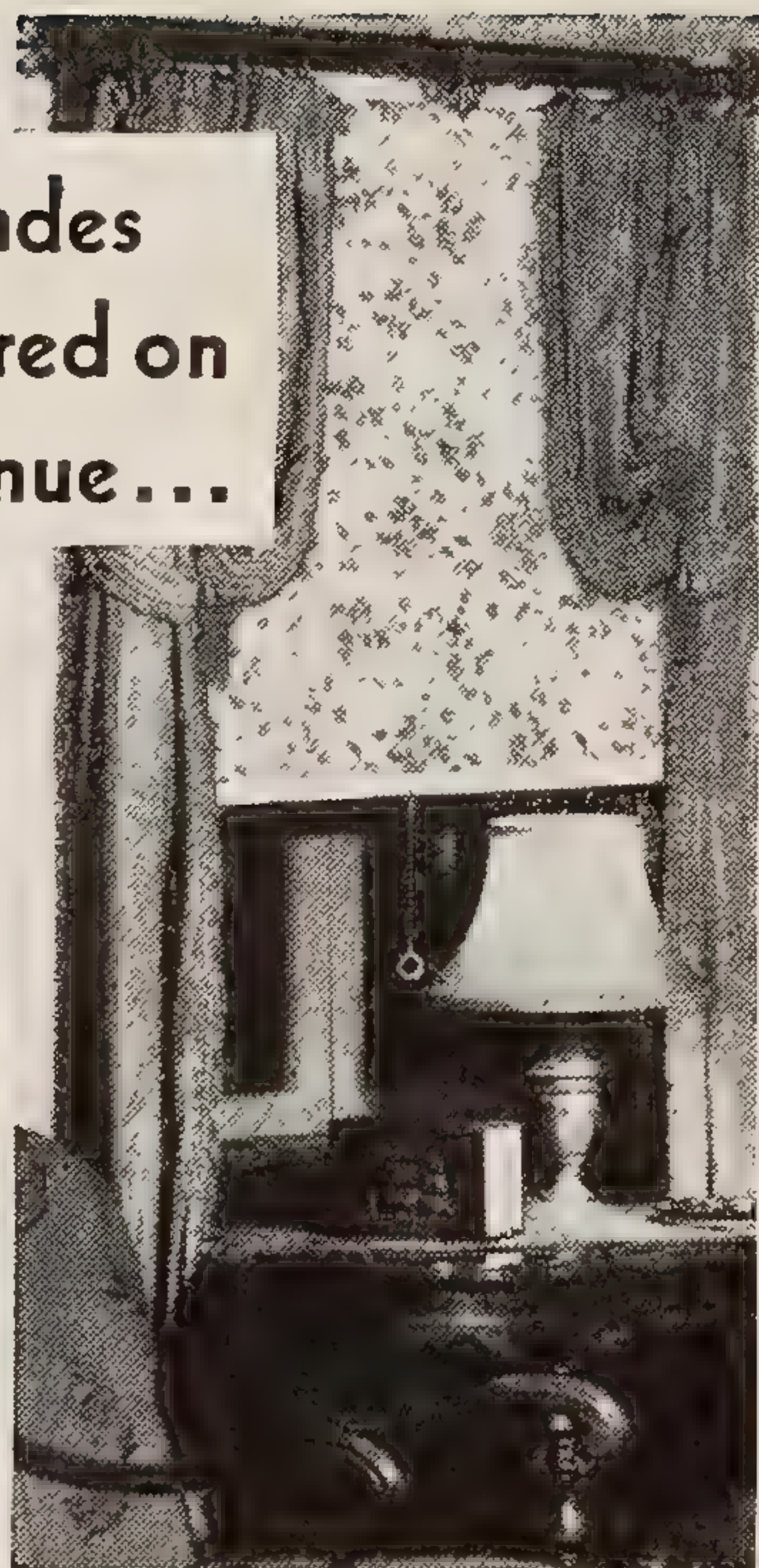
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Box Office Critics

(Continued from page 111)

L. A. James, 2425 Fulton Street, No. 7, Berkeley, California.

Arlen and Us: Here's an S.O.S.: Please tell a little about Richard Arlen. Clark Gable seems to be getting all good breaks in your magazine. I want you to know how I appreciate this wonderful NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. It's great to have such a magazine priced at ten cents a copy. It makes a person really feel good again. Please, Mr. Editor, accept my hearty congratulations for NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. It's a honey.—Miss Muriel E. Elvidge, "Cedars," 1117 Washington Street, Cape May, New Jersey.

Advice About Myrna: I think that Myrna Loy is a very beautiful and talented actress. I wish the producers would cease assigning her such unbecoming rôles, for she could make any star sit up and take notice if she were only given leading rôles, instead of being cast as a siren, or some unscrupulous, designing woman in a minor rôle. I wish the producers would realize what a fine trouper they have in Myrna—Frank Dughi, 1727 Cambridge Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Color in Pictures: Why is it that ordinary pictures such as "The Mystery of the Wax Museum" are done in Technicolor instead of pictures which would be gorgeous in color? For instance, "The Sign of the Cross" and "The Kid from Spain?" ... Why not give Marie Dressler a really funny rôle and wake up to the fact that the depression is not amusing to most people?—Robert Meehan, 21 Crescent Street, Shelton, Conn.

As to Teams: I just saw "State Fair" and I thought it was marvelous. I think that Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres make a wonderful team. Much better than the Gaynor-Farrell team. But I still like Sally Eilers teamed with James Dunn. Here's hoping that Janet Gaynor is teamed more often with Lew Ayres. And also Sally Eilers with James Dunn.—Beatrice Goldfus, 6132 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

Her Week-end: I am a scholar and all week I study hard, but Saturday night I go to the movies, and for two hours I am either a red-headed siren or a swaggering cow-puncher. Then I come home and dream about these wonders all night. ... A very pleasant week-end very well spent.—Vinona Elaine Watson, 2535 No. Dela Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

We Take a Bow: Neither brickbats nor bouquets do I bring for any star—but would you mind terribly if I wallowed around in praise of your magazine? Why do I like NEW MOVIE? Here's why—because:

1. Your covers are the most beautiful of any magazine on the market.

2. You bring us Paris—the fascination of "la plus belle fille" through the dashing humor of Herb Howe—and may we have a photograph of him sometime?

3. Your April "Gallery of Stars" was breath-taking, to say the least; works of art, truly, so please print the photographers' names in large letters—please!



Ruth Fellows and William Gargan during the filming of "Emergency Call," in which he plays a fast-cracking ambulance driver and she appears as a nurse. No, this isn't a romance, just studio pals.

4. Yours is the only magazine to bear "Please turn to page so and so" instead of the trite "continued on—" Little things like this count so very much! They bespeak true courtesy!

One could rave on for hours—but now a few words to Mr. Producer:

Please give us more "Animal Kingdoms."

Please bring the Japanese schoolboy to the screen. How we would enjoy him!

Please more and more Durante. He's great—he's—he's **COLOSSAL!**—F. Regan, 151 Baldwin Street, Waterbury, Conn.

Radio Stars in Movies: Why, oh, why, must our radio favorites try to crash into the movies? Just because their talent permits them to become stars of the air is no reason why they should bring their followers to grief by chasing stardom further into the flickers. They probably forget that the difference between the radio and the movies is, unfortunately, the difference between imagination and reality. How nice it was to picture Kate Smith and the Baron in our imagination as we listened to them over the air! Then came their unhappy advent into the movie world. Off to our favorite flicker palace we dashed in joyous anticipation of seeing them in their first picture. And then the reality! Oh, my, must I proceed further?—Howard J. Nichols, 7932 Harvard Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

P. S.—Three rousing cheers for your new department, "Hollywood Day by Day." It's unusually novel and very interesting. It should make many new friends for NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE.

Did You Notice? I saw "Luxury Liner." After viewing this picture it seems to me that the title should have

Box Office Critics

been in the plural. I wonder how many fans caught the incongruity of the "shots" of the liner in question? While tied up to the dock and immediately upon sailing, the ship had all the appearance of a Cunard or White Star ownership, having the tall, distinctive funnels originally designed for coal-burning vessels, also the decks, etc., conformed with the design of this particular type of steamships. A few minutes later, after getting out into mid-stream, a very remarkable transformation took place. The "liner" suddenly became a German "Europa" or sister ship, with its short, streamline funnels, and entirely different deck arrangement, life-boat davits and many other details. The smaller details may have escaped the eye of one not accustomed to big ships, but the sudden reduction in height, also change in shape of the funnels was evident to anyone who watched closely. Explanations of stage tricks are being disclosed in current magazines and periodicals, so please, Mr. Editor, this being the "wow" of them all, will you kindly give us the inside dope on this particular stunt?—John U. House, 73 Oak Street, Binghamton, N. Y.

Hitting Their Stride: It seems to me that the talking picture has at last hit its stride. During the past year the number of really good films has been greater, probably, than that of any



Wide World

"Buster" Crabbe, "lion man" of the films and Olympic swimming champion, slipped away from it all, eloped and was married to Virginia Held, who is the girl Buster's been seen going places with for a long time. She's a Beverly Hills society girl.

year since the talkies were a novelty. You can't, in fact, even begin to list the pictures that fall into the excellent and superlative classes—some, in a few instances, actually superior to their stage productions. Look: "Shanghai Express," "One Hour With You," "Grand Hotel," "Silver Dollar," "The Animal Kingdom," "I Am a Fugitive," "Cavalcade," "42d Street," not to mention numerous near-mediocrities saved by only intelligent direction or by the sincerity or get-up-and-go of such personalities as Cagney, Blondell, the Tracys, Gaynor and Farrell, Will Rogers, George Arliss, Powell and Francis, and Mae West.

It is obvious, I believe, that mo-

tion pictures have now fully developed as an individual art. Improvement up to now has been so thoroughly consistent that still bigger and better pictures are surely inevitable.—E. F. Hines, 4035 N. Albany Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Here's Hoping: Just read that Lubitsch may direct Mae West in a talkie version of "The Czarina." How I hope that this proves to be more than mere rumor! Mae would be simply grand in the part—she even looks a lot like the frisky empress. And with Lubitsch to put her through her paces—! What a show!—D. H. Chapman, 1532 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

What a Trio! Why don't we get more of Edward G. Robinson and Lionel Barrymore? We are tired of sophisticated love scenes. We want some real acting for a change. Why don't we see Eddie, Lionel and Marie Dressler in a film? There would be entertainment.—Miss Margaret Barton, 232 Rector Street, Perth Amboy, New Jersey.

Too Dignified: If there is one man on the screen to be congratulated for his ability in pictures it certainly is Spencer Tracy. He was grand in "Disorderly Conduct," "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," etc. But why don't you directors notice this simple thing? Why do you always put such a sophisticated girl for his leading lady? Joan Bennett was all right but Bette Davis should not be featured in any of his pictures for the leading lady because she is too dignified, and he is too tough. Why not have Wynne Gibson, or Sally Eilers? Here's hoping.—Miss Agnes Dwyer, 498 Neville Street, Perth Amboy, New Jersey.

His Three Best: Just a few lines to tell you that I think I have seen three of the finest pictures yet shown on the talking screen. "State Fair," "Madam Butterfly" and "Topaze" are the pictures.

And so a great big cheer for the characters and directors of these pictures, and a fervent wish to see more pictures on their order in the future.—Hubert J. Johnston, 751 E. 92nd Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

We're Hoping, Too: Three cheers for THE NEW MOVIE. It's grand. Give us more shows like "The Big Broadcast" with Bing Crosby, "Movie Crazy" with Harold Lloyd, and "Madison Square Garden" with Jack Oakie. Here's hoping THE NEW MOVIE continues to be as good as it is now.—Mildred Riley, 402 East Willow Street, Normal, Illinois.

Musicals and Ruby: I am now a staunch advocate of bigger and better musical shows. When the talkies first arrived the theaters were all flooded with very poor and boring musical comedies and such. People grew tired of them, but now with such pictures as "The Big Broadcast" and "42nd Street" to back me up, I say give us more. We like them. I believe Ruby Keeler has a great future ahead of her in Hollywood. She has everything one desires—looks, personality, sweet voice and dancing ability. Here's for seeing more of her.—Minnie Snyder, 1515 East 42nd Street, Kansas City, Mo.

(Please turn to page 114)

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SEM-PRAY

Box Office Critics

(Continued from page 113)

Another Team: William Powell is, in my estimation, one of the best, and likewise his charming wife, Carole Lombard. In private life they are lovers, so why not star them together? I think they would make a perfect screen pair. What do you think?—Glendora Van Heuvel, 3245 North 25th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Clean Up or Clear Out: The handwriting on the wall that is spelling the downfall of Filmland is Sex. I am so sick of seeing the highest and holiest function of human beings stripped of its beautiful meaning, dressed in gaudy tinsel, and held up for cheap ridicule. I am sick of the open, public parade of the sweet and pure intimacies that should remain intimacies. I protest against the loose, lewd exploitation of womanhood. I don't go to see such pictures—the billboards tell me I won't enjoy them—but the combination of Leslie Howard and Ann Harding, my favorite stars, did entice me, and I saw "Animal Kingdom," only to wish that I hadn't. Let's keep such lovely, cultured, refined, finished artists as Harding and Howard in settings that befit them. Producers, clean up, or clear out!—Miss Gertrude G. Seaford, 149 S. Hobart Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Music in Movies: I wish there would be more music in the pictures. Can anyone ever forget the tuneful music in "Sunnyside Up" and "The Smiling Lieutenant?" It rings in our minds for days afterwards. Even the little ditty Ann Dvorak sang in "Scarface" was a treat. There are lots of good singers who act for the screen. Let's hear them.—Sarah A. Kincard, 22 Fayette Street, Phillipsburg, N. J.

Spiritual Liked: Give us plenty of pictures like "Smilin' Through." The spiritual thread running through it is so consoling to those who have lost loved ones, whether one believes in life hereafter or not. Please give us more pictures of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. No two can portray such beautiful harmony of souls as they.—Cecile Shaw, 118 W. Grand Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

For Mr. Crosby: Hel-p! S'no use. Everybody knows now that we're all Crosby fans. And 100 strong at that. You see, Mr. New Movie Magazine, this letter is supposed to represent the Bing Crosby Fan Club of Ramseur, N. C. We're all perfectly nutty over "the" Crooner of radioland, movieland, stage and what-not, and we wish to put in a good word for Bing's performance in "The Big Broadcast." Now, honestly, wasn't he grand? We were so disappointed after the futile, but noble, attempt of Rudy Vallee to crash the movies that we were pretty skeptical about Bing's—much as we admired him. Then came the local engagement of "The Big Broadcast." We went, we saw, and we came back all aglow to tell Uncle Henry what a marvelous man our hero is. Please, Mr. Paramount, give us more of Mr. Crosby in a new typically fine Paramount picture! And Mr. Crosby, don't forget that you'll always have 100 loyal followers in North Carolina who, inci-

dentally, and, needless to say, are enthusiastic readers of NEW MOVIE, for which they now raise the cry of "Long Live NEW MOVIE!" May the depression (or is that a thing of the past?) never hit it!—The Bing Crosby Fan Club, Dolores Elisabeth Smith, Secretary, Ramseur, North Carolina.

The New Queen: All hail the new Queen of Moviedom, Her Majesty, Mae West! What a girl! She's what the movies need. We, the public, don't know whether to love her or hate her, but we *do* know that we're looking forward to her next picture. May she rule a long, long time. She's gra-a-nd!—Edna Walters, 300 N. Pine Street, Wilson, N. C.

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1933 in the films.

Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards.

These letters may be addressed to either The People's Academy or to the Dollar-Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

You are the judge and the jury. Write us what you think.

The medals will be given for the following:

- 1—Best all-around feature picture
- 2—Best performance (actress)
- 3—Best performance (actor)
- 4—Best musical picture
- 5—Best human interest picture
- 6—Best mystery picture
- 7—Best romance
- 8—Best comedy
- 9—Best short reel picture
- 10—Best news reel picture
- 11—Best direction
- 12—Best story

Ruby, Listen: Ruby Keeler is a charming little actress, but I think she would be perfect if she would talk a little faster.—Helen Mate, Newell Street, Painesville, Ohio.

In Defense of Jean: This is my first effort to gain admittance in "Box-Office Critics"—and it comes to that page in defense of my favorite screen star, Jean Harlow. Occasionally I read of a brick-bat falling here and there, meant for her, which always, so far as I can see, misses its aim. Her gowns are either cut too far "south," or too far "east and west," or she displays too much sex on the screen. If these brick-bat throwers would stop for awhile, and be "catchers," they'd be better off. Why not speak a few words of encouragement, a few words of kindness, for the screen stars? They're all giving us the best that's in them. I have my favorites—others have theirs—but why knock and sock the ones who are not our favorites? I consider Miss Harlow one of the best actresses on the screen. She has per-

sonality, beauty and charm; and a loveliness which endears her to her admiring public. Her acting is superb—that can't be denied. And she has perseverance—as was shown in the terrible tragedy which entered her life not so long ago. With a sense of duty, and a willingness to carry on, she went through with her part in the making of "Red Dust," giving a wonderful performance; and offering from the screen a smile, which we knew came from repressed tears and a broken heart. I am 100 per cent. for Miss Harlow, and shall always be. And more,—I claim she is God's best gift to the Silver Screen.—M. Louise Cooper, 127 E. 12th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Fed up on Platinums: Kay Francis—What a beauty and what an actress! It is such a treat to see a brunette on the screen. I am so fed up on platinum blondes. It seems every actress has bleached to a platinum shade. Karen Morley, Joan Blondell, Leila Hyams and others have ruined their appearance. Give me Kay Francis and Claudette Colbert who remain *not* platinums.—Miss Mary Dirks, 4411 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

George is Best: Why must producers import athletes from outside of Hollywood when there exists in their presence a man, George O'Brien, who is more talented and possesses a physique just as good, if not better, than any "Tarzan" or "Lion" man?—John Nagle, 7840 Merrill Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

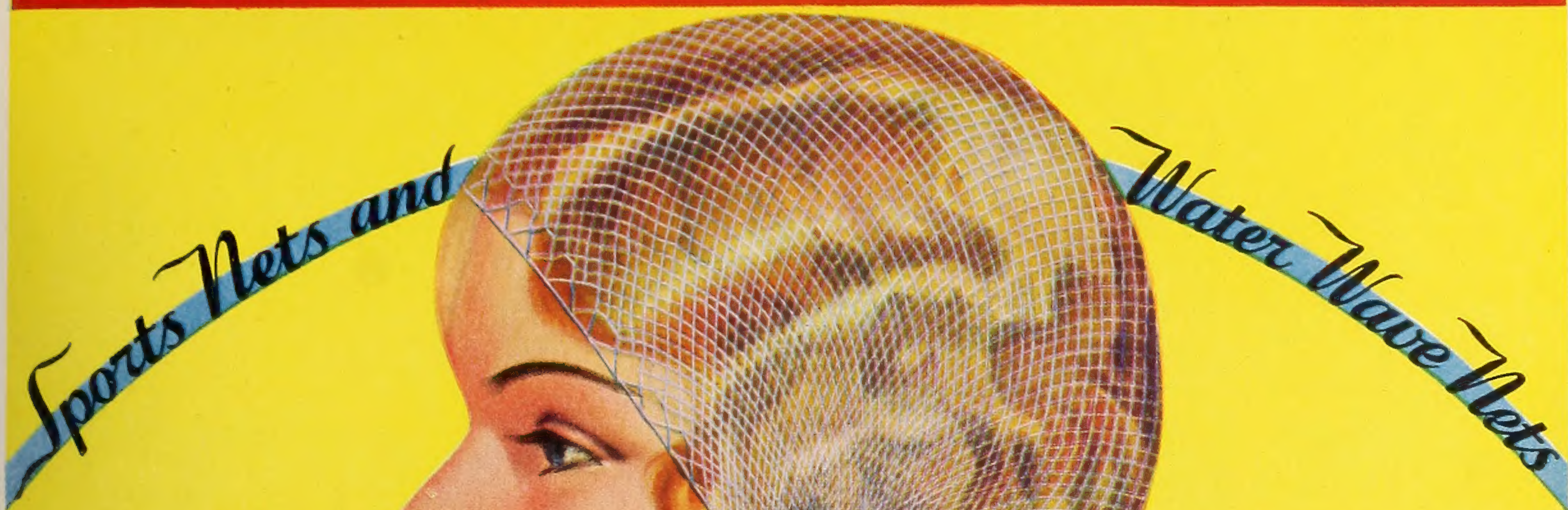
Boost for Conrad: You may talk about "stars" until the heavens fall. But to me, Conrad Nagel is the best one of all.—Lois A. Walsh, 724 South Wood Street, Fostoria, Ohio.

Landi the Great: After I saw Elissa Landi in "Sign of the Cross," I was convinced that she really knows how to act—and with Fredric March—oh, my, she was really great. Why not put them together in other pictures? Everyone went wild here about the picture and how Fredric and Elissa acted. I shall never forget that picture. Give her (also him, F. M.) a big hand, and also a better future. They are great, absolutely.—Harold Riddle, 219 Fourth Street, Fulton, Ky.

Most Versatile: I believe that Edward G. Robinson could take any part in a picture and do it justice. After his performance in "Silver Dollar," I am convinced that he is the most versatile actor on the screen.—James Gillen, 6336 No. Claremont Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Baby Luck for Miriam: I submit my letter for Miriam Hopkins. After "Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde," we were eager concerning Miriam. Her "Trouble in Paradise" performance was the bright spot of last year. We are hopefully awaiting her new picture. There is a very special charm about this girl with mischievous eyes, and as all the players who have adopted babies have been smiled upon by fortune, we expect roseate glory from our Miriam.—Catherine Wiegand, 47 Brook Street, Brookline, Massachusetts.

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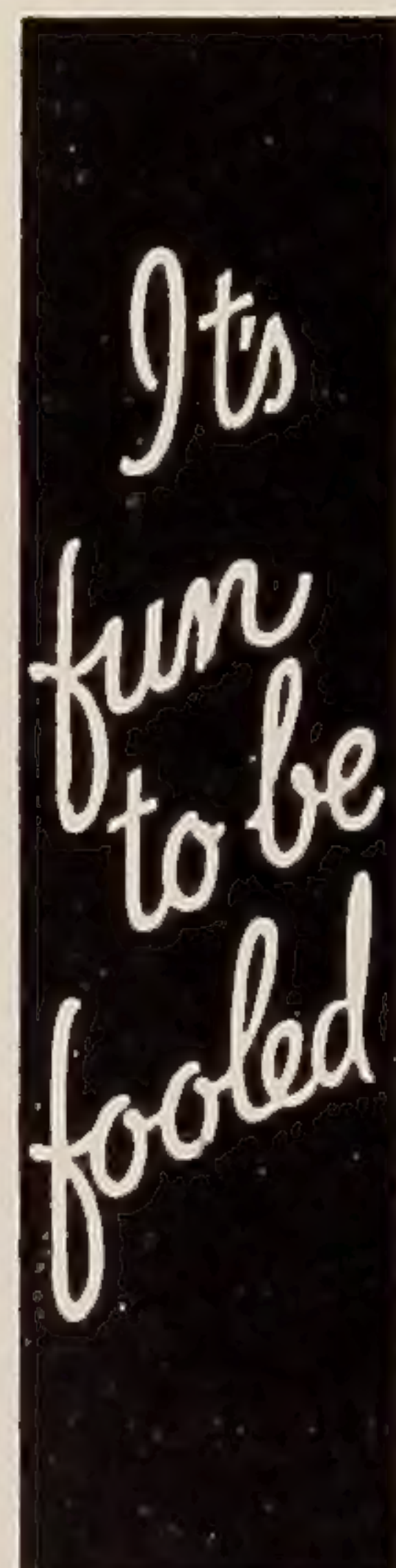
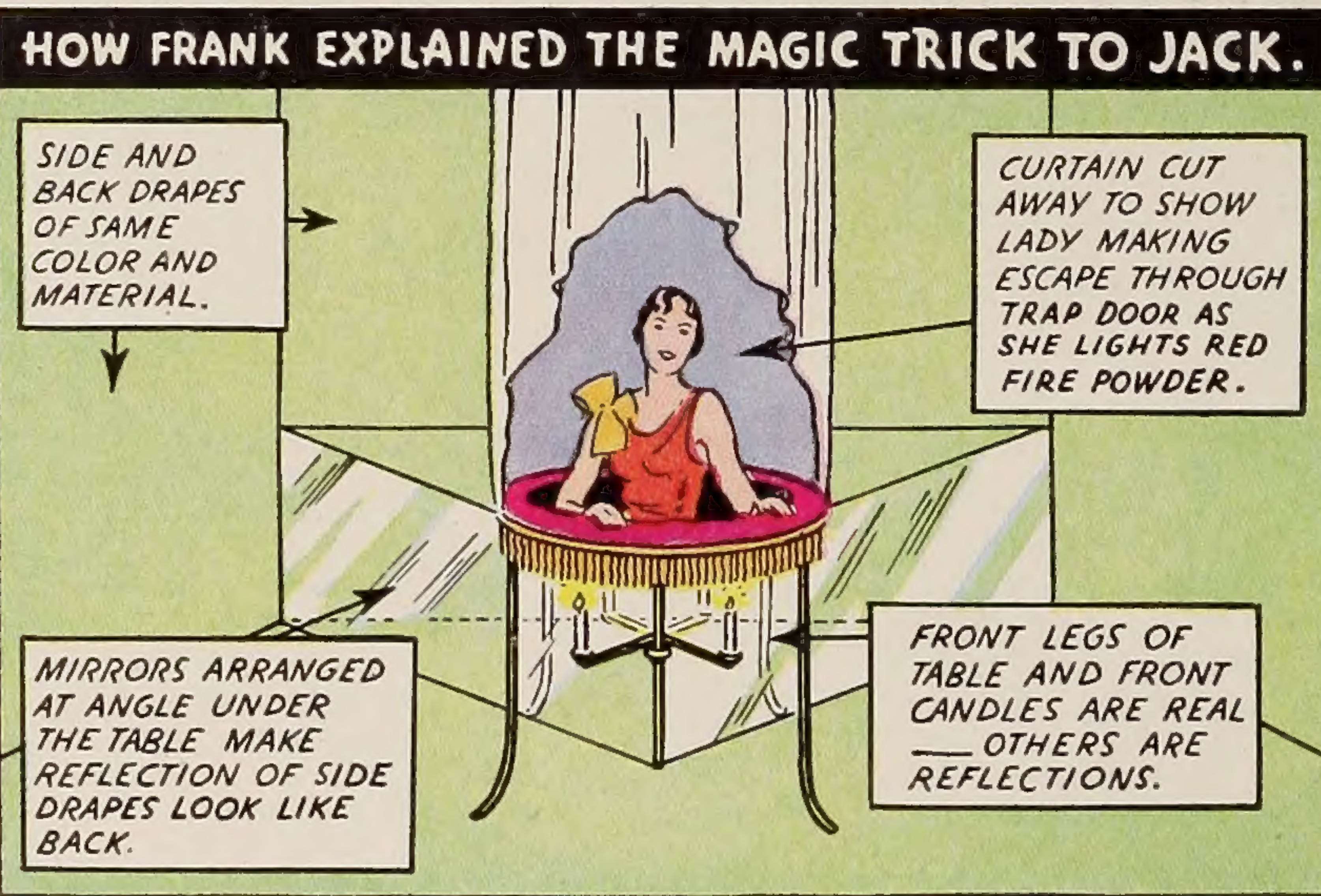
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